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**THE**  
**PARA PAPERS**

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*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858,*

BY GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of New-York.

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THE  
PARA PAPERS  
ON  
FRANCE  
EGYPT AND ETHIOPIA

BY  
GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON,

AUTHOR OF  
*"Circassia, or a Tour to the Caucasus," "Crimora,"* etc.



PARIS  
FOWLER, 6, RUE MONTPENSIER, PALAIS-ROYAL  
NEW-YORK  
MASON BROTHERS  
1858

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TO  
JOHN LEIGHTON, Esq.,  
OF WESTFORD,  
MASSACHUSETTS.

*While your children and grandchildren are fast falling  
around you, I come with these Dedicatory-lines to bind  
them as a wreath of affection about your venerated brow,  
now white with the snows of ninety-three winters.*

*Your grandson,*

THE AUTHOR.

*Paris, April 15th, 1858.*





## PREFACE.

The Author of this Work does not pretend to any new discoveries; to have seen any more than travelers usually see; to have performed any wonderful feats; or, in his composition and colorings, to have surpassed or even equalled any one of the numerous writers who have nibbed their pens over the interesting themes herein considered: he claims merely to have made a few cheerful sketches (though the numerous notes throughout the volume may possibly be of service to the traveler and the student). For this, he can render no apology, unless it be such as a sculptor and a painter might offer, — a desire (laudable and legitimate, is it not?) to give form and permanence to thoughts and sentiments, agreeable in their conception, more agreeable in their embodiment. Nature poses alike to all, and each one, author and artist, may drape her to suit his fancy; but if either, in the ‘handling’ of his subject, fails to impart to it the character and grace the public requires, he has no right to complain of its neglect. The Author before you, has nothing to ask: he has already been paid for his labor in the accomplishment of his self-imposed task and in the knowledge that he will throw a moment’s happiness into the few remaining days of a beloved grandsire, to whom he gratefully dedicates this record of his journey to Ethiopia.

By the headings of the pages, it may be seen that they were

begun under another title than the present; but, as the Author found it too serious for the nature of his composition, he supplied one which should indicate at least, that he did think too highly of his production; for a *pará* is one of the smallest of Oriental coins.

In the body of these 'Papers', credit has generally been given to such writers as the Author has availed himself of, but he would here express his particular and constant indebtedness to the invaluable works of Sir G. Wilkinson.

To such British critics as wondered what object took the Author to Circassia, he has to reply: that search for better health, afflictions of a domestic nature and a passionate love of the Orient, sent him to repose on the fair bosom of that fair "heroine of geographical romance" called the Nile.

Every writer knows how easy it is to overlook mistakes in his own 'proof-sheets': as these came from a foreign press (owing to the failure of the house that originally took the MS. to publish), the Author has had treble difficulties to contend with; and it is therefore with many misgivings he finally allows them to pass from his hands into a permanent form.

G. L. D.



### ERRATA.

- Page 156, line 4th, for Remeses, read, Rameses,  
 „ 209, „ 14th, „ grottos, „ grottoes.  
 „ 212, „ 13th, „ doe, „ dough.  
 „ 258, 'note' „ see preceding note, read, see note page 256.

# FROM PARIS

TO

# ETHIOPIA

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## I

**The Genius of Travel. — Paris. — London. — Sketches of Paris. — Ancient Lutitia. — Arcueil. — Meditations. — Lafayette's tomb. — Josephine's home. — Bertrand. — Morals. — The Church. — Published Letter. — Demi-monde. — Unpublished Letter. — Sacred subjects. — Epistolary writers. — Balzac. — An incident. — Impressions. — Departure.**

There is, 'tis said, a gentle, beguiling spirit, which accompanies us, 'like the memory of our mother's songs', in our ramblings over the earth; — which is supposed to woo and entice us by a kind of soft silvery silence, into deep, damp, dangerous caverns and dreary solitudes; — to call to us in the breeze, beckon from mountain tops and whisper from the waters that glide sparkling seaward; and there have

been some sage dames and old seers who gravely affirmed, that he who once inclines an ear to its tender tones, wanders thenceforth hither and thither, happy though homeless. The Tartar believes that he who *sees* the shadowy form of this white-robed messenger becomes insane, though he is never afterwards sorrowful; (in this there is some food for thought for the voyager); and it is a singular fact that the Arabs have a legend, with a purport of the kind, concerning a beautiful figure which hovers in moonlight nights round one of the pyramids of Geezeh. The Red-man of the forest seems also conscious of its presence, dreads its malign influence and essays to drive it away with clamorous sounds, while the Hindoo, the Nubian, the Araucanian and others, wear amulets about their persons to preserve them from its unseen force : which often comes “in questionable shape” indeed, to mar their mirth. All the nations of antiquity had their good and evil genii. The genii of the Romans were not unlike, if not the same, as the ‘demons’ of the Greeks. Each Roman had his own particular ‘Genius’, or spiritual friend, to accompany him through this life and to introduce him to the next. “Thy Genius”, said an Egyptian conjurer to Antony, “stands in awe of his (Octavius)”. Though great by nature and courageous, yet, as often as he approaches the ‘Genius’ of that young man, he shrinks and becomes small and cowardly”. It was natural for the Jews to fear — and they had good reason —

the Evil of Gehenna; the Northmen, the dwellers of Padalon: happier they who are the favorites of the Frei who floats in the shining garments of Spring, and loves the musicians of the air, who sing on the northern mountains of Haimakutha!

Some of my friends may possibly fancy, that I have seen this white robed sprite, or lent an ear at least, to its tender tones. Be it so! — I take again by the hand my child *Hope*, and like poor Hagar depart for the Desert.

But before we put ourselves *en route*, let us have a glance at the ancient Lutitia (1). My reader must not however for a moment believe, that I am going to give him in detail, the Capital of *la belle France*, — Heaven forbid! I beg only to make a few desultory remarks and note some of the objects which particularly interested me during my last sojourn in Paris.

Many and varied as are the charms which draw the traveller hence, to Italy, Egypt, Greece or the Holy Land, it is usually with regret that he bids adieu to Paris: Paris, the great golden chalace overflowing with the pride of its splendor, its sparkling treasures, its Babylonian glories; — Paris, where soirées, with toilets ranging through the varied kaleidoscopic tones of a tantalizing caprice, fascinating in all the delicate fancies of a refined and faultless taste,

(1) Paris was begun on the island now called *la Cité*. The inhabitants gave it the name Lutitia, from *loutonhezi*, dwelling of the waters.

are only another name for Elysian reveries; — Paris, where Rachel (1) plays *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Phèdre*, *la Tzarine* at the Théâtre-Français and Grisi sings *Norma* at the Italien; — Paris, where the finest talent in the land is profusely dispensed in her academic halls, gratuitously for the public weal; — Paris, the vast storehouse of the worlds learning to which every man and woman has free access; — Paris, where genius of every kind has well directed institutions for its developement and sustenance; — Paris, where Fashion, Extravagance, and Folly too it may be said, are not wont to doff their gala-day garb nor their insignias of lofty patronage and parentage; but Paris with all its worth, with all its beauty, with all its gaiety, with all its dissipations, may become irksome to some conditions of the mind, may pall upon the senses; and one may feel as desolate and solitary in her midst as in a wilderness. Paris too is very unlike what many of my devout countrymen suppose.

A pious friend of mine said to me one day, that Deacon —, was about to pay a visit to England, and that he proposed to extend his journey to the French capital. Some persons who heard of this remarked that they thought “Paris a queer place for a *deacon*, though any one could go to London, with pleasure and with

(1) While I am reviewing this the obsequies of poor Rachel are taking place, “and tomorrow” as a French writer beautifully expresses it, “will commence for her, repose and forgetfulness.”

propriety". Now, from what I know of the two cities, the reverse is the case — for strangers, who are generally influenced by, and who receive their more abiding, and more correct impressions from what they see abroad, than from what comes under their notice in a noble mansion, or in driving in a close carriage from one princely estate to another. In London, Penury and Vice generally — bold, brazen-faced, impudent Vice, throng the great thoroughfares at noonday as well as at night; while Drunkenness especially, in its most offensive and appalling form — the drunkenness of women, is thrust before you in almost every lane (1) and by way: disgusting the senses and making every one sick at heart who has not become callous to it by a long residence in its midst.

I do not mean to say, there is more immorality in London than in Paris; but in the latter, one must seek it to find it, whereas in the former, like its fogs, it hangs around you and is ever present.

Paris is one of the most cleanly and best governed cities on the globe. To meet with a beggar or an inebriate in its streets, — to have life or limb jeopardized by the carelessness of others, — to be defrauded by a cabman or insulted by a vagabond, — to discover deception even, in an article purchased, is a thing of rare

(1) In a few minutes walk in Drury-Lane I have seen six or eight women more or less intoxicated, three of whom were fighting; and I have seen in Edinburgh more than 40 miserable women and children waiting before a hotel for the crumbs of its table.



occurrence; while, unlike pocket-picking London, its monuments, galleries and museums — unrivalled in beauty, in magnificence and in merit, are free to a temperate, a naturally clever and an appreciating people. How seldom too, one encounters in France, (“for Paris is France”) a public functionary who is not affable to strangers! and how constantly is the reverse observable in England (1), from a petty post-office clerk (2) to the higher officers in all the “Circumlocution offices” of the Kingdom! If indeed there is another country in the world where a stranger is so likely to be robbed, cheated, treated with discourtesy, as in England; if indeed there is another, where its people have so much cause for expending their tender sympathies at home, and so many reasons for not seeking objects abroad (except in British India (3) or in Ireland) on which to display it, I have yet to see that country.

One day an artist-friend sketched for me, a general view of Paris. In front was the old gothic, gray-grown Notre-Dame, towards which were moving, two, sedate, elderly females, a Sister of Charity and a veteran with a cocked hat and crutch. On the right was a beautiful garden glittering with lights (for it was evening) and a satin-robed throng that had swept

(1) See Dickens' *American Notes*, chapt. III.

(2) I recall to mind a particular instance at Portsmouth.

(3) See “Report of British Commissioners,” concerning the “*tortures in India.*”

in from the Boulevard hard by. Opposite, stood the Imperial Opera; but its façade and stage had been removed, and it was full of all that is grotesque, ludicrous, exciting, laughable, ecstatic, lascivious, — for it was in the season of the Carnival which was holding there, in the form of masked balls, its feverish festivities.

It is not unlikely that this embodies the first impressions of many a stranger; but in my fancy, I see Monsieur Marriette making the following picture. An imperial carriage and cortege are passing through the *Place de la Concorde* which is guarded by sphinxes. The procession is preceding *Apis*, before whom the Obelisk descends to make obeisance; while, by the avenue leading to the Louvre, approach grave delegates from the *Bibliothèque Imperiale* and the Museum, bearing on their shoulders a huge sarcophagus and the poudrous tomes of *The Expedition to Egypt*.

Paris is indeed a miniature world where every wish, every fancy, every taste however outre, can be gratified.

But Paris is not all of today: she holds within her embrace, thousands of places replete with the charms of old legendary tales; and many a venerable monument, girt with touching associations, and shrouded with the misty veil of antiquity. But who, when strolling through the gloomy aisles of 'Notre-Dame', remembers that Jupiter had been

worshiped there; that his stately statue stood where the altars of the Druids had smoked with human sacrifices, and where their strangely mystic rites had been performed to appease their sanguinary divinities? Hundreds who wander over Rome in search of some spot sanctified by old classic story, forget as they pass Montmartre, that Mars once had a temple there; and perchance not one of the million who drive through the '*tenth arrondissement*' and see the abbey-church, *Saint-Germain des Prés*, knows that it stands where Childebert, son of Clovis, founded a monastery; and that it rears its antique tower where Isis was adored.

One lovely sabbath morning I took a seat in an omnibus in *rue Christine*, to visit the Aqueduct of Arcueil which crosses a beautiful valley a few miles to the south of Paris. It was erected by the Romans to convey the waters of Rongis to the *Palais des Thermes*, once the residence of the Emperor Julian. The atmosphere being exceedingly bland, the whole city had sauntered out into the suburbs, and such was the air of cheerfulness pervading every group, so diffused was it through all the mazes of the moving throng, that one's own soul absorbed it in spite of one's self.

About half an hour's ride — after passing the Odéon, Luxembourg and the *barrière d'Arcueil* — brought us to that vast, granite, cincture of the city, celebrated rather for having aided in the overthrow of its build-

der, than for protecting, as designed, the capital of France from foreign invasion. Here we might have expected to see stout soldiery, armed to the teeth in sullen steel; and deadly messengers of moulded iron cumbering the ramparts; but it was pleasingly otherwise, and objects far more grateful to the heart greeted the eye. On every hand the fair light fell on the offsprings of peace. The trees were full-leaved and unscathed; the grass was brightly green and untrampled, and the ground-birds had made their nests in the tufts of turf by the way side. The ivy, the dandelion, the artistically-sewed grain, flourished each in its favorite soil, while on a neighboring slope a shepherd with two noble dogs, tended sheep. Added to the scene, was one of those jovial brown-faced little boys, who

“With jolly pipes delights the groves.”

He was the guardian of the three cows by the gate, and was followed in his rambles by a pet goat. In this neighborhood too, are enormous wooden wheels dotting the country far and near. They are used for raising from quarries underground, that delicate stone so universally used in adorning the city hard by, and which when fresh, gives that air of lightness, elegance, cheerfulness, so characteristic of the buildings of Paris.

Another half league or so, over an exquisite road,

brought us to a long steep descent which terminated at our place of destination. Arcueil contains about 3000 inhabitants, has nothing bizarre about it, nothing peculiarly attractive, to one accustomed to the quaint and feudal tone of French-village architecture, except its fine situation. It occupies the western declivity of a range of highlands between which runs the Bièvre, whose banks are here thickly studded with the graceful poplar that embower the Roman ruin I came to see. A portion of this ancient structure is hidden behind the massive walls of the new aqueduct, but one of its old, time-tinted arches (which the good taste of the government has allowed to stand and which probably once served for the passage of a road) is the picturesque object that arrests the attention when looking through those of the other. Over this arch is a place for a window, having on each side a nich for a statue, and above, a plain but ample cornice. On its right, in alto-relievo, is the figure of a bearded, muscular man, naked down to the waist, and evidently the work of a master hand. On the left is a female figure, undraped also to the waist. It is Janus-faced and has the arms crossed upon the breast, and as seen from a little distance, has the appearance of being one of the most graceful and mildly imperious things, the chisel, in such stone, is ever likely to produce.

Full of the countless associations which cluster around every fragment of these ancient remains,

I climbed the neighboring hills. Stillness and solitude were my companions. The trees were motionless and the mild autumnal sun rested on the green and fertile slopes that went down to lay themselves by the waters of the valley. Suddenly a shrill shriek came shivering the soft atmosphere and breaking itself into mocking echoes on the distant heights; then an engine with a cloud of smoke and a long lumbering train fled screaming through the fields. I sat down amid the grass that grew in the crevices of an old wall commanding a view almost enchanting, and my meditations on the glories that lay around me, were as the incense of an involuntary homage rendered to that bounteous Being who had so beautifully bedecked our mother earth, our habitation and our grave. By and by the sounds of the priests' solemn chant for the dead, mingled with the beat of the muffled drum, came melowed by distance up from the hamlet below, and told me that another of our great band had laid aside his terrestrial trappings, and was being borne to that resting place from which he would not arise, till the final *rappel* of the Lord of Hosts, marshals the armies of heaven. I descended and joined the sad procession and went up with it to the village church; and when the solemn ceremonies were over, I returned to the city, to the great hive of mortality, where mourning seems but the chagrin of mirth and mirth impatient of a shadow.

To the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, under the Pantheon, I often went with friends; and I sought out again the grave of Lafayette, which I had visited ten years previous. I approached it with that sentiment of affection, that feeling of reverence, which it appears to me every ingenuous American must entertain for the memory of that good man, — for the memory of one, the distinguishing qualities of whose exalted mind and generous impulses, had made him so eminently the friend of Freedom. Lafayette lies buried, as all my countrymen are doubtless aware, in a small private cemetery within the walls of an establishment, once a convent of the Order of Saint-Augustin. It is in the suburbs of the 8th Arrondissement — a place very little frequented, and found with difficulty, — “and here in a quiet corner of a spot almost unknown” says Galignani, “and beneath a very simple tomb, the purest public character of modern times lies by the side of his wife, surrounded by his relations.”

One day I went to n° 52, *rue de la Victoire*, and after passing through an indifferent looking gate, which shuts out all view from the street, I descended a long, narrow avenue of trees, and came to a neglected garden, about 100 feet square, in the centre of which stands a picturesque little mansion or cottage. The ground in front is a plain grass plot; that in the rear and on the sides, ornamented with trees and shrubbery. On its right, at the entrance, is a

small coach-house with lofts above. The dwelling is two stories in height with an attic. This was the home of Madame Beauharnais and her children, and occasional residence of young Napoleon Bonaparte, the place where he made love to the future Empress of France, the one from which he issued to dissolve the government by the *coup d'État* of the 18th Brumaire (Nov. 9th, 1799), and the one that gave name to the above mentioned street, as it was here the general returned after his Italian campaigns. The front of the building is ornamented with a small semi-circular pavilion or anti-room, masking the entrance to the lower suite of apartments : the first being the *salle à manger* (having a window looking on to the little park, and a door opposite communicating by a side stair way with an underground room — the kitchen), the next the drawing room, and the third, Napoleon's *cabinet de travail*: all diminutive in size. The front chamber was Josephine's. Its ceiling is very low — easily reached by the hand — and is painted in dark variagated lines, radiating from the centre. Its shape is an elongated octagon, having a mirror extending to the floor in each of its eight sides or pannels. In one end is a nich for a bed, at the base of which is another mirror. This room communicates with the one back of it, called Napoleon's *chambre à coucher*. The garret has several sky-lighted rooms, whose interest cannot be reckoned by their size. One of them was occupied by Hortense, an-



other by Napoleon's library, and by himself, it is said, when he wished to be very secluded. The remaining — still smaller — were for the domestics. Hortense's apartment is covered with very ordinary and now ragged paper, and with the exception of a good mirror in the door, has nothing to indicate that it could ever have been occupied by the luxurious young girl, who was to be the future Queen of Holland. Napoleon's occasional arrival disarranged the interior economy of the establishment, and obliged Eugene, the future Viceroy of Italy, to couch in the loft of the carriage-house mentioned above.

This humble mansion, whose very air seems suffused with Josephine's elegancies and polished courtesies, was built for the celebrated dancer Guimard and subsequently sold to Madame Talma. Josephine finally purchased it and added the little pavilion or tea-room before described. Bertrand came here to reside on his return from Saint-Helena, and placed in the garden a bust of Napoleon bearing the following inscription :

In hac minima jam maximus  
Plusquam maxima concepit.

In regard to morals, politics, society in Paris, I will say : had I the prolific pen of a Dumas, I would not attempt an analysis of any one of their various phases. One cannot however remain for a long time

under their influence without getting certain fixed impressions concerning both Church, State and Society, which might be elaborated to the infinite amusement, and sometimes, I fear, to the mortification and shame of the better portion, of mankind. In respect to the first, I will give you a couple of what I will take the liberty to call *pastor-als*, and leave you to draw from them the moral — if moral there be.

“*L’Ami de la Patrie* of the 21st of February 18.., informs us of the suppression of the Lottery authorised at Moulins for the purpose of finishing the church of Saint-Nicholas of the Sacred-Heart. The prefect considering that eighteen months have passed in which only about 4000 tickets had been sold, and as he has no expectation of disposing of the remainder, declares on the 13th January 1855, that the lottery will not be drawn, and that those who have bought tickets are at liberty to demand their money, within six months from date, of Monsieur Martinet, *curé* of Saint-Nicholas.

“Monsieur Martinet takes the liberty to supplicate those who have thus deposited their funds, not to withdraw them, as it will be difficult for him to pay back what he has received. He engages however to say *fifty masses for the persons who will have the charity not to reclaim their money.*”

Monsieur —, who is not very pious, but obtained a ticket for speculation, thinks it not so bad a lottery after all, since he has a chance of drawing, even by

it, a seat in the Upper-regions, which he had never previously expected.

As an introduction to the other, I must be permitted to remark, that there is in Paris, as my reader doubtless knows, a very large and peculiar class of people which is very aptly called, in a new fascinating play recently produced at the 'Gymnase', *the Demi-Monde*. Do you for a moment suppose you would ever meet one of them walking alone in the evening? You offer them an unpardonable insult. Do you see that particularly elegant "Turn-out" on the Boulevard or in the 'Champs-Élysées'? or that *very* recherche toilet at the Opera? You may not go amiss if you fancy that they pertain to one of the *demi-monde*. That lady descending the steps of the 'Madeleine' who lifts her dress with a dainty regard for neatness bordering on the extravagant, is likely to be classed with that genus, but as she has very delicately turned ankles and delicious little boots, she feels that, like the gold pieces in her purse, they were not given her by providence, solely for her own miserly gaze; for, be it known, she is generous to a fault, and few receive oftener the benedictions of the poor. Her money indeed comes easily, for she is the intimate friend of some prince, ambassador, officer in the army, or wealthy gentleman, whose pleasure it is to see her elegant person richly adorned and her purse well lined.

One of these creatures (I beg *pardon* of their ad-

mirers) a few days since wrote, so it is reported, a letter to the following effect, to the *curé* of the church of 'Notre-Dame de Lorette' in the *rue Olivier*. She wished a special dispensation which, it is said, she obtained after calling for it in person.—

“My dear Pastor : — It always affords me infinite satisfaction to confess to you, receive your gentle rebukes and trifling penances : my heart thanks you. But, my dear Curé, you know my weaknesses and I know your goodness ; the Lord will reward you for the one, and will pardon me for the other, *for I do not believe that his gallantry would allow him to punish a woman* : yet, my kind friend, I shall be happier if you grant immediately the favor I am going to ask.

“You often represent yourself as being specially commissioned to look after our manners and see that we do not go astray ; — that is to say, in language which is familiar to us : *the Almighty is a chief of police and you are one of his agents*. Now we understand each other, and I come to the point. You are aware that many things occurred among the Saints — male and female — which would not appear well in our day, unless they had Divine authority and approbation. — For instance, you say : “The Virgin Mary *a conçu sans péché*.” I want the Dispensation to *reverse* this order of things.

Devoted to you and to Heaven,

I am ever,

CECILE.

And this I heard from a lady, who repeated it with the most hearty glee imaginable ; for, considering it exceedingly naive, full of native simplicity, spirit, and charming originality, the idea of its indicating the

utmost moral obliquity had been entirely overlooked.

In more northern Europe, and in the New-England States particularly, certain subjects are invested with a kind of sanctity which forbids their being handled with levity; but here they are made so common, their associations are so far from being serious, they lose their sacred character. At the “Opera Comique” they perform *the Infancy of Christ*. At the sign of “Santa Maria” you can find the best ‘playing-cards’ and gentlemen’s unmentionables; and you can buy mouse-traps and fiddles at the store of the “Little Jesus”.

The French claim — and very justly — as their inheritance if not their birth-right, a preeminent position as epistolary writers. Their genius, the harmonious structure, the winning delicate force and expressiveness, and if I may use the expression, the seductive tendencies of their language, appear to be peculiarly adapted to this species of composition, though Boileau commences his *Satire XII.*, with :

“Du langage françois bizarre hermaphrodite,  
De quel genre te faire, équivoque maudite?”

Their familiar letters, their correspondence as travellers, have a playful grace, an ease and felicity of diction, a native naturalness in fact, that cannot be

surpassed if ever equaled. Their sketches are fresh and lifelike, and every line flows like a sparkling stream : their pictures come up before the mind glowing with beauty and heartfelt harmony. If Balzac wearies his readers by a too studied ingenuity of thought; if Lamartine has too much sentiment; if Voltaire has too great a wealth of philosophic wit; if Dumas, Hugo and Madame Sand are too prodigal of voluptuous language, Madame de Sévigné and the class she personates, occupy the *naos* of literature and the pen of the critic is nibbed without their sanctuary.

The epistolary compositions of lady M. W. Montague compare favorably with those M<sup>e</sup> de Sévigné, and may indeed often evince a higher range of thought and a more elevated tone of sentiment; but the ease, the grace of delicacy and varied narration, the perpetual sprightliness, vivacity and playfulness which characterise the works of the latter, that bright and buoyant earnestness she weaves like a silver thread into every figure, giving a charm to the veriest trifle, oblige us to yield to the French authoress the palm of superiority.

Allow me here to copy (without translating — for it would then lose its identity) the first letter that comes to my notice and which has been recently published. Its contents are interesting of themselves : its character supports what I have been saying : the name attached to it makes it valuable:—

“Dresde, 11 mai 1850.

“Mon cher Véron,

“On se marie à 750 lieues de Paris, dans un pays de gouvernement absolu ; on se croit à l’abri du pillage, et me voilà pillé, abîmé dans ma considération, et trahi comme un roi (4).

“La lettre ci-jointe vous dira combien je suis furieux, et je vous prie de l’insérer dans le *Constitutionnel* dès que vous aurez cette lettre.

“Excusez le griffonnage ; j’ai une maladie nerveuse qui s’est jetée sur les yeux et sur le cœur, je suis dans un état affreux pour un homme nouvellement marié ; mais il y a dans cette malheureuse affaire une compensation, c’est que je puisse me rappeler à votre bon souvenir à travers mon voyage.

“Oh ! quelles belles choses il y a ici. J’en suis déjà pour une toilette de 25 à 30,000 fr., qui est mille fois plus belle que celle de la duchesse de Parme. Les orfèvres du moyen âge sont bien supérieurs au nôtre, et j’ai découvert des tableaux magnifiques. Si je reste, il n’y aura plus un liard de la fortune de ma femme, car elle a acheté un collier de perles à rendre folle une sainte.

“Mille amitiés et à bientôt ; je vous remercierai moi-même dans les Tuileries, car je ne peux pas monter plus de vingt marches ; le cœur s’y oppose. J’espère que vous et le *Constitutionnel* vous allez bien.

“(Signed) DE BALZAC.”

My reader may ask however, how I happen to run into this diversion ; what gave rise to the reflections concerning the epistles of the distinguished daughter

(1) On avait annoncé, sans le consentement de Balzac, une reprise de *Vautrin*.

of the Baron de Chantal. A very trifling affair, as he will see. —

At the ‘ Orleans station, ’ when I was just setting forth for the south of France, a young girl came to join our party in the omnibus. From her plain black garb and attendant, it was apparent that she was returning to one of the numerous convents in which this people are so fond of educating their children. Bright-eyed, lofty-browed and blushing beautifully as she accepted of a hand, proffered to assist her, she was ascending the steps of the carriage, when she let fall from under her arm a richly bound volume. Ere the work reached the ground a gentleman dexterously caught it.

“ I thank you infinitely for saving it from harm, ” said she, “ for to have soiled the fascinating letters of the charming Sévigné would have impressed me as a bad omen ”.

“ I could have saved nothing more precious except its owner ” said he; returning the book with distinguished deference.

How gracious on the part of both ! In America, ladies often receive civilities from strangers without the slightest acknowledgement ; and a gentleman like the above might be shot by a husband or a friend, for being impudent.

Here, the sweet toned, grateful expression, was a drop of precious ointment from the alabaster box of native refinement ; and falling as it did, mid the



turbulent thoughts which usually crowd the mind of the traveller at the starting-point of a long journey, had its tranquilising influence like the perfume of the bouquet which the fair flower-girl of Florence presents to the departing voyager.

A double compliment was also paid to the authoress; and it reminded me of the following anecdote concerning her, which I think well worth repeating. "One day, says Menage, the artist, I held with both of mine, one of the hands of Madame de Sévigné. When she withdrew it, Pelletier said to me 'That is the finest work which has ever gone out of your hands'".

On leaving Paris this time, I was surprised at the indifference with which I could traverse her magnificent streets. Ten or fifteen years previously, before railroads had joined by their sympathetic bands the great teeming brain of imperial France with her most remote extremities, I arrived in her capital after having been two nights and days shut up in a diligence. Passing the picturesque 'Porte Saint-Denis', I entered on the Boulevards which had to me all the fanciful air and perplexing diversities of a fairy scene. Stately mansions, magazines and palaces, illuminated from cornice to cellar, shop windows resplendant with jewels and varied wares, and the elegant paraphernalia exigible in the luxurious rounds of fashionable life, gleaming satins and brocades trailing the *trottoir*, fine carriages, noble horses

with costly caparisons sweeping by, the confused confusing, bustling, buisy throng, the low murmur of an ocean of human voices, the noise of rattling wheels, of the tinkling bells of the cocoa-venders and the curious cry of the sellers of *plaisir*, all combined to captivate and bewilder the mind; and when we had reached the heights of the 'Poisonier' and I saw myriads of lanterns glittering along the way, it seemed as if the stars had just come down and camped upon the earth. Now, on my departure for Egypt, the same great thoroughfare had lost all novelty. The past and the future alone occupied my thoughts: the past, where the affections clung with the tenacity of a drowning man to a few frail, bright, gleaming, straws of friendship; the future, full of the magic realization of years of intoxicating day-dreams.

I left Paris too, without regret, for that wide range of mirth through which its society swings like a pendulum from season to season, from morn to morn again, year in and year out, was to me but as the pageantry of shadowy processions which walk the mind at night when the too troubled spirit finds no natural rest. The cumbered hours seemed toiling, with leaden wings and shackled feet, up the hill of day. The months, bearing the accumulated burden of their sum of weeks went lumbering along like the car of the Hindoo god, which, though its route is strewn with flowers, leaves but a trail of woe. At

the hour of sleep, I laid me down by the grave of long cherished hopes : by a grave that had its monument — a desolate hearthstone on which was coiled an Oriental emblem of Eternity; and though morning returned, robed in its mantle of gold, there were gloomy glens in the memory no ray of light enlivened; and when I had commended myself, in all humility, to the great Father of Mercies, with, “Thy will be done”, I could not but add to my orison the well known lines of Congreve :

O Earth, behold I kneel upon thy bosom ,  
 And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon  
 Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield ;  
 Open thy bowels of compassion, take  
 Into thy womb the last and most forlorn  
 Of all thy race. Hear me thou common parent ;  
 I have no parent else. Be thou a mother,  
 And step between me and the curse of him ,  
 Who was. . . . .



## II

**Remarks. — Charenton. — Gabrielle d'Estrées. — Bridge of Marne. — Maisons-Alfort. — Ivry. — Louise Contat. — Crosnes. — Countess Lamothe. — Chateau Lagrange. — Hyeres. — Montgeron. — Senart. — Brunoy. — Talma. — Quincy. — Melun. — Geoffroy. — Fontainebleau. — Montereau. — Sens. — Tonnerre. — Montbard. — Malain. — Dijon. — Wines. — Anecdote. — Chalons. — Hotel. — Steamboat. — Costumes.**

There are very few routes, I think, which pass through a country so full of touching and memorative souvenirs, and hallowed by so many scenes of grave and ponderous import, as that from Paris to Marseilles. Almost at the moment of quitting the French capital, you enter upon wide spreading fields which have been drenched with the blood of a hundred nations, and meet with monuments around which are clustering, old storied associations of the most romantic and thrilling interest. I promise my reader however at the outset, that I will 'jot down' only the more prominent objects that address themselves to the attention during my journey; and that those shall not be

dwelt upon till they become wearisome. In justice, however, to my own feelings — to myself as a traveler, I must sketch the bad as well as the good, portray society as I find it, and limn the lame world, as well as the athlete.

The first place of note in this *Département* (1), after leaving Paris, is Charenton near the junction of the Marne and Seine. It is celebrated as having been the residence of Gabrielle d'Estrées, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Antoine d'Estrées, a descendant of one of the noblest houses in Picardy. Henry IV saw her when she was twenty years of age, and became so deeply enamoured of her that he contemplated divorcing his wife and raising the young girl to the throne. He did indeed dissolve his marriage with Margaret of Valois, but he was soon after united with Maria of Medici; and those who considered the ambitious and turbulent character of the latter and the dissoluteness of the age, found excuses for his attachment to the fair Gabrielle: an attachment sincere and lasting — a devotion remarkable in royalty, and one for which he was ready to sacrifice any thing except his Minister, Sully. Gabrielle was in love with the Duke of Belegarde, but such was the ardor with which the King urged his suit, — even, it is said, seeking her at the risk of being made prisoner

(1) Department of the Seine — has 20 cantons, 80 communes, 1,400,000 inhabitants.

by the sentinels of hostile forces through which he was obliged to pass — that he won the prize ; and the daughter of the illustrious house d'Estrées, became the mother of two dukes of Vendome and of Catherine, afterwards wife of the Duke of Elbeuf. One of the royal letters to her at Charenton closes thus :

“ However ill I may be, I will take no medicine to-morrow that I may come to see you.

“ I give you again a million of kisses.”

Another written in the hour of battle finishes with these touching words : “ My last thought shall be God's, my last but one yours.”

Gabrielle was distinguished for her amiability as well as beauty. Her self-sacrifice, her truthfulness and her sad death, embalmed her memory in the heart of the King, who eleven years subsequently had also, by the hand of an assassin, an end put to his own eventful and checkered life.

The Marne is crossed here by a bridge of five arches. It is divided by a little island in the centre of the stream, and was formerly defended by a strong tower which Henry IV battered down with his cannon. This, as a point *stratégique*, has always been considered as one of the most important in the neighborhood of Paris ; and here, almost every enemy that has approached the capital, has met with formidable resistance. The scholars of Alfort (just beyond) bravely defended the pass in 1813.

A little further on, we come to Maisons-Alfort, where Maximilien Robespierre often took the daughter of the joiner Duplay, and entertained Danton and Camille Desmoulins, whom he afterwards sent to the 'block'. It was also the residence of Diane de Poitiers, the charm of whose wit and grace, was more the theme of the day than all else pertaining to the court of Henry II, hardly excepting the ambitious and unprincipled Catharine de Medici herself.

On the other hand we pass Ivry, where the mother of Louis-Philippe died in 1821, and where Mademoiselle Contat (1) had a *maison de campagne*. Louise Contat, all are aware, was a favorite of the "Comédie Française" for upwards of thirty years. Her career was a continual series of triumphs. Moliere is indebted to her for the restoration of his plays to the French stage, and her biographer asserts that he owed to her his life and liberty which she procured at the risk of her own. She became the wife of the poet Parny, but was always called *Mademoiselle Contat*.

We speed on through the same fertile and finely cultivated country, enter the Department of 'Seine-et-Oise' (2) and come to Crosnes, the birthplace of the poet and satirist Boileau; but we do not halt till we

(1) M<sup>lle</sup> Contat is mentioned in the "Confidences of M<sup>lle</sup> Mars" which I have recently translated from the French.

(2) One of the richest and most diversified as regards its hills, forests and streams — has 36 cantons, 686 communes, and 455,000 inhabitants.

reach Montgeron, 18 kilomètres from Paris; — leaving Grosbois a little distance to the left. The domain of Grosbois once pertained to the marquisate of Brunoy, but it came into the possession of one Valois who made here a vast quantity of false money with which to pay his debts. “What are you always doing at Grosbois?” said Louis XIII to him.

“*Je n’y fais*” replied he “*que ce que je dois*” (I do [or *make*] nothing but what I ought (or *owe*)).

This great money-coiner was the grand-father of the Countess Lamothe, who obtained so much notariety by the Necklace conspiracy,— that artful creature, who, representing herself as a descendant of the family of Valois by an illegitimate child of Henry II, involved the Prince Louis de Rohan, cardinal bishop of Strasburg, in an intrigue from which only the most astounding and extraordinary developements finally rescued him (1).

To the south of Grosbois and charmingly situated, is the elegant ‘Château de Lagrange’. It was for a time the residence of Madame Favart, and previous to her, of Count de Saxe, the hero of Fontenoy, the natural son of Augustus, king of Poland, and familiarly known to us as *Maurice*, in the thrilling play of ‘Adrienne Lecouvreur’.

We find ourselves now in the romantic valley of

† (1) She escaped to the Crimea. See “Circassia or a Tour to the Caucasus”, p. 119.



Hyerres : regarded by the French with a sort of reverence; it being the place where (on the 14th June 1652) occurred one of those events which served more than any other to put an end to the sad war of the Fronde (1), that for five years had devastated France. This imposing party grew out of the arbitrary and oppressive measures of Anne of Austria and her Minister Mazarin, and was joined by the principal nobles of the land; while the women, partaking of the general enthusiasm, became conspicuous in every department. It was then one saw Madame Frontignac and Madame de Fiesque proclaimed Field-Marschals and reviewing the troops, and Mademoiselle d'Orléans and the Duchess of Chevreuse firing cannon from the Bastille on the royal forces.

In this valley of Hyerres, Charles IV, duke of Lorraine, had placed his army. Turenne, by forced marches — crossing the Seine at Corbeil — suddenly appeared with superior numbers before his adversary. The duke, being in an unfortified camp, yielded to the terms demanded by Turenne: which were, that hostages should be given, his bridge of boats abandoned and the kingdom evacuated. At the moment the terms of the treaty had been complied with and the bridge yielded, Condé arrived to support his friend;

(1) Fronde (*sling*) — the name given to this party because the youth of the schools joining it against the Court, used their slings to throw stones.

but it was too late and the war of the Fronde had received its death-blow.

The beauty of the scenery increases as we approach Montgeron, and many are the noble families which have adorned this region with their *villas* and *châteaux*. A short distance hence there is a lofty tower-like monument bearing the name Theresia, encrusted in letters of gold. It was built by General Count Dupont-Chaumont, ex-ambassador to Turin, who is said often to have passed here, long hours in meditation. Theresia was a young girl of great personal attractions and was beloved by the count; but supposing herself the daughter of a poor laborer, refused her hand to the suitor lest she should compromise his brilliant future. Sometime after, discovering that her parents were rich and noble, she wrote the news to Paris; but the letter failed of its destination. Disquieted beyond endurance, she started to find her lover, and only reached Brunoy to die of her emotions.

The gentleman, with a ribbon at his button-hole, sitting opposite to me, has finally spoken. Ah! he is a pleasant fellow,— has been in the wars in Spain, — knows every thing and every body — has glanced over his life to inspire me with confidence, and — we are at once good friends.

“ There are the forest of Senart”, said he pointing out of the carriage window, “ and many a king has enjoyed hunting here to his heart’s content. Every

one of our sovereigns from Louis XV to Charles X sought here in the invigorating soul-stirring *chasse*, that relief so necessary to one burdened with a crown. Napoleon the Great, than whom no hero more sublime ever existed, was among those who came to Senart; and it was in the shadows of this sylvan retreat, that Louis XV met *la belle Le Normand d'Étoiles* whom he afterwards presented at Court as the Marchioness de Pompadour. It is rather of a singular fact — and Voltaire remarked upon it — that though this woman was the wife of a man in the most humble circumstances, she is known always to have had a secret presentiment that she should be loved by a king.”

A league or two beyond Montgeron, we halt for a moment at Brunoy. These villages contain about 1,100 inhabitants each, and are prettily situated. The latter was much loved by Talma, who spent most of his time here in building and tearing down and riding round his grounds on the back of his gardener.

“Did Talma die here?” I inquired of my friend with the ribbon.

“No, he *lived* here; and to this day you will hear the aged peasantry talk of him with an affectionate enthusiasm, which only a truly good and benevolent man could have inspired.” Concerning his passion for changing the face of things around him, they tell the following story, daily repeat it,

and laugh as heartily over it the last time as the first.

“Talma had completed a gem-of-a-cottage in which he was visited by the great, from far and near. One day, hearing that the land in front of his own was on sale, he went and purchased it and immediately had his house torn down and another built on the other side of the way. Napoleon, with whom Talma was a great favorite, having hunted in the forest of Senart till late one evening, rode up to where he was certain Talma resided, and was utterly bewildered at finding no sign of a building there.

“If Talma’s house is not here, where’s Talma? and if Talma is not here nor his house, pardieu! where am I?”

“Sire,” said one of the peasants who recognised the emperor, “Talma has only moved to the other side of the road.”

On one occasion, the elegant woman and accomplished actress Mademoiselle Mars, went to Brunoy to dine with this great tragedian. Talma thought himself in love with her, and accordingly when opportunity offered, fell on his knees and confessed his passion.

“*Eh bien!* my poor Talma, hear what I have to say”, said the lady. “It is not me, but only the *art* which you love.”

“*Ma foi!* it is true”, said Talma, and laughing heartily, he brushed the dust from his knees and resumed his seat.

The viaducts of Brunoy are worthy of attention. The first has 28 arches and is about 74 feet high; the second has 8 arches. The prairie on which the piles are driven stretches away to Talma's ancient residence.

Just before quitting this 'Department', I was pleased to notice the name *Quincy*, so often mentioned in the U. S. in connexion with the names of two of our distinguished Presidents. It is separated from the forest of Senart by a plain called *Champ Dolens*; an appellation derived from a bloody battle gained here by Camulogene, chief of the Pariseans, Melunois and other allies, over Labienus, one of Cæsar's lieutenants.

The third rail-road station, after entering the 'Département de Seine-et-Marne', is Melun. This town is 28 miles from Paris and is finely situated, occupying an island and both shores of the Seine, and rising on the right bank in amphitheatral beauty. It is considered one of the most ancient villages of France, and by tradition, once contained a temple of Isis.

To recount all that has made Melun remarkable in the history of this country, would take a volume. It has been besieged by Childeric; by Robert, son of Hughes Capet; by the English; by Charles VII and by the Duke de Guise: and here was witnessed the first of those combats known as the *judgment of God*. Twice in the ninth century the Normans ravaged it;

and many of those barbarities which disgrace both Protestants and Catholics, have been committed within its sanctuaries and its homes, in the name of religion. When in 1420 it surrendered to the English, five or six hundred of her nobles, distinguished citizens and women of rank, were sent to the Bastille and other prisons of Paris, where they were allowed to die from starvation — straw only, being given them to eat, to deride them for the disgusting food with which they, for a long time, maintained themselves, in preference to submitting to their enemies.

The combat referred to above, took place on a plain now covered with houses, and grew out of the following singular circumstances. —

Geoffroy, Count of Gatinois, left, in dying, an only daughter whom Louis le Bègue wished to marry to Ingelger, his favorite, seneschal of the palace. The Countess of Gatinois demurred at this on the plea that Ingelger was his vassal. The king then placed the young girl among the dames of the queen, in order that Ingelger might have an opportunity of winning her affections. The plan succeeded and soon after the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence. But one morning Ingelger was found dead in his bed beside his wife, who declared she knew nothing of the affair... An accusation of poisoning and adultery was brought before the king against her, by Gontran, cousin of the deceased, a brave chevalier and one of the most able of his time in the use of

arms. He threw down his glove, in defiance, before the court. No person presented himself, and the young countess was about to be led to punishment, when a page in her suite, sixteen years of age, her god-son, sprang into the arena, was admitted as a champion and at the first pass overthrew Gontran and in a moment dispatched him with his poignard. The countess was declared innocent, and the page finally obtained the title and estates of Gatinois.

About twenty minutes after leaving Melun, we reached Fontainebleau, where I parted with my agreeable and communicative ‘friend with the ribbon’.

Fontainebleau is one of the most picturesque and inviting retreats of royalty any where to be found. Embosomed in a forest, bathed by lakes, retired from the noisy world, it is certainly, notwithstanding its irregularities and queer gable roofs, decidedly more attractive than the bolder and statelier Versailles; and if one wished to write a novel, I think he could find among events that have transpired here, enough of motley-robed romance and vivid truths with which to adorn a tale, and point a moral. Need I remind my reader, who has probably read a hundred accounts of Fontainebleau, that Henriette, wife of Charles I, came to reside here after her husband had been beheaded? — that at the end of the gallery *des Cerfs*, Christina of Sweden, then on a visit to Louis XIV, caused her lover and grand-equerrie, the Marquis de

Monaldeschi, to be assassinated?— that here Henry III and Louis XIII were born; Louise d'Orléans and Louis XV married, and the great Condé died?— that in 1809, it heard the fatal divorce announced officially to Josephine, and on the 4th of April 1814 saw Napoléon abdicate in favor of his son? — that on the 30th of July 1830 the Duchess of Angoulême alighted at this chateau in a dress which those who saw her called *négligé complet*, but on the same night took her departure as the tricolour took the place of the white flag; and that seven years afterward, in the same place, was celebrated the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with Helene de Mecklembourg-Schwerin?

I should like much to describe a few of the apartments and pictures to be seen here; but in reference to such subjects, the writer should not, I think, consult merely his own tastes. I will only add that the village claims the honor of having given birth to the actor and comic poet Dancourt, and the painter Lefèvre.

On the following day, having passed through several interesting places of which I will jot down a few notable facts, we reached Dijon.

Montereau, about twelve miles from Fontainebleau, occupies the site of a Roman settlement. As a point *stratégique*, it is also of much importance, and has been the scene of some of the most bloody battles recorded in history. On its bridge was assassinated Jean-sans-Peur, following the sanguinary wars between him



and the dauphin, son of Charles VI; and here, in February 1814, perished about six thousand Russians and Prussians, in an attempt to maintain their position against Napoleon.

Sweeping over the rich plains of Villeneuve, we enter the 'Département de l'Yonne' (1), celebrated for its fine valleys and vineyards and extensive forests. Our first stopping place is Sens, which, from its position on the declivity of a hill, commands a view altogether pleasing; but its interest lies rather in the past than the present. Sens was one of the most ancient villages of the Gauls, and it was from hence that, for several centuries, they menaced the nations of the East, and with their conquering armies planted colonies at Milan, Brescia, Verona and regions still more distant. They were the Senonian Gauls, whom Cæsar found it so difficult to conquer; but they became the allies of Rome under Julian the apostate, and on one occasion forced the Franks to retire from a siege of the town, whose fosses they left full of dead. Sens was besieged by the Saracens, and in 1590 by Henry IV. In her grand cathedral, Saint-Louis was married to Marguerite de Provence; and here fled for refuge, Pope Alexander III and Thomas à Becket. The walls and towers around the town are of noted strength and

(1) This department has 4 arrondissements, 37 cantons, 479 communes and 370,000 inhabitants. It is about 70 miles in length and 35 in breadth.

solidity ; and on the former there are said to be found, sculptured figures of pagan gods.

The Senites have had some curious customs, which, being considered as relics of *mœurs antiques*, should not be passed unnoticed. The 'carnival' they announced by the deafening roar of drums which were beaten in every house. The *Feast of the Insane* or *Fools*, they celebrated in the cathedral, where an ass was honored as a saint. After vespers a dance of the clerks and deacons took place, followed by an election of an archbishop of fools, about whom old shoes were burned as incense. In the midst of these ridiculous proceedings, the ass, robed in a sacerdotal cloak, was introduced into the nave. All the assistants then commenced chanting burlesque strophes and bending reverently before the new comer.

Tonnere, 86 miles from Paris, beautifully situated among the hills, is also an ancient settlement. As early as the fifth century, it was a strong place, and under its walls, in 898, Duke Richard of Bourgogne defeated the Normans. The old chateau seen in the valley was inhabited by Marguerite of Sicily, to whose memory there is in the church of Saint-Peter a white marble monument.

Leaving Tonnere, we enter among those rocky mountains, which on one side send their streams to the Atlantic, and on the other to the Mediterranean; and after about an hours ride by rail-road, come to

Montbard in the valley of Breune, the first station in the 'Département de la Cote-d'Or' (1). The town is on the side of a hill, terraced to its summit, and crowned by a tower. Here an apartment is shown in which Buffon the naturalist studied, the sill of whose door J.-J. Rousseau kneeled to kiss before he would enter it. Tonnerre had the honor of giving birth to Buffon, to the historical painter Belbin, and Guerard.

Before reaching Malain, a little village in the midst of vineyards, we pass through a tunnel  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles long. Its elevation is 900 feet above the level of the sea. The stupendous work cost 9,790,000 francs.

The Malanians are accused of having had, not two hundred years ago, a *fête* which reminds one much more of a pagan than catholic ceremony.—On Saint-John-the-Baptist's eve, every family was obliged to send one of its members to the grave yard, where, at the sound of the bell they were to dance a sort of jig; and sing till out of breath: "*Messire Saint-Jean, voici ta fête! messire Saint-Jean, réjouis-toi!*"

I arrived at Dijon late in the evening and drove to the Hôtel du Parc. My principal recollections of that night are:—hominy and milk; an old fashioned boot-jack; creaking wooden stairs; a gloomy corridor and prospects of a ghost. The following day

(1) This department is formed from the ancient Bourgogne. It has 4 arrondissements, 36 cantons, 730 communes and 390,000 inhabitants.

however I spent most delightfully — dividing my time among the people, their galleries of art, and those ancient structures which give a feudal aspect to several wards of the town.

Dijon is 196 miles from Paris and occupies the site of a camp of J. Cæsar. The walls which now surround it were erected by the Duke Philippe de Rouvres; but its six towers were added subsequently. It is however daily becoming more of a picturesque moss-covered ruin. The green grass grows on its parapets, and the rich earth in the deep moats below, is only disturbed by the gardner's spade. The old gray stones which time can no longer hold in their places, now fall on the heads of peaceful cabbages instead of the casques of fiery soldiery. Near the *Porte de Paris*, there is a pretty parc, planned to make more agreeable the residence of the Prince of Condé, who was here in exile. The cathedral is remarkable for its very slender tower (upwards of 300 feet in height), and as standing on a spot once adorned by a temple of Saturn. *Notre-Dame* of Dijon is a marvelous old structure and is said to have been built by Saint-Louis. The museum is in the ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, where Jean-sans-Peur, Philippe-le-Bon, and Charles-le-Téméraire were born. It contains many objects worthy of particular attention, most of which were found in the neighborhood; a few pictures of rare merit; a statue of Bossue and busts of Buffon and Prudhon.

There was formerly a Society at Dijon called the *Mère folle*; but it was suppressed by Louis XIII. Every year it had a fête very like one still held among the Spaniards. It was composed of persons of quality, had a captain, a court, a Swiss guard, officers of justice, etc. The members having disguised themselves as vine dressers and with other bizarre costumes, drove about the streets singing couplets and satires which were veritable censures on the manners of the times. From the chariots they used, came the expression *charretées d'injures*. It was at Dijon at one time, that vicious horses and other animals were condemned to death and executed; and at Chalon a hog was very gravely hung for having killed an infant. But Dijon has the honor of having given birth to many illustrious personages besides those above mentioned: the architect of the Bastille Aubriot; the poets Bónnard and Sennecey; Cazotte, the author of the comic opera *Les Sabots*, which he composed in one night, and *Romance of Chivalery*; Olivier; Crebillon, the writer of tragedy; General Count Delaborde; Daubenton, the naturalist; Larcher, the distinguished Greek scholar; the learned Lamonnaye; Alexis Piron, who *ne fut rien, pas même académicien*; the comedian Sarrazin and the critic Sau-maise.

On quitting Dijon we sweep along those fertile fields which have perhaps contributed more than any other in the world to the mirth of mankind and to the

opening of the hearts of humanity. Each gentle slope, each hillock, each height and each valley are tremulous with the leafy luxury, and the purpling glory of the vine. Of wines, you have at Gevrey, the luscious *chambertin*, the *clos de Bèze*; at Vougeot, the priceless *bouche du roi*, and others which cannot be bought at the place of their manufacture for less than 15 fr. the bottle; at Nuits, the best of all the Burgundians, and at the pretty town of Beaune, vineyards *par excellence* whose products are called the *fifth* element; at Meursault, the celebrated white wines, the *perieres*, the *genevrieries* and the *goutte d'or*, and at Chagny the *sautenays*. On the plains between Chagny and Châlons, in 1365, occurred that happy meeting between Du Guesclin and the chief of the *Ecorcheurs*, who, at the head of 30,000 men, was ravaging France. "We have done enough, both you and I" said Guesclin to their leader, "to damn our souls, but you can vaunt yourself on having done more than I: let us now honor God and leave the devil to himself". He did not fail to convince the scourgers of the justness, if not delicacy of his remarks, and they immediately quitted the country.

It was the Duke of Burgundy who furnished the cellars of the Sacred College, and the following story is told with all seriousness of the wine of Beaune. Benoît XIII, who resided at Avignon during the famous schism in the eastern Church, was deterred by his cardinals from returning to Rome; for said they:

“ In Italy there is no *Beaune* wine, and we believe it wholly impossible to live a happy life without it”

Chalon, 239 miles from Paris, is the 4th station after entering the ‘Département de Saône-et-Loire’ (1). It is a pretty little village, agreeably situated on the banks of the Saone, and has enough in its history to last a romancer his life-time. Fancy to yourself the great Constantine (here at the head of a formidable army, on his way to battle under the walls of Rome with the tyrant Maxentius), suddenly drawing rein, dismounting and kneeling to a luminous cross which flamed in the heavens before his startled legions, and reading these letters of fire which glowed beneath it : *In hoc signo vinces* (under this sign thou shalt conquer): then receiving a visit from Christ himself who ordered him to make a banner (the *labarum*) in the form of the vision he had seen and lead with it to victory. Indeed, is there not something startling in it even to the most credulous? Yet the pious Chalonians claim, that over their humble chauxmieres stood this burning cross. Imagine too, the Gauls rearing here their temples, and Gallic youth learning high sacred truths from some strange priest beside some stranger altar; and Roman routs where dames danced with hands in hands of steel which went still warmed by them to deadly struggles

(1) This department is divided into 595 communes, and has 530,000 inhabitants.

in her towers : and then her halls as desolate as war and grief could make them, echoing to the wailings of a woman whose noble birth and princely beauty pleaded eloquently but in vain with a proud conqueror ; for Lothaire, when he had defeated the defenders of the town, caused the beautiful Gerberge, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, to be dragged by horses along the streets and then thrown into the Saône. This was in 834. But these are, comparatively, only trifling episodes in the history of Chalon. The Count Fribourg, having assembled here the nobles of the province, caused his soldiers to cut in pieces a great portion of these ‘ half-bandits’, and gave the rest to a slower death by the hands of an executioner. They were also thrown into the river, much to the inconvenience of the fishermen, who were obliged to relieve their nets of three or four bodies found in them at a time. But perhaps not less sad though in some of its features highly ridiculous, was the affair of William, Count of Chalon, who, in 1166, marched with his Brabançon soldiers against the abbey of Cluny. The religionists of that establishment, hearing of his approach, came out with all their relics and sacred ensigns, and thought to appease him with the emblems of their office ; but the count upset the whole paraphernalia from the priestly diadem to the *corpus Domini*, pillaged and put to death about five hundred of the band, whose bodies also were made to encumber the Saone, stripped



the prelates utterly naked, and sent them back in a state of negative comeliness.

A short distance from Chalon stands the abbey of Saint-Marcel, where Abeilard died. Opposite to the town, and connected with it by a lofty stone-bridge, is a picturesque little island; and in the neighborhood, a few sunny *villas*, which remind one of Italy. The street *aux Fèvres* is well worth a visit at the market-hour in the morning, to see the fine vegetables, the market people, and an occasional odd costume. Chalon is in fact quite a pretty place, dotted with pretty girls. It has a good public library, a small theatre, and an obelisk surmounted by an eagle, erected to Napoleon the Great. It is the birth-place of the poet Pontus de Thiard, Doneau, and the sculptor Boichot.

It was at Chalon however that I felt the full force of the despicable arrangements of European hotels. I arrived there in the evening and was conducted to an apartment which had no fire-place; and as the atmosphere had become chilly and damp and there was no public reception-room, I was forced, somewhat to the annoyance of the cook, to seek the heat of a stove in the kitchen. — Perhaps the *remembrance* of the fiery cross which once blazed over Chalon, answers for this people, the purpose of a warming-pan.

The scene now changes. Instead of your quiet company of the coach, you are pell-mell with all sorts and grades of society: soldiers and sisters of

charity, travellers and tradesmen, on their way to Lyons ; for at Chalon you take a steamer to descend the Saone. The boat destined to convey us was extremely narrow and hardly large enough to afford standing-room for the immense crowd which rushed to it. The French, however, are a superbly social people, and most commendably affable, ingenuous and unostentatious while traveling; and what would have been regarded as a “shave” or a “bore” in some other countries, was here a fountain of fun and the light and airy suspension-bridge to free converse.

Of costumes and coiffures, we had a variety. The costly but rather negligent toilet of a peerless English blonde, contrasted finely with the pointed tasselled hat, velvet jacket and breeches of a brigand-looking fellow who stood near her; while the fancifully-frilled cap and short red petticoat of the *provinciale*, gave a more luxurious air to the long flowing robe and saucy hat of the Parisian belle. The Maconaise chapeau, worn by several young women on board, deserves particular mention, as it is one of the oddest devices for the head that can be conceived. It consists of a flat circular piece of pasteboard or other substance, about the size of a dinner-plate, from the centre of which rises an ornamented trellis-work tube or funnel, about four inches in height and two in diameter. The flat part, which I will call a brim, is covered with velvet, silk or a still more delicate fabric, and has pendant from the edge of its

right and left sides, a fringe of rich black lace that hangs gracefully down beside the cheeks and floats back, perhaps with some curls, over the shoulder; and as the brim is set well forward (and sometimes tipped knowingly on one side) so as to throw a shadow over the face, the wearer is able to make a coquettish use of the lace, when feigning to hide her blushes or her smiles (1).

(1) This hat is prettily represented on the 'nurse', in a new engraving called "The first step of the Prince Imperial".



### III

Chalon to Lyons. — Tournus. — Macon. — Bridges. — Disasters. — Villefranche. — An anecdote. — Dangerous pass. — A story. — Lyons. — Historical fact. — Lyons to Avignon. — Vienne. — Valence. — Château Grignan. — Type of beauty. — Avignon. — Papal chateau. — Petrarch. — Laura. — Museum. — Reflections. — Vaucluse. — Petrarch's Fountain. — Moonlight scenc. — Laura. — Tarescon. — Arles. — Troubadours.

From Chalon to Lyons (about eight hours), a delicious, tranquil diversity of scenery borders the stream. Above Macon, the land is mostly level and the eye wanders far before it reaches the highlands; but when you once catch a glimpse of the blue range, you see the Alps overlooking them. Below, the hills have a friendlier air, and freshen to the view, and become more and more an attractive and agreeable accompaniment as you float southward.

Tournus, at which we stop for an hour, is the birth-place of the celebrated painter Greuze. It is prettily situated on the right bank of the river, and

was once Cæsar's grain-depot; and Roman wells and mosaïc pavements are still to be seen here.

Macon, the third village below Tournus, is, as it were, an old historic statue — colossal in mementos. Its brow has worn the wreath of many a victory, but its visage has been blood-stained and frightfully scarred: Catholics and Protestants having contended here for a prize, it would seem, which might be awarded to Savageness only, or the genius of Inhumanity; tarnishing the name of the Church with fouler stains than marked the footsteps of Attila and the Saracens when they came down upon these fertile borders. To the actors in these scenes, one could well have applied the following lines:

“For with hot ravine fired, ensanguined man  
Is now become the lion of the plain.”

The Barbarians swept through Macon like a tempest of fire, but left the roots of native virtue to germinate anew. The Christians, with their perfidious impieties and wickedness during the ‘Religious wars’, settled upon it like the *Bahheret-Lut* (sea of Lot) on the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.— And how entertaining this contest must have been to the Jews, who from their quarter—the *Sabbat*, which had been assigned to them by the usurper Bozen — could contemplate the amiability and charity of Christian

brethren ! The dark-eyed daughters of Judah did not draw water from wells tainted with the blood of 'unbelievers', but those who slept near the walls, heard the cry of those who perished.

During Cæsar's campaigns, this place had the honor of receiving, Quintius Tullius Cicero and Publius Sulpicius ; but what the people like better to talk of now, is their poet-child Lamartine, and their painter P. Prudhon (1). In 1814, the French battled here with the allied forces.

Winding along between these fertiles fields, where, in the shadows of the poplars that often intersect them, cattle are seen grazing and the husbandman is preparing his ground, one will not fail to have his attention often called to those artistic structures thrown across his route,—bridges of stone with wide-spreading lofty arches of formidable masonry, or those of wire which swing from bank to bank like spider's webs.

At Thoissey and Mont-Merle, our stay was of short duration ; still, by the villagers who crowded the shore, we could judge that the reputation the *coquettes paysannes* had obtained for their wholesome, rustic beauty, and tasteful costumes, was not unmerited. On a hill at Mont-Merle (2)—whence the view

(1) Cluny also claims Paul Prudhon.

(2) Montmerle is the second 'stopping-place' in the "Département du Rhone." This department is also woody and mountainous, or hilly —

must be little less than enchanting, — stands an old convent with a round tower. Thoissey has a Jesuits' college, I was told. But though these little towns look so quiet and unobtrusive, so retired from the bustling ambitious world as to fear nothing but too much tranquility, they are by no means exempt from those sad casualties which overtake alike the villages in the vallies of the Alps and on the acclivities of Vesuvius. In 1840, by an unprecedented rise of the river, numbers of them were swept away. At Lyons 600 houses were destroyed.

Villefranche, a little to the southward, owes its name to a curious fact well worth relating. Humbert IV, of the illustrious house of Beaujeu, wishing that the inhabitants would call this the *Free-town*, in honor of his having founded it, gave them the permission to beat their wives whenever they chose — even till the blood flowed, provided death did not follow. This freedom to exercise their authority brought many a suffering husband there to reside. The population rapidly increased; the desired effect was produced, and the name was fixed. — “But”, says Monsieur \*\*\* — a resident and therefore perhaps partial, — “at present, no women more richly deserve, and none have more homage and respect paid to them, than the dames of *la Ville franche*.”

has 2 arrondissements, 25 cantons, 254 communes and 450,000 inhabitants.

Soon after passing Trevoux, which rises in amphitheatrical form from the left bank,,and strikes pleasingly upon the sight as you descend the stream, you arrive at a place where the navigation is considered to be dangers, — to a pass where the rocks were cut through by Agrippa to make a Roman highway, and by the Island Barbe surmounted by a watch-tower, from which the Emperor Charlemagne is said “to have surveyed his Paladins defiling along the shore”(1). Immediately below, stands an old castle to which there is of course attached a very interesting legend. It is this : — A beautiful German girl was immured here, on the accusation of her confessor who was madly enamored of her. The priest, thus designed to keep her from another lover who was shut up in the *Pierre-Seize*, a prison on a lofty rock bathed also by the Saone. One night, escaping from her chamber, she scaled the walls and leaped into the water, in order to swim to him who possessed all her heart. Her daring, which went hand in hand with her love, proved fatal. She was shot by a sentinel on the tower, who perhaps mistook her snowy neck and the white arms she threw out upon the stream, for the neck and wings of a swan.

We reached Lyons in the evening; and the dingy and gloomy barriers of brick or stone which hemmed us in as we approached the quay, scowled upon us

(1) Hand-Book for American Travellers in Europe.



like the damp walls of a dungeon. Once landed, however — but here was some difficulty on account of the darkness and utter confusion among the baggage and its owners — we found a good omnibus, fine streets, noble shops and hotels : in fact a lesser Paris. As I had however explored the town on a former occasion, I remained there only one night.

The Lyonnais pride themselves on their Museum and their manufactures, their political history, their paintings and their pretty women ; and claim to have of the latter a peculiar and extraordinary type ; indeed you will not fail to hear of *la belle Cordière* and *Madame Récamier* of the past, and the divine *de* \*\*\*, of the present epoch. There are few cities, where literature, the fine arts and commerce so happily commingle, as at Lyons ; and it' should be placed to its credit.

Lyons contains upward of 200,000 inhabitants. In the various manufactories of the Croix-Rousse, there are 45,000 looms ; and from 90,000 to 150,000 persons are engaged in the manufacturing, colouring and designing of silk stuffs, — first commenced here by the Genoese, during the reign of Philippe le Bel.

Lyons has given birth to many illustrious characters , among whom are Germanicus, Caracalla, Claudius, Saint Ambrose, the learned hydrographer Count Fleurieu : and some claim for her, Marion Delorme, the mistress of the seditious Cinq-Mars and friend of

Ninon de l'Enclos. The celebrated sculptors Cous-tou, Coysevox and Lemot were also born here, and the brothers naturalists Jussieu, the poet and states-man Lemontey, the political economist J.-B. Say, Jaequart and Camille Jordan, — names encircled by such a brilliant *hauron*, I think my reader will not regret this enumeration of them.

I remember that, in 1848, early one morning before the smoke of the city had destroyed the purity and transparency of the atmosphere, I went to the summit of the precipitous height which overtops the neighboring world, and Lyons became thenceforth to my memory a sort of citadel-of-beauty. I stood on the site of the ancient Roman *Forum Vetus*, the cradle of the present town, and from its lofty walls (since destroyed), looked away over the gorgeous *compagnia* girded by the silvery arms of the Saone and the Rhone. Southward, I saw a great stream hastening to the sea; and on every hand the blush and glow of prosperity. But the by-gone was as prolific of interesting themes as the present of spinning jennies. The following personages who had adorned or desolated the place — Cæsar, Tiberius, Caligula, Trajan, Adrian, Septimus Severus, Attila, and I must include the Saracens — came trooping from the shadowy past.

My position commanded a view of the bridge, whose first stone was laid by the Duke de Nemours. Its interest however, consists in its occupying the place of another, having an arch called *l'arcmerveilleux*,

— a name derived from the passage of the procession of decorated boats, at the great fête instituted in the 12th century, in commemoration of the 20,000 victims immolated here to the Christian faith. There too, below me, was the principal *place*, in which so many perished when Lyons fell into the grasp of the Terrorists : and numerous other objects I cannot now distinctly recall.

Before retiring that night, I met in the supper-room of the hotel, a Catholic priest, who made many inquiries about the institutions of the United-States; but he was exceedingly close-mouthed when I attempted to get out of him any information concerning the Church in France. I was amused however at his recital of the following historical fact; though it would seem to be one in which these long-robed gentry have not much interest. — “ In 1628, Lyons was devastated by the plague. To repair its ravages, the women were allowed to get married the moment their husbands died. One gentle, lovely, *humane* creature was bereft of *six* in the short space of four months.”

The route from Lyons to Avignon(1) is more interesting, if possible, than that which we have already passed over. The scenery is bolder, more varied, more picturesque. The vine climbs every

(1) The distance is 135 miles and is made by the steamer in about 12 hours.

acclivity and twines about the ruin that crowns it; and, as my Guide-book says : “ We may well talk of the villages and chateaus of the right bank where is situated the Vivarais,— a land poetic in its aspect and its souvenirs”. Childebrand, Charlamagne, Hannibal, Napoleon; the Gauls, the Ionian Greeks, the legions of Marius and Manlius; Attila and his war-horse, Richelieu and his boat of gold, have all aided in giving a charm to the shores of the Rhone, the stream of the *troubadour*.

Passing by Feyzin, where in the chateau of the Countess of Brizon-Chaponay, Joséphine de Beauharnais and daughter Hortense remained some months on their return from the Colonies, we reach Vienne. It was once the capital of the Allobroges, but is now a dingy, dirty place, extending along the Rhone and up the valley of the Gere. Back of it, stands mount Salomon, capped by a castle in which it is said the proconsul Pontius Pilate was imprisoned. In quitting his government in Judeah, he was exiled to Gaul, and it was in Vienne that he died. This was also the birthplace of the poet Ponsard, and of Pichat, author of *Leonidas*.

At the confluence of the Rhone and Galaure, in the little hamlet of Saint-Vallière, is a gothic chateau, once the pleasure-retreat of Diane de Poitiers.

The steep mountain slopes, called the *Hermitage*— producing the famous wine bearing that name — attract attention as you approach Tournon. The castle

on the precipitous rock hard-by, was the residence of the Counts of Tournon, one of whom — the illustrious minister of Francis I — founded a college in the above mentioned village.

Seventy miles below Lyons, is *Segalauni* Valence (1), protected by ancient fortifications and a conspicuous citadel, and crouching under precipitous cliffs. Its early history resembles that of Lyons. The *infamous* Cæsar ruled here as Duke of Valentinois, — the duchy having been given to him by Louis XII as a reward for bringing from the Pope (2), his father, a bull for divorce, which the king had long solicited. Napoleon lived six years in Valence (from 1785 to 1791), and Pope Pius VI died here a prisoner. Of the latter, there is, in the cathedral, a statue by Canova.

Ten miles further down, we pass a large castle on a lofty rock, inhabited, in 1629, by Louis XIII. Soon after, we catch a view of the imposing ruins of a feudal castle, crowning one of those volcanic peaks — 300 feet in height — which overtop Rouchemaure; then, Montelimart, imbedded among the hills, and famous as the place where the heroine, Margot Delaye, made a sortie at the head of a band of women, and forced the Admiral Coligny (who was besieging the town) to retire.

(1) In the 'Département de la Drôme' which has 4 arrondissements and 300,000 inhabitants.

(2) Cæsar Borgia was the natural son of an ecclesiastic (who subsequently became pope Alexander VI) and of a Roman lady, named Vanozza.

A few leagues hence, is the chateau Grignan, which, much to my regret, I did not take time to see. It obtained great notariety from the letters of M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné, written to her daughter, who married a descendant of Adhémar to whom this chateau had been given by the Emperor Frederic. In one of her epistles she says : “I see from hence your beautiful terrace from which all the views are admirable. I recognise that of Mount-Ventous; I love also the amphitheatres, and I am persuaded that if Heaven has any admiration of our scenery, its inhabitants will choose no other place than yours.” The ashes of M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné repose in the little church of Grignan.

Before reaching the mouth of the Ardèche, one's attention is attracted by a long line of masonry which has the appearance of the aqueducts about Rome. It is the celebrated bridge Saint-Esprit, finished after 44 years labor. It has 23 arches, is 900 yards long, and was first called the bridge of fiery tongues, on account of a dream one of the monks had, in which there seemed to be on the river, at regular distances, fiery tongues; and which, being interpreted to mean supporters of a bridge, caused the superior to send out the monks in search of means to erect this immense work.

We will pass Mornas and Orange — memorable chiefly for the horrible scenes enacted in them during the ‘religious wars’ — and hasten to Avignon, though

the Guide-book recommends to the voyager the little village of Sorgues (just above the latter town) on account of its beautiful women. "They are remarkable", it says, "for their regular features, coral lips, teeth of a brilliant whiteness and large dark eyes like the children of Syracuse and of Athens — a homely woman being literally an exception." Let us allow for the enthusiasm of a Frenchman and pass on, though I am free to confess, that with the exception of a slight *gaucherie* of manner, and expression of mouth (which education and refined life materially changes) peculiar to country dames, I believe the type of feminine loveliness, seen between Chalon and Avignon, can hardly be surpassed. Woman's form here is evidently an object of cultivation; and nothing tends more to develope and display it, than the short bodice which comes up under the arms, is slightly laced in front, and leaves the shoulders and breast to free, unrestrained action. Their features too, are more Castilian than French; and the tender olive-tint of their cheeks takes the rich flush of health till it resembles the hues seen in the bosom of a rose.

The ruins of a stone bridge jutting boldly out into the stream, a long embrasured wall with numerous square towers, the lofty turrets of a chateau on a commanding eminence, graceful spires and poplar trees, announce the approach to Avignon: where, to have good English accommodations and see two

enormous Saint-Bernard dogs (really worth much pains to see), one should stop at the *Hôtel d'Europe*.

Avignon is built on the side of a hill, crowned by the imposing palace of the Popes (1), and the cathedral of *Notre-Dame des Doms*. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, its houses of the style of the middle ages, its general air, that of a town whose glory was of times gone by.

I had made long journeys to hundreds of other places out of mere curiosity, but I felt this to be a kind of pilgrimage of the heart. On my arrival, I was first attracted, it is true, to the papal chateau by its immensity, its massiveness, the majestic height of its walls, by the fact that it had once been the prison of Rienzi; and—as the horrible has also its fascinations—because the hall of torture of the inquisition was there; the pit into which sixty human beings were thrown to suffocate, and the chamber blown up by the papal legate to destroy his guests; but then I involuntarily demanded of my guide, “Where were the homes of Petrarch and Laura?”

“Yonder,” said he, “the goddess Diana was worshiped, and here on this rock by the cathedral, the Tyrian navigators reared a temple to Hercules.”—“But,” I replied, “show me rather where *Laura* was

(1) The popes reigned here from 1305 to 1376: others at the same time reigning in Rome, and disputing with them Universal Supremacy and Infalibility.



worshiped, and where the temple stood, that was dedicated to *Petrarch*."

"In Avignon were born," continued he with volubility unchecked, "the brave Crillon, the poet Morel, the painters Mignard and Vernet, the Marchoiness de Gange called '*the beautiful Provençale*', the actress and authoress Madame Favard." — "And," I added, "it also gave birth to *Laura*, and to the inspiration of *Petrarch*."

I found in fact that the aureola of all that is hallowed in the past history of Avignon, or imparts a charm to it at present, is the poetry of Petrarch; for *Laura* was as much the poetry of his heart, as his eclogues were of his brain.

The Museum is well worth a visit; but the two monuments in its court, will first call the attention. The one, — a square block of marble, about six feet in height, supporting an urn — bears the name of Petrarch; the other, — a circular shaft of nearly the same altitude, surmounted by a flame from which rises a cross decorated with a wreath — is inscribed to *Laura*. These, I was told, once stood by the sepulchre of Petrarch's idol, in the church of the convent of the Cordeliers. But, both temple and tomb have been destroyed, and their very site is fast being forgotten. I went however to the spot designated, and as I stopped to the gate opening upon it, I asked an aged woman if I were near the grave of *Laura*. "You are", said a lady, lovely as *Laura* herself, and

gracing a *toilette* of surpassing elegance and taste, “and I will request a teacher of the school within, to come and show it to you.” Who was it that had overheard my question and so kindly responded? She has haunted me ever since as though I had seen the gentle spirit of the one who has made this, as Heloisa has, *Père Lachaise*, the Mecca of those soul-saddened dreamers who wander among their kind like Zobeide in the palace of the petrified. The deaf, aged dame, and the angel-voiced young woman, had both disappeared: I was talking with a youth who came from the school-house, that occupied one side of the large uncultivated space, where he said the convent formerly stood, and where Laura had been buried.

Things necessary to nourish and clothe the body, and things of simple utility must occupy a great portion of our time in this terreous, emulous, portentous, carnivorous, factious, greivous, contentious, dolorous, cartilaginous, oxygenous and hydrogenous existence; but, in such a place as this, one may be pardoned for any amount of unanalysable, apocryphal sentiment; for having the soul filled with unfathomable emotions and the mind entranced by the dreamy, faint, the half unuttered notes swept from the harps of heaven; to live indeed for a moment in a spiritual atmosphere, in undefined reveries, in the flowery peribolos of romance, in the home-haunts of mysterious longings and aspirations, in the Pantheon of

the unrevealed passions ; to live indeed for a moment in a world that has no affinity with this, and with images and fancies and voiceless affections that must be treasured till the Day of Revelations.

On the following morning, in a comfortable carriage drawn by two good horses, and with an old farmer as cicerone, I set off for Vaucluse. For a short distance, our route lay along the Rhone, then turned to the eastward. The road was good, the country level, and on either hand were fields of grass and of the madder-plant, bordered by the poplar. We met several parties of hale, hearty looking girls, walking toward Avignon,—whither they go to work in the silk manufactories during the week, and from whence they return to their homes on Saturday-night. We also overtook numbers of them on their way to the olive-groves ; and each one had a basket on her arm or a light ladder on her shoulder. I fancied that this gathering of olives, must be an amusing scene,—perhaps quite entertaining when the luscious, buxom, short-petticoated damsels of the villages, turn out *en masse* at the proper season, and go heartily to work at their common task of despoiling the trees of their fruit.

Passing Monieux, we ascended a ridge of land, whose declivities, down to the plain we had just left, were covered with an olive forest, that looked as if frosted with silver when the wind turned its leaves to the sun. Reaching the summit of the range, the

eye first followed a wide spreading meadow, dotted with the hamlets of the peasantry, then rested on an arid mountain barrier, within a ravine of whose rocky sides, reposes Vaucluse.

Our way thence, lay through several small villages — Thor, with a church of the 12th century, with a remarkable steeple; and L'Isle, with a manufactory, and a pretty promenade shaded by a quadruple row of the *Platanus occidentalis*, — and through cultivated grounds, till, approaching the place of our destination, the country became dry and sterile. After three and a half hours ride, we entered a narrow pass, wound along the bright green banks of a swift, finely delineated stream, and descended into the heart of Vaucluse.

How strangely different from what I had expected! How wild, how lonely, how gloomy; yet, how lovely! What crashing echoes the thunder must awaken here, and how dreary must this be in a winter's storm! A few houses sheltered by overhanging crags, or clinging like hornets-nests to their sombre sides, or nestled under the banks by the brook, make up the town; while, on an opposing cliff, stand the tottering ruins of a feudal castle, whence Laura is said to have signalled her lover, who lived, or came to pass some time, in the valley below.

After my horses had been cared for and dinner ordered, I started for 'Petrarch's Fountain' — one of the finest natural curiosities in the world. Follow-

ing along up the narrow gorge, down which a torrent was tumbling in sparkling cascades and jagged cataracts, I came in a few moments to a vast precipitous rock — the perpendicular face of the mountain frightful to look up on,— and found myself on the borders of a miniature lake, caverned beneath it. This is the fountain (oddly named) of Petrarch, the source of that sturdy stream which turns the mill-wheels of L'Isle. Into the aperture from which it flows, one may descend when the water is low, said my guide, 180 feet. Another lake is then encountered, the depth of which is not known. Whether the statements of my cicerone are true or not, it matters little: there is enough in the wild beauty of the spot, independent of the singular manner in which the water — first in a silvery lake, then with a leap and a rush — pours itself out from the cavern, to make it the very haunt, the mother and mistress of the marvelous.

Toward evening, I gained the ruins above referred to, where the 'Seignor of the Manor' once lived, and Laura is said to have passed some of her happiest summer days; but I am sure if the lovely creature had to climb as I did, to reach this aerial abode, she would have desired a Turkish costume, and as many agile Arabs to assist her as are employed in ascending the pyramid of Cheops. Once there, however, I looked down from the dizzy height and was fully repaid for my toil; but wondered how any thing but

an eagle could have thought of perching himself in such a place.

On a little square in front of the inn, stands a handsome column 50 feet in height. It was erected in honor of Petrarch, by the Duchess d'Angoulême.

When night came, the moon-light streamed beautifully through the valley, lit up the peaks above, and the water, and the old moss-covered mill-wheel beneath my window. I went out, and strolled again into the gorge of the fountain; and such was the peculiar charm, the witching majesty of the scenery, I was as loth to part with it, as I am now unable to describe it.

In the morning, I returned to Avignon. Laura, as all know, was born here in 1307 or the following year. She was the daughter of Chevalier Nones; inherited from him a large fortune, and at the age of eighteen, married the young Hugh of Sade. Two years afterward, Petrarch saw her in the church of the Nuns of Saint-Clara. Sinon painted a portrait of her on the ceiling of the cathedral. At the age of forty, a pestilence, which devastated the town, carried Petrarch's '*Gentil mia Donna*', to the abode of the 'pure in heart'.

At Tarescon, about 12 miles from Avignon, on the route to Marseilles, we halted only for a moment. From the station, a gigantic square castle could be seen, celebrated as the one from whose tower, the beautiful but faithless Madame Raymond de Roussil-

lon threw herself, after having unwittingly eaten the heart of her lover, the passionately loved young page Cabestaing; for it appears that when Sire Raymond discovered the intrigue of *Madame*, he caused her paramour to be secretly assassinated, and his heart served up for his mistress' supper.

At Arles, the road leaves the banks of the Rhone and turns to the eastward. Here, in the ruins of an ancient Roman theatre, was found that celebrated statue, which now adorns the saloon of the *Héros combattant* in the Louvre, and known as the "Venus of Arles". Those who have visited the Louvre will not have failed to notice the grace and beauty of the head, the delicacy of the drapery, and the *badalette* which encircles the hair and falls upon the shoulders of this Hymettean-marble goddess.

Arles is also noted for its eventful and sanguinary history. Amid the refinement and luxury which characterised the epoch of the Roman rule, the arenas of its stately amphitheatres were flooded with the blood of Christian martyrs, torn in pieces by ferocious beasts 'to make a holiday'. In the 12th century, under the reign of Alphonse II, some of the most famed of the troubadours, went out from hence, with their sweet, wild songs, their stories of chivalrous deeds, to awake the world to love and to romance.

The life of the nobles, at this period, was a scene of daring, hazardous exploits. Provence became the abode of galantry, of *esprit*, of politeness, and each of

these lovely villages of the south, vied with one another in their courts of sentiment, their tournaments, *fêtes* and spectacles, in which folly, and love, and piety, were confounded.

It is said that the Marseillaise, who dislike the Arleans, twit them of a foreign origin; and affirm that to marry one of their women, is to fall into the claws of a Roman tigress. There is reason to believe however that they are unjustly slandered, and that the softer sex of Arles have inherited much of that poetic temperament and elegance of manner, which alone could have given dignity and sustenance to the emprise of those minstrels, who made France almost another nation.

The country, from Arles to Constantine, is flat and uninteresting,— unless stoney fields, occupy the attention of the traveller, as they certainly must that of the sheep seen grazing over them; but thence to Marseilles, olive groves and villages, and three miles of tunnel, will not fail to be noted.

I arrived at Marseilles in time to examine several places I had neglected on a former visit. I went up (and I advise every one to go who has the fortitude for an undertaking, much more fatiguing than it appears to be from below), to the chapel of *Notre-Dame de la Garde* on the great hill to the south of the harbour, and obtained a far better idea of the extent and fine position of the city and its environs, than I could have from any other point. The shipping,



the fortresses, the Mediterranean with its islands, chateau d'If — the prison of Mirabeau and the hero of 'Monte Christo' — and nearer, the place where Cæsar's squadron was stationed when he besieged Marseilles, made out, one by one, a panorama of no inconsiderable beauty. After descending, I proceeded to the Square Major, where stands one of the most ancient temples to be found in France. It was built by the Romans and dedicated to Diana, but is at present a cathedral. Its floor is now eight steps below the street.

In this port, six hundred years before Christ, anchored the first vessel that came to the Gallic coast. Marseilles was soon renowned as the Athens of Gaul. The sciences flourished as well as commerce; several languages were common to the people: the population, however, was mixed, and one sees now as he traverses the quays, a type of almost every nation under heaven. The Moorish blood, contends here with the Greek, for the palm of beauty. The small head, low forehead, regular features and compact form of the latter, is less admired by many than the more fiery gaze, the hautier step, the whiter teeth, luxurious proportion of the former; while the fair, the intelligent, the languidly imperious Roman, yields nothing in social qualities to the more earnest, more coquettish, more piquant *Provençale*.

To comment upon society, after only two or three days enjoyment of it, would be exceedingly pre-

sumptuous did I not embody in my remarks, the opinions of those who are familiar with the subject. I could say, from my own observations, that there are few shrewder, or more enterprising people, than the Marseillaise. Their love however of gain, and their purely commercial impulses, make them too neglectful of many of those minor items, which, when their influence is added together, go very far toward rendering agreeable our intercourse with our fellow creatures.

No one more than myself, can admire that freedom from restraint, that self-possessed or rather unconcerned air, that look which says, "You are enjoying yourself just as you please and minding your own business — so am I"; that *insouciance* in fact which characterises 'life in the East' and distinguishes those who are accustomed, literally, to the world; but when this indifference to the thoughts, tastes, wishes, actions and opinions of others, degenerates into vulgarity, when this home-feeling, wherever one is, discards the nice observance of civilities, loses a delicate perception of others rights and oversteps decorum, it is every where, in all countries, offensive, and indicates, that the principles of action have been hopelessly corrupted. These observations, if not wholly, are at least partially applicable to the Marseillaise; arising, as I have said, in part from their purely commercial spirit, but perhaps in a greater degree from the fact, that from time immemorial al-

most, their port has been the favorite rendez-vous of all the various peoples bordering the Mediterranean,—people of every sort, of every religious faith and of every habitude.



## IV

Departure. — Passengers. — A seasick-soliloquy — Corsica. — Marsala. — Malta. — Church of Saint-John. — Excursion. — Country — Citta-Vecchia. — Bay of Saint-Paul. — Inhabitants. — Knights of Malta. — Museum. — Departure. — Passengers. — Egyptian coast. — Arrival. — Porters. — Hotel. — Monuments. — A scene. — Cleopatra. — Houses. — Streets. — Customs. — A beauty. — Costumes.

Before the sun has stolen from the cheek of morning her roseate hue, the modest blush of her healthful awakening, we push off from the quay of Marseilles. Our way is to be made through long, tortuous passes, among countless vessels which seem crowded into inextricable confusion. “*Theos nos teen tos abicos!*” exclaims one. “*Duchen, sneiken, schleigen!*” hallooos another. “*Allah! inshalla, hoollah!*” shouts a third. “*Sacré nom de petit cochon!*” says the fourth. “Hall in that brace, you d—d booby!” bellows the fifth : none of which conveys any very distinct impression to the mind, except the last. It all adds however to the general muss and tumult, but does not help us at all on our way.

After rowing for about a quarter of an hour, we come to our steamer, — the fine, clean, noble looking boat *Alexandria* ; and I feel sure that we shall be borne safely — myself for the fifth time — over the famed sea before us. She lies at the mouth of the inner harbour, between the forts Saint-Nicholas and Saint-John, and near the church Saint-Vincent, which from the water's edge lifts its battlemented towers above the town. Flanking the port on the left, stands that lofty hill I had climbed a few days previous, whose chapel-crowned summit, in strong and perfect outlines, is now reddening before the rising 'god of day'. The wind and weather are fair, and every thing — sails and steam — beckon seaward.

The canvass is 'sheeted home', the sailors sing cheerily, the anchors are 'apeak', the chain rings on the windlass, the din of departure drowns the '*farewell*' of friends, the bell rings on the quarter deck, the wheels are in motion, — we are on our way to Egypt: in fifteen minutes we are past the chateau d'If, and speeding fairly from *la belle France*.

Among our passengers, we number four Sisters of Charity. Their plain warm woollen robes, their large clean white bonnets with long flowing capes, massive crosses suspended to their girdles of cords by chains of dark beads, are signs of their high yet humble mission, which always attract respectful attention. Several merchant Moors add to the variety of our stock. They camp on the deck, and though

we are aware that among their effects there are some women, so closely are they veiled and so enveloped in their long cotton shawls, we should not recognise them from the bales of merchandise among which they are ensconced, did they not occasionally show signs of life. We are also favored with the society of Madam M....., who, with her two charming children, is on her way to Egypt to join her husband, who has, for several years, been employed by the French government, in explorations at Memphis. Our captain and other officers belong to the navy, and are affable and gentlemenly.

But there is one passenger (there may be several of them), I have not yet mentioned, though concerning him I heard at night, from a fellow-voyager in a neighboring berth, a soliloquy something like the following. —

“Fleas! — from *flee*, to hop away: and thou, *singular*, thou deformed, thou invisible, thou uncatchable — did Pluto never dream of thee? — When his thoughts went woolgathering, did they never light? — No, there’s the difficulty; they never could have *lit* on thee. And did the hypotheosis, for aye, escape his murky imaginings, that thou wouldst be an *active* agent in his amiable avocation of tormenting human nature, when he caught it napping? How continually dost thou remind me of the grumbling fishermen of the far-off Galilée, who must have often ‘had a bite’, yet “toiled all day and caught nothing!”

Dost thy mother know thee to be out? or hast thou leaped the hardy barrier of parental rule, to try the *tenderness* of the world at large? Perhaps thou art some youthful member of a gymnastic school, and now art on thy round of usual exercise! Are all years *leap* years to thee? And dost thou ne'er grow old? can time not make a wrinkle on thy brow, or hobble in thy gait? — Oh, how I'd like to see thee with a crutch! The ancients, in their architecture, knew not the arch: how stupid! when they had thee for a model, thou hump-backed heathen! Perhaps thy form was given thee to bear the curses, that for long ages have been heaped upon thy dorsal curve. Do not those thousand maledictions ever come to trouble thee in thy sleep? — No; thou dost not sleep, I'm sure; but ever watchful, wait the fitting time to pounce upon thy prey. I see no reason though, why in thy littleness thou shouldst have been so hugely hateful! nor why thou hast no delicacy of taste, of smell, of sentiment! The poor man's blanket, the beggar's rags, the draperied couch and the soft silken skirt, the snowy bosom and the tanned Tartar's hide, are all alike to thee! I'd give three worlds as big again as this, to know what Cleopatra — the beauty! — said to thee: Here too my shafts of envy harmless fall — thou ugly, tough, rhinoceros in miniature! Yet I *will* say — aye, I will proclaim it to the world, that thou art vile and hast no conscience; that thou wouldst even mar the polished

outlines of a Venus posing to Praxiteles! But pardon me : thou mayest repose , *repose* I say, within this bosom; for thou art he (I saw the cast away) who not an hour ago, wert wandering neath that fair dame's — stocking. Bless her and — thee! I sl-e-e-p". What could be expected from a man who is sea-sick?

A day and a night are gone, and we are passing through the straits of Bonifacio close to the Island of Corsica; but there is not much to call us on deck save the little town of Bonifacio at the base of a hill, and the remembrance, that this, apparently barren rock on our left, is the birthplace of Napoleon, of the patriot Paoli, of the General and statesman Sebastiani and of the Russian Minister Pozzo di Borgo. During the ten succeeding hours, we are running along the eastern coast of the Island of Sardinia, and finally see the sun go down behind her rugged heights. On the following morning, we are off the town of Marelmo, which like a careless child seems sunning itself at the door of its parental home; and at eleven, we catch a view of Marsala, whence it is said Scipio departed on his memorable expedition against Carthage.

*Inshalla!* shouts the Moor, and points to the southward. We look, and lo! clean and beautiful as a young ewe that has just come up from the washing, rises above the horizon the Island of Malta. Terraces and turrets are lit up, by rich, golden rays,



which stream out from the closing lids of day, as we enter the port. I had once been in quarantine here for two weeks, but till now, had no conception of the peculiar effect the place has, when, at a certain distance, one sees her angles rounded, and her stern battlements softened by the evening light. It is then, she seems floating on the water like a temple of the fairies; it is then the delicate stone of her structures contrasts finely with the blue of the Mediterranean and makes one liken her to a pearl set round with turquois.

Malta has 24 towns and a population of 130,000 souls. Valetta, named from the grand master of the Order of Saint-John who founded it AD 1566, occupies the promontory of Mount-Xiberras, which separates the two harbors. Here on the main street stands the cathedral church of Saint-John, with its costly monuments, its beautiful floor, in which the arms of all the grand-masters are inlaid in various colored marbles, the keys of Rhodes suspended on the crimson tapestry, and in a side chapel a picture by Caravagio of the 'Beheading of Saint-John': concerning which the following story is told. Caravagio, having been insulted by one of the knights, sent him a challenge. The knight would not accept it on the plea that the artist was beneath him in rank. Caravagio produced the "Beheading"; was, according to promise, knighted, and fought the duel; but out of revenge for the mortification the Order had

subjected him to, he painted the picture on *cotton* cloth, that in might soon perish.

Having time to visit only one or two of the many interesting places in the island worthy of a tourist's notice, I instinctively choose those associated with the name of Saint-Paul; and though the Grotto of Calypso (supposed to be the one so eloquently described by Fenelon) and the undeciphered ruins of *Hagar-Keem* (the upright stone) have their peculiar attractions, I cannot resign those connected with the remarkable history of the great apostle of Christianity, whose learning, speeches and writings I had been early taught to reverence.

Laboring up to the summit of Xiberras, I find a stable and engage a carriage for a trip into the country. Before however the horse is attached, I am requested to mount; but this requires no little fortitude, for if the stone which secures the wheel, gives way, I shall be trundled down the precipitous street with a velocity that will ensure the utter demolition of the vehicle, and very likely, my hopes of seeing Egypt. The carriage is a *calesh* with a body like a Spanish *volanty*, resting half way between the wheels and the horse; and though apparently comfortable within, I find, after a while, that the result of my reflections gradual approaches the very serious conviction, that it was especially designed for dispeptic people.

When outside of the town, the objects which first present themselves, as the prevailing products of the

island, are *stone-walls*; but after having ascended a range of hills which command an extensive view, numerous clean and finely cultivated fields, grace the prospect. Here and there however, are barren and rocky acclivities, which have only a few locust trees, to give relief to their aridness (1). The roads are perfectly good and enlivened by an episodal stray pig, a persevering beggar or a long-robed priest; while by the way side, in niches, carved in the solid stone, or in structures of masonry raised and wrought with care, are statues of Saint-Michael, of Saint-Paul and of the Virgin Mary. Near the terminus of our route, a queer looking head is seen peering over the lofty verandah of a deserted dwelling: it is that of a goat, who seems to be enjoying exceedingly his elevated position. Below, on the grass lies his little mistress, who, only half clad, has evidently for the moment become indifferent to this world, and to the welfare of her charge, on whose milk depends, perhaps, the subsistence of a family.

After a ride of an hour and a half, we begin to ascend the hill on which *Citta-Vecchia*, the Medina of the Saracens, is situated; but it is only after a long detour, that we find our way through the tripple walls of this ancient strong-hold of the Knights of Saint-John. We first seek out the cathedral, which

(1) The locust fruit, my guide said, was much esteemed here as food for horses, and sold for two and three sous the pound.

is said to stand on the site of the house of Publius, the Roman governor at the time of Paul's shipwreck; then, in another part of the town, a grotto where Paul is supposed to have dwelt when he first landed at 'Miletus'; thence, with an amiable young catholic priest for a guide, the celebrated catacombs (1),—those subterranean galleries that are declared to extend to the harbor of Vittorioso (six miles hence), and to have been, like those caves of Inkerman which I have described in another work, dwelt in by the early, persecuted Christians. Indeed, in both of these strange abodes, chapels have been excavated, and in these of Malta, places for baptism and for the dead.

Crossing over to the other side of the island, we come to the fine little Bay of Saint-Paul, "a certain creek with a shore," says the apostolic narrator, "into which they were minded if it were possible, to thrust the ship". This harbor, by those who have thoroughly examined it, and studied carefully the route Paul took, is thought to be the one indicated in the Scriptures, — the place he would probably reach, if his previous departures, courses, winds, etc., had been as described. A guard-tower, a chapel and a few Maltese houses, now adorn the unimposing scene of the apostles shipwreck.

Passing through the pretty villages of Birchicara,

(1) Elles sont plus vastes et pour le moins aussi curieuses que celles de Rome ou de la Sicile. — Richard's Guide.

Masta, Naschiaro and Pieta, and visiting the botanical and Saint-Antonio gardens (the latter being extremely beautiful and so full of fruits and the odoriferous flowers of tropical climates as to load the air with delicious perfume), I regain Valetta, after an agreeable jaunt of six hours.

The inhabitants of Malta have such a melange of blood in their veins, it would not perhaps be doing them justice, to define their physiognomy by that of any known people; yet, I think I am safe in stating that its general characteristics betoken an Asiatic origin. "Our language", said my guide, "is understood both in Egypt and Syria, as I have had occasion to prove when traveling in those countries." Very black, lively eyes, though not large, black hair and dark skin, are universal; while among the children, we often observe the most delicate and classic outline of features imaginable.

The costume of the lower class of men resembles that of an Italian fisherman: a short jacket, blue pantaloons sustained by a red sash, a brown woolen cap, with a long end hanging down behind like a stray stocking. The female, though bare-footed, does not forget the graceful *onnella*, which she wears over her head as the Spanish lady does her *mantilla* and the Italian her *pezzato*; and if she is not sufficiently wealthy to procure one of silk, she resorts to plain black cambric or calico.

Valetta, the town at which we first land and from

which we depart, is attractive on account of its situation, and cleanliness. It has also, like Cadiz, something particularly coquettish, in the style of its dwellings. The *rez-de-chaussée* (the first story with us) is generally a shop, which, having no posterior windows, is disagreeably dark. On one side of it, is the door leading to the apartments above. The first suite is like the *entresol* of French houses, low, and usually occupied by servants, as a kitchen, etc. The next is the real home of the family: and here are those covered flying balconies, those 'cozies', those cool and pleasant retreats, which command a view of the street, yet are sufficiently above its noise and dust.

Houses are rented at Valetta, I am told, at an incredibly low rate; and at Citta-Vecchia, mentioned above, an elegant mansion can be had for less than fifty dollars a year.

Though Malta has been in possession of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthegeniens, Romans, Vandals, Goths and Saracens, the culminating point of her glory, is when she was owned by the Knights of Saint-John. This military-religious Order was established at the time when crusades to the Holy Land first began to be in vogue. It soon received large contributions from all the civilized world, and by the firmness, union and courage of its members, maintained itself in Palestine, against Saracen and Turk, till 1191. Driven then from the proper theatre of their labors, the knights conquered Cyprus, which,

from its proximity to the country they had just lost, was strategically of great importance to them. But, as their enemies were too numerous, they were forced to retreat to Rhodes. This island they strongly fortified, and adorned with elegant mansions, whose façades still bear, the escutcheons of their former, noble occupants. In 1522, they were dispersed by Sultan Soliman II; but a few years afterward, were gathered by Charles V, who presented them with the Island of Malta, on condition of active hostilities against the infidels. Here, for near three hundred years, they battled with the Turks; repelling assaults with unparalleled bravery, and making naval expeditions that were as splendid as triumphant. In 1798, the Knights of Saint-John, as an Order, ceased to exist. Napoleon, without a blow, took possession of their stronghold in a manner explained by a French general, who, when he saw what they would have had to overcome if the knights had resisted, exclaimed: “ *Il est bien heureux qu’il se soit trouvé quelqu’un là-dedans pour nous ouvrir les portes; car nous n’y serions jamais entrés tout seuls!*” (It is fortunate there was some one within to open the gates, for we never should have got in alone.)

We live in an age purely utilitarian, and an Order now, like that of the Knights of Saint-John, would hardly be consistent with it; yet, no one who reads the biographies of the grand masters, who sees with what rare valour they combated, with what wisdom

and mildness they governed, what eminent virtues characterised their lives, what learning they possessed, and with what heroic firmness they died, will refuse to confess to himself, that he regrets such men do not now exist, or if existing, have not the same means of showing themselves to the world. The noble qualities which distinguished that chief, who was at the head of the Order when Malta was taken possession of, are well recorded in these two lines, engraved upon his tomb :

C'EST ICI QUE REPOSE LA VERTU  
VICTORIEUSE DE LA FORTUNE.

On the door of the sepulchre of each of the grand masters, from the time, in fact, of Gerard — the founder of their first hospital at Jerusalem — to Hompesch, the Knights of Saint-John might with propriety have inscribed the same words.

The revenue of this Order, when in its palmy days, amounted to fifteen millions of dollars.

The “Museum of Armor”, in the palace of the grand masters at Valetta, I had not time to visit. It is said to be extremely curious, to be rich in arms and trophies of the middle ages and of the Knights of Malta. Among those of the latter, are Vignacourt's. The objects, particularly mentioned, as having rewarded the antiquarians' researches in this island,



are five medals of Phœnician origin. Four of this number, bear the 'veiled figure', which I shall probably often see in Egypt, symbolised under various forms; for it is supposed to represent Nature's mysteries, and to be the same that was transported from Saïs to Athens, and borne in all the sacred processions of the Athenians.

But night has come; a light blazes in the tower above fort Elmo; the evening star rises brilliantly over the Bay of Saint-Paul; our steamer stands again out to sea. Just before starting, we receive on board three monks, who are certainly destined to afford us some amusement. One of them is a young, bony sort of country bumpkin, upward of six feet in height; and though he has physical force enough to intimidate a Hercules, he is creeping about with the dress and air of a old woman. How finely he would look felling trees in the forest, or holding a plough behind a noble pair of oxen! The vessel begins to pitch; he feels a very peculiar sensation and rushes toward the pork-barrel; and in a moment has the lid raised preparatory to depositing beneath it the contents of his stomach. A sailor, who has no particular respect for monkish robes, sees the performance just in time to prevent the catastrophe. He bestows on the man a hearty kick behind, which straightens him materially, and sends him in ridiculous haste along the deck, where another, giving his gauky form a twirl as if constructed on a pivot, imparts to it

an impetus that continues till it is in a proper place to unburden itself. "What beasts those fellows are," said one of the seamen; "and how much better it would be, if the government would make intelligent sailors of them, instead of sending them gratis (1) about the world to spoil other peoples pork." The servants, as if to amuse themselves, set the *frati*, at meal times, opposite to the Sisters of Charity. The latter appear not to notice it, and do not look up; they blush, however, when the former — very attentive — tender any of their courtesies. After a day or two's observation, their *garçon* declares, that the tall 'brother' is as much overcome by love, as he was at first by seasickness; and says that tremulous hand which takes from him the proffered viands, belongs to one who is destined to make of him another Abelard. But all this is only to create a little excitement.

The warm south wind blows blandly from the shore. It is eleven o'clock on the eighth day of our voyage, and the low uniform Egyptian coast, 18 miles distant, is seen from the quarter deck. Two hours later, and we are off the port. The Pacha's palace, the pharos and the forts, first attract our attention; then, a fast sailing boat, with its large triangular sail and its cargo of Arabs, which bears down upon us with a pilot. This gentleman comes on board, and

(1) The religious orders have a *free* passage — a privilege from government.

with a very dignified air, mounts the steps leading to the bridge over the wheel-house. The captain is about to yield his place and pass to the leeward, but the pilot, with distinguished politeness, for the moment stops him. He takes the captain by the hand, steps on the platform, and then only, as if doing it by special request, goes to the right, and takes command. His words are few, his jestures slow and expressive; he changes our course from south to west, in order to avoid the rocks and sandbar, which extend out to the northward of the western harbour. Doubling these, we enter the channel, commanded by a new fort, and in fifteen minutes are moving slowly along among men-of-war, steamers, and trading craft of all nations. But the trip is not quite at an end: with a startling crash, our main yard is broken in two, and hangs dangling dangerously over our heads. A large Turkish boat, stupidly managed, has run into us, caught the steamer's braces with its mast, carried away spar and rigging, and has come very near being demolished by getting under our wheel. What inertness took possession of the poor fellows when they saw that a collision was likely to ensue! All on board seemed paralysed in the instant of peril. They only shouted for us to stop, but stirred neither 'tack nor sheet' themselves.

We moor our vessel near a Turkish 74 gun ship, on which the men are on duty. By the wheel, by the gangway and on the forecastle, a 'marine' with

musket to his shoulder paces backward and forward ; but owing to the peculiarly airy and unmilitary style of his dress (mere night-cap and shirt in appearance) one finds it more difficult to suppress a burst of laughter, than overcome either his fear, or his admiration. Around us, a hundred native boats are hovering, ready to pour their half naked, ragged hordes upon our deck as soon as the steamer is still enough to ensure their safety, — for they have a mortal dread of one of these fire-craft, which they can never comprehend.

The moment at last has come, and he who saves his baggage from being scattered in every possible direction, is an active fellow. No remonstrance, not even force, has a chance of success against the hungry rabble. One sees his trunk going over the bow, his hat-box over the stern, his carpet bag over the side ; yet, in reality, no anxiety need be felt, as every thing must be taken to a certain quay, where the dispersed articles will come again to a degree of proximity. At the quay, however, we find another group prepared *nolens volens*, to transport our effects to the custom-house and thence to the hotel : but as these porters are mostly females, they are less unreasonable, and more willing to come under the direction of the *owner* of the property.

On landing, — to avoid further trouble, — we put the squabble into other hands. Then you might have seen a well dressed, dignified Turk, thrusting

aside a thick-lipped Abyssinian, laying his stick unceremoniously over the back of a Nubian, and finally selecting two of the finest looking women, to do the work. These place the baggage on top of their heads : the Turk leads the way : we follow to the custom-house. Here a man, standing in the street on a bale of cotton, inspects at a distance (very courteous!), such packages as he chooses to have opened; then, permits us to proceed. We go straggling along through narrow, filthy, unpaved streets; but, we enjoy the walk immensely; for we are in the native part of the town, encountering all sorts of odd-looking, oddly dressed people, and having a view of their shops, their merchandise and their manner of doing business. But nothing attracts more attention than one of our Arab porters, owing to a more than queenly carriage, expressive face, and grace, to which even her extraordinary strength is subservient; and no sculptor could see her stately step under the enormous load she carries on her head, without thinking of those exquisite Caryatides, the Greeks modelled from their fair Caryan slaves. “What majesty! what majesty!” exclaims, again and again, a French gentleman whom I am accompanying to the hotel. “*C’est superbe!*” he adds, as her mantle floats away behind and leaves the contour of her form fully exposed to view.

An uncombed, unwashed Italian woman, receives us at the head of a dark stone stairway of the Lion-

d'Or, conducts us along a corridor and ushers us into a saloon where a dining-table is set, covered with a cloth that is well-thumbed commentary on the slovenly character of the mistress of the house. Our chambers, however, are more inviting, and we conclude to remain. They are large, have brick floors, matting for carpets, calico divans, and iron bedsteads hid under muslin mosquito curtains. The building is an old affair in the Oriental style, with walls massive enough for a prison. But all within is forgotten, when, looking from the rear windows, we find it situated on the very edge of the "Great Harbor", where once rode the famed fleet that went with Cleopatra to Actium, to attack Octavius; that it commands a view of that point of land on which stood the "Pharos" (one of the seven wonders of the world), of the site of the "Heptastadium", of the entrance to the "Closed Royal port", of the celebrated "Museum" — that noble school of philosophy to which says Wilkinson 'the once renowned college of Heliopolis transferred its reputation', — of the "Cæsarium" or temple of Cæsar; that it embraces in fact, in one *coup d'œil*, almost all of that region, around which clustered the magnificent in art, the gorgeous monuments of that genius, wealth and taste, which characterised the reign of the Lagidæ. The lighthouse referred to above, erected of white marble at a cost of 775,000 dollars, the Museum and the Cæsarium, have long since disappeared; but "Cleopatra's

Needle" still marks the position of the latter, and another pharos rests on the foundations of the former.

In the situation of the hotel, there is indeed every thing one could desire ; but, before finishing my first meal, I fall to meditating on the proprietors of the establishment, and to repeating that portion of Adrian Augustus' letter to the Consul Servian, where he says : "I wish them no other curse than that they may be fed with their own chickens". How full of romance, the thought that one can sleep mid the same, sweet, soothing music, that wooed Cleopatra to rest!— the sounding surge reechoing from the sea. The same sunny shore that daily gladdened the eyes of this Cyprian queen, Antony's beautiful mistress, lies beneath our gaze ; but — and poetry is put to the blush, music marches the other way, the goddesses take wings — we pause on another scene. Under our balcony, a heap of garbage and rubbish has been formed, and six lean dogs and three leaner women are contending for its varied contents. A little further along, a score of asses and their attendants are sleeping side by side on the sand ; while in the water, close at hand, a naked native is washing himself and his donkey. The three females scrupulously conceal their faces with vestments already too scanty for the rest of their persons, but the *nude* figure seems in no way to affect their modesty. The bather finally finishes his task, returns, dons his shirt,

mounts his beast and departs: the women and dogs go on with their dirty repast. O, Cleopatra! If thou canst by 'raps' or 'tips' or written signs convey to us thy cogitations, say what they are when thy shade is wandering hitherward; for I am sure thou dost revisit oft this scene of thy proud triumphs, of thy princely pleasures and of thy great sorrows. Here didst thou reign, and "revel with thy Roman conquerors"; here didst thou love, betray, and die.

We ramble about town in search of antiquities, but as a general thing, have to be satisfied with their *supposed* site. Pompey's Pillar, however, is an exception: and a very magnificent and stupendous one it is. The shaft is a single piece of granite 73 feet in height and 29 feet 8 inches in circumference. This is raised on a pedastal about 20 feet in height, and surmounted by a vast Corinthian capital. The whole stands on a commanding eminence,—making an object of wonder and admiration that perhaps has no compeer in the world.

That it should have so long borne its present name is rather singular, since the inscription (1) upon it shows that it was erected by Publius, the præfect of Egypt, in honor of the Emperor Diocletian, the recoveror of the country.

(1) With the assistance of a ladder, and by chalking out the letters, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Galt were enabled to make a copy of the inscription.



The obelisks (though one is fallen and nearly buried in the earth) are also worthy of note. They are of red Syenite granite and once adorned the city of Heliopolis, the "On" of Sacred Scripture, whence they were brought, it is said, by one of the Cæsars.

Outside of the walls, are some handsome, spacious houses, belonging the Jews. At the gate of one of them, at the entrance to a spacious garden, I saw as I returned from my excursion to the Obelisk, two girls whom my guide called 'slaves'. One was white, and good looking, but unattractive in attire; the other was intensely black, but finely formed, and as richly and brilliantly dressed as though she had been a Persian princess.

The dwellings in the town, with the exception of those immediately about the Frank Square, are Oriental in their character. They have an exclusive, unsocial air; a sort of calamitous fatalism in their aspect. Some lean one way, some another, as though wholly undecided what to do. Their floors and balconies and flat roofs are inclined planes; their latticed windows are only to let out mosquitoes, their masked doors to let in the cats. To invest them with any charm, one must have a vivid imagination, or be of the few whom fortune favors with a look into forbidden things. The streets are so narrow, that casements opening upon them are really of little use; but blessed is the façade that boasts of

none, when, after a warm, summer shower, the gutters of these crowded avenues are reeking with undisguished filth. Enticing verandahs (*mushre béehs*), however, occasionally give hope to the heart of the passer-by, and sends his fancy aloft to catch that gold-embroidered handkerchief, which bears to him a love-note written in flowers; while thousands of little arabesque or latticed *shu-baks*, built out like so many pigeon houses along the upper story of these habitations, serve for the proprietor to stick his head into as a momentary observatory, and for a slave, perhaps, to give warning to her mistress of the approach of her lord.

The domestic economy within these aristocratic abodes — aristocratic in so far as they are exclusive — has one feature, which, for females given to coquetry, is far more favorable than any enjoyed in our own. When the lady of the house has a visitor (the visitor is *of course* of the same gentle sex, though the other are said to be admitted sometimes in feminine disguise — for here they are favored with scandal as elsewhere); when the lady of the house has a visitor, her sanctum is closed against the ‘lord’ himself. The damask curtain between his saloon and the *hareem* being dropped, or a pair of tiny slippers placed at the door, he understands that he is not to intrude on that department: and I am credibly informed, that this signal is always respected, not solely out of regard for wives, concubines or daughters, but from

great deference for established usages, and the impropriety (so considered) of looking on the face of a female, not pertaining to one's own household.

In traversing the native part of Alexandria, if one escapes being upset by an overloaded donkey, or getting inextricably into the mud, he may find, as I have before hinted, much entertainment in observing things both animate and inanimate. Greeks, Franks, Jews, Turks, Bedouins, in their native costumes, give variety to the moving panorama. Market women, cobblers, barbers with their 'stands', occupy the better portion of the thoroughfare, and make any rapid movement as perilous as hopeless; while the bazars, and shops no bigger than a nutshell, display, even through their dirt and darkness, the products of every clime.

One day, on my way out over the Heptastadium, to visit the palace of the pacha, I saw standing carelessly in the street, a young creature so picturesque in attire, and with a face so full of poetry, my thoughts went wandering away at once to Mahomed's paradise. Fancy to yourself a small, compact, bundle-of-beauty in the richest of theatrical trappings; a sweetly plump, pleasant, large eyed, laughing child of life's sunny-side; a sort of graceful, Greek gypsy, and you have then perhaps a faint idea of the portrait. I passed on thinking of crimson jackets, silk trousers, flowing sashes, and masses of wavy tresses mingling with the rich tassels of red

caps, and floating about luscious shoulders that would have won an angel's love, had they not been dirty. By and by the impression faded like a 'dissolving view', and I remembered her as I would have, a bed of wild flowers.

Like those of the sterner sex, the *mras*' costumes are various, though they differ more in quality and quantity than in form. With all classes of the native women (the above described was doubtless foreign) there is the prevalent idea, that modesty requires the concealment of the face; but each one consults her own taste or convenience in carrying it out. The porteress, we had on landing, wore over her head a long, cotton mantle, which was left, generally, to float behind the shoulders; but when before strangers, one side of it was brought forward and held in the mouth. The wealthy, who wear black silk mantles, often have the forehead and lower part of the face, bandaged with very delicate white muslin. To the piece which covers the forehead, there is sometimes attached a string or chain, which, passing through a brass tube about the size of the little finger, hangs down over the nose, where it is made to sustain a small, thin, triangular scarf or snout-piece. Two ends of the scarf are fastened behind the head, the other covers the mouth and chin. Besides the tube, which is encircled by three raised rings, numerous very small gold coin, dangle also over the nose, from the same chain. Pantaloon is an in-

dispensable article in the Oriental *toilette*. They are generally of red or particolored stuffs, and their costliness and dimensions depend on the wealth of the wearer. If they are of rich silk, and hang in such immense folds about the ankles of the occupant, as almost to impede her step, they are considered indicative of her luxurious habits. The outer robe is long, and open in front, unless the person is poor; in which case her sole garment is closed below the waist. Silver bracelets are common, and bare arms often display them as they peep out to put to rights some supposeable disorder.

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## V

Diplomacy. — India Trade. — Alexandria. — Fall of Alexandria. — Scholars. — Libraries. — Degeneracy of the Government. — Cleopatra. — Cæsar. — Antony. — Learning. — Commerce. — De Leon. — Departure. — Country seats. — Dragoman. — Rapacity of Government. — Canal. — Dinner. — Sunset. — Atfeh. — The Nile. — Fooha. — A village. — Native café. — A dance.

To control the commerce of the Indies, to suborn all influences direct or adventitious bearing upon it, has been, and is, the main point in the polity of the great European Powers. The bold strokes of Potemkin, the founding of Cherson, of Odessa, and subsequently Tiflis as the capital of Southern Russia, had but this aim. I have no doubt, that the Emperor Nicholas, designed to make Tiflis the depot between the Persian gulf and the Black sea. It was to be to Ho-pe (at the mouth of the Rion, *Phasis*), what Damascus was to Tyre; and Ho-pe (or Redout-Kale) was to be to Russia, what Tyre was to the Phenicians: Colchis was to have again her palaces of silver.

The Argonauts' expedition to the Euxine, Alexander's and Napoleon's to Egypt, the discovery of the Cape of Good-Hope and America, all sprang from a like desire.

In the time of the Pharaohs, the possession of the channels of the India trade, seem to have been regarded with the same jealousy as at present; and there is but little doubt that many of the wars in which the Egyptians were engaged, grew out of the rivalry among Asiatic nations for the monopoly of said channels. The India trade had then three routes to follow : the northern, wholly by land (1); the two southern, mostly by water. The former, starting from the borders of the Indus, traversed Afghanistan, and Bactria (2) by the valley of the Oxus; then, keeping along the shores of the Caspian, reached the upper valleys of the Tigris and descended to Nineveh; Nineveh having at that time, it is said, the rich village of Tarsis (3) for its Mediterranean depot. One of the latter, by sea, took its departure from the mouth

(1) The Egyptians established colonies on the Phasis and on the Oxus (warring with the Bactrians for this purpose) to maintain this route.

(2) Bactria was the centre of the religion of the Magi and of ancient Persian civilization. The Bactrians were those who overthrew Sardanapalus reigning at Nineveh 717 B. C.

(3) Tarsis was well situated at the Angle of Anatolia and Syria in the province of Cilicia in Asia Minor, and is said by Strabo to have been founded by Sardanapalus (the supposed Esar-Haddon of S. S.). It was the point of communication with the western people — Kittims, Javans, who appear to have inhabited the islands and the coast of Greece.

of the Indus, navigated along the coast in the manner of Alexander's fleet under Nearque, traversed the Persian Gulf, entered the Euphrates and ascended to Babylon (1). The other, started from Cape Comorin or Island of Ceylon, took advantage of the monsoon, went out boldly into the Ocean, doubled the southern point of Arabia, entered the Red Sea and steered for Kossayr, whence, the cargoes brought were transported by land (a short and easy road for camels) to Thebes.

Goods which came by the route through Egypt, could be sold cheaper than those by the others named, because they came more direct from the country of produce; or at least, had less land transport; and because the vessels which brought them were of the largest tonnage, which reduced the price of freight, in a corresponding ratio. The active navigation of the Nile, spread then this merchandise to the various populous cities along its borders, where an industry more advanced perhaps than the Asiatic, added a new value to the original materials *par une main-d'œuvre savante* (2).

This was the route desirable *par excellence*. Solomon's vessels went from Hasion Geber, on the

(1) According to Herodotus, Babylon produced little besides grain. Her almost fabulous wealth was from commerce with India of which she was in Asia the grandest *entrepôt*.

(2) *Revue Orientale*.



Red Sea, to traffic at Ophir (1); and some of his cargoes are said to have been worth three or four millions sterling. Through this great high-way, rolled in that wealth, which made Thebes and Memphis the proudest cities, and Egypt the most mighty nation of the earth. Yes, and I can imagine that I hear Madam Potiphar, at this period, demanding rather savagely of her husband, a new India silk dress to replace the one that had been torn on a certain occasion; and the charming Asenath, after having patiently waited till "Joseph", had finished his toast and coffee, very coaxingly saying: "My dear Joe, I've been a long time wanting an India scarf: Mrs. Pharo says that some arrived yesterday, and as you are now at the head of the concern, perhaps you could afford to get me one — if not *very* expensive — could n't you Joe?"

Not till a late period was the Mediterranean made use of by the Pharaohs; but some Ionians and Carians, having been driven by stress of weather into the Canopic branch of the Nile, founded there a town called Naucratis, and opened a direct, though limited trade with the North. About the year 600 B. C., the first Egyptian naval expedition took place in this sea. Apries or Vaphraes (2), the Hophra of Sacred Scriptures, fitted out one against Cyprus.

(1) 2nd Chron. 8. 18. 1st Kings, 9. 26.

(2) This is perhaps Psamaticus III.

Eventually, when the Egyptians found that they could not, by their caravans and their Red Sea fleets, absorb the commerce of the East; when they saw that the Greeks and other European nations, the inhabitants of Asia Minor, were flourishing by their traffic with Syria, they turned their attention to a Mediterranean port: they built Racotis, which was afterward a part of Alexandria (1).

Some places are interesting for what they have been, others for what they are, and others again for what they are to be; Alexandria, for all these reasons, is preeminently interesting. Indeed, any site or town which could call forth the particular admiration of Alexander, which could elicit from Napoleon the exclamation, "This should be the capital of the world", must be one of no ordinary character. Alexandria is, in fact, so finely situated in reference to the India trade, she has become a kind of barometer of the political condition of the Northern States. One, through her, it may be said, can often feel the very pulse of Europe. May we not also fancy, that Alexander the Great, in his long siege of Tyre, had another object in view besides mere conquest? that he had already seen the superior advantages offered at the embochure of the Nile (toward

(1) Herodotus and Diodorus mention it as the abode of Proteus. Strabo says, the ancient Egyptians seeing it was a place frequented by foreigners and being averse to the admission of strangers, stationed a garrison there.

which he was directing his conquering steps) for establishing a frontier mart for his eastern possessions? that there, a flourishing capital had already risen on his vision, taking the place of that he was about to overthrow, and which then, for seven hundred years, had been enriched by the commerce of the Orient, and refined by the arts its wealth had fostered?

Under the reign of the Ptolemies (or more properly perhaps, the Lagidæ), Alexandria rose to the highest degree of prosperity. Her monuments were the most costly and magnificent, her schools the most renowned, her men of learning the most distinguished of that epoch. Her population was 600,000, and she is said to have been adorned with 4,000 palaces. Under the Romans, religious intolerance commenced. Temples and books were destroyed, and by persecutions from rulers and dissensions among themselves, the people paved the way for the Arabs to do to them what they had been doing to others. In 638, Amru poured his ferocious troops into Egypt, and Alexandria, offering the richest booty, was the first given up to pillage; and when we remember what the kalifs reply was to his lieutenant who asked him what was to be done with the famous library, we can imagine the fate of the fair city.— “If”, said he, “it contains not the Koran, it must be destroyed; if it contains any thing else, it is useless.” What the believers in the Bible had spared, now perished by

the hands of those who revered the Koran. Every precious depot of knowledge, every *chef-d'œuvre* of art was swept away, and hardly a trace of them remains. Alexandria is still Mahommedan.

To Alexandria came Septimus Severus. Appolonius and Eubulides studied here among the scholars of Euclid; Saint Mark preached here; and here Homer was edited and the Hebrew scriptures were, it is said, translated into the Greek language by the *Septuaginta* (1). Alexandria also gave birth to the learned, Jewish author, Philo (whose devotion to the popular philosophy of the day, to the doctrines of Plato and to government, renders his works, which have come down to us, almost invaluable); to the good and pious Athenasius (twenty years of whose life were spent in banishment), and to the unfortunate female philosopher, Hypatia, daughter of the celebrated mathematician Theon.

Hypatia, whose beauty was only equalled by her learning and virtue, whose sound judgment was the admiration of the wise, whose graceful address and winning eloquence captivated all who attended her teachings, having been vilely calumniated by the

(1) "But this is very doubtful. From internal evidence it is clear that it was not all the work of one man, nor of one company of men; for the translators of different books were of very different degrees of competency, and were governed by very different rules of interpretation. It was probably not all the work of one age."

(Murdoch. Websters Dic.)

fanatics of that period, was one day, when returning from the schools, seized by a mob, dragged through the streets, stripped naked, torn limb from limb and then committed to the flames.

There appear to have been seven libraries at Alexandria. One of 400,000 volumes in the great Museum, another of 300,000, attached to the temple of Sarapis, and another of 200,000, belonging to the king of Pergamus, which had been presented to Cleopatra by Mark Antony. That the works therein were generally collected at great expense, we can easily believe, when it is asserted that the translation of the Hebrew scriptures above referred to, cost upward of one million of dollars; and that for the copies (or rather for the originals, as copies only were returned) of the works of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, borrowed by Ptolomy Euergetes from the Athenians, fifteen thousand dollars were paid.

Toward the close of the Ptolemaic dynasty, many abuses are said to have crept into the administrative departments. Surrounded by wealth and every possible luxury, living under an enervating climate, it would indeed be wonderful if the Lagidæ had possessed to the end, that energy and purity of character essential to the maintenance of a good government; and though perhaps Cleopatra thought she was more firmly establishing in Egypt her empire, and that of her children, by yielding herself up, first to Cæsar and then to Antony, it was in reality put-

ting her neck into the Roman yoke. Cæsar, indeed, entertained her splendidly in the Roman capital, and had her statue placed next the statue of Venus in the temple dedicated to that divinity. Antony gave her some of the richest of his possessions, Cypres, Cilicia, Crete, and at her simple request, part of Judea and Arabia; but they were to her only anklets of iron, only weights to crush her. Antony even died for her; but *that* sacrifice could not stay the march of fate. Her kingdom was passing away.

Whatever may have been the dissoluteness of the queen, whatever may have been the corruption of the court, Alexandria did not lose the prestige of intellectual supremacy; she was still considered the repository of the learning of Egypt. There were then appearing upon her stage, besides some above named, such men as Ptolemy Claudius, the geographer, astronomer and mathematician; Ammonius, the instructor of Plutarch, and Saccas Ammonius, the founder of a new school of philosophy; the learned writer who introduced the eclectic philosophy into Christianity; Clement, and Origen, his pupil; the able disputant Arius, the founder of the sect opposed to the Athanasian creed, and Athenæus, author of the "Feast of the Sophists". Intellectual culture was unquestionably held in the very highest estimation; and though sober-garbed piety and flaunting folly, perverse Paganism and bigoted Christianity walked the same streets together and often toward the same

temple, there was evidently among the masses a longing for truth, for light, for pure religion; a worship divested of all meretricious adornments; a rational philosophy in fact, a more elevated tone of morals, a sincerer life. With varying shades of fortune, Alexandria appeared to be an important outpost of European civilization till the seventh century of our era, when, as we have seen, she passed over to the spoiler, — to those who knew well how to destroy, but not to build up.

The port of Alexandria is formed something like the letter T. The right or western harbor is the one now used both by commercial and war-craft. Her facilities for trade were much improved by Mohammed Ali, who united her, by a canal, directly with the Nile. Recently, a railroad has been completed from hence to Cairo, which will soon be joined to the Red Sea. The same articles of export and import are seen here at the present day, as are represented on the most ancient monuments of the country: ivory, ebony, wild animals, negroes from the South and rich tissues and spices from the East. The industrial produce of the Druses and Maronites of Mount Lebanon, consisting of cotton and silk goods, are brought to be exchanged for Mocha coffee; also, a favorite tobacco from Lattoki in Syria, to be exchanged for rice and dates; camels and goats from Mount Tor (Sinai), for the doora and gums. The constant passage, too, of the India mails, of British

officers, and others settled in the British possessions in India, imparts an air of activity and thrift to the place, and undoubtedly increases the weight of many a native purse.

By extreme good fortune, I meet at Alexandria our very worthy, consul-general De Léon, who gives me at once, with that kindness and courtesy for which he is distinguished, an invitation to go with him to Cairo. He has an elegant boat, a fine crew, a wealthy, titled, native caterer (the Effendi Cassis); and with several estimable friends, whom he has also invited, anticipates making a very agreeable trip.

In a few days, every thing is ready for my first jaunt on the Nile. Mid interpreters, armed janisaries, porters and their attendants, we get our baggage on to a truck, and proceed out of the southern gate to the Mahmooddeh Canal. Donkey-boys, servants, the curious and hopeful, swell the train; and when, after about half an hour's ride, we reach the 'clipper', we have around us as motley a group as was ever found in a Dutch *tableau*,

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we set sail, but we have proceeded only a short distance, when we are hailed by a half-naked slave, who comes running along the bank with a terreen in his hands. He had probably been ordered to bring it on board, and as there is now no alternative but to take to the water, he throws off his *kamées*, his only garment, leaps into the canal, and, in a few moments, has the satis-



faction of delivering his charge safely, and regaining the shore.

On the left hand, as we glide onward, fine country-seats and public and private gardens are occasionally seen. Some of these belong to Europeans doing business at Alexandria, and one to our *effendi*. They appear to be, all that wealth can produce, and all that comfort can require; but not far hence, we reach a little, tented village and a few mud huts, where squallid children, vagabondish men and women, betoken as much wretchedness and poverty as the preceding do affluence and happiness.

Our first dinner (and eating is always a very important affair on board a vessel, where nothing else can be undertaken) is superb,—every thing, in fact, the most fastidious epicure could wish. Our cook, who is an Arab, is evidently an *artiste* of merit, and our *effendi*, an excellent provider for the inward man. This last named gentleman (not the inward man), being exceedingly rich, has attached himself, nominally as dragoman, to the United States' Consulate, for the purpose of protecting his property from the rapacity of the government; he having had taken from him, within a few years, no less than twenty-six villages. He promises that, on our way up, he will show us some of those that yet remain to him. These villages are probably composed of such persons only, as large estates usually require: superintendents and laborers, with their families.

The morning had been dark and damp, the noon rainy, and when we embarked, we had no immediate prospect of fair weather; but when the Arab's *shems* had set, a scene that would have killed a painter and made a poet mad, was spread before us. Beneath huge crimson clouds, the ragged remnants of a stormy day, there hung a veil of roseate atmosphere, that only half concealed what seemed to be, the rising splendors of a world of gold. Above, in a clear azure field, a pencil dipped in silvery light, had marked the finest outlines of a crescent moon; while from the forge that hammered out the sun, a spark had flown and lit upon the verge of a black vaporous cliff, where like a gallant 'Mars' it glowed, and beckoned 'Luna' to her evening bed. They sunk together,— we saw them, and it is not scandal,— to their western couch: a blush went up on the cheek of night: *we* went down to our divans.

The following morning finds us still sailing in the canal. On either hand, the banks are lined with large, flourishing trees, which give an agreeable, stage effect, to this fanciful sort of voyaging. An hour or so after sunrise, we are at Atfeh, pell-mell among a hundred Nile-boats, waiting there to pass the 'locks'. A high mound at the left, which looks like a honey-comb without any of its sweets, proves to be a village: a hill has been scooped out into habitations. Through their façades, small holes have been made, to let in the light and let out the smoke.

Piled one upon another, and reached by steep narrow paths and abrupt steps, they, in this respect, remind me of some Circassian settlements I have seen. On the opposite shore, a few buildings of a better style of architecture, but not to be reached on this occasion without wading through the mud, pertain to the government.

Confusion worse confounded! Ten thousand (I judge by the noise) Arab boatmen are vociferating all at once, but doing nothing. They are evidently exasperated because they have been ordered to give way to the American flag. "The Consul-general *must* pass first", says the commander of the port of Atfeh : and so he did. Two decently-built 'locks' open to us, and we are afloat on the glorious old Nile! The scene is to my heart, like the first rays of the morning sun on the lips of the vocal Memnon ; and sings to it responsively.

The canal which we have just left, has not only its beauty and utility, but a history as painful as extraordinary. Warburton states that 250,000 persons were employed to finish this work in *six weeks*. Wilkinson, whose accuracy is hardly to be questioned, gives the same number of men, but says : "They were employed about *one year* in digging it, and were under the direction of the Pacha's chief Turkish surveyor, assisted by several Italian engineers". The sad portion of the affair is, that no less than 20,000 of the workmen perished by fatigue, by

hunger and disease. It was opened on the 20th of January 1820, and cost 7,500,000 francs. This sum would give 30 francs to each man or about two cents a day. A part of the ancient Canopic branch of the Nile and an old canal, once occupied this same channel; and the remains of ancient towns, indicated in various places by lofty mounds, are still to be seen on its banks. It is 48 miles long, 90 feet broad, and 18 deep; its course, nearly south-east.

It is a very current belief, that Alexandria is situated at the mouth of the Nile; but when it is seen that it is 45 miles west of the Rosetta or chief western branch of that stream, the value of a canal uniting the town with the river, and that at a point so far south as to save more than a hundred miles of navigation, to those, for instance, who would otherwise be forced to reach Cairo by the sea and the Rosetta, is at once apparent to all.

My first glance at the Nile shows me several government steamers at anchor, numerous *canjias*, *dahabias*, and other vessels, and low verdant banks adorned with trees, stretching far away to the southward; but the stream itself disappoints me, as it lacks that broad, majestic sweep, which I had given it in my fancy. The steamers are small, and appear to be finely modeled; they are rather gaudily painted and ornamented with gilded carvings, which add an Oriental feature to European structures. The immensely long, slender yards of the native boats are

‘swung apeak’ and look like so many delicate spires piercing the air; while the tall, plume-crowned palm, waves majestically above each humble hamlet, the accacia grove and the sunny shore.

A short distance above Atfeh, we pass the village of Fooah, occupying the site of ancient Metelis, but only celebrated now for the manufacture of *Tarbouches*, or red woolen caps. “During the wars of the Crusaders” (I have read), “the Christians penetrated as far as this place, plundered and burnt the town and carried off *much booty*”: a thing it would be difficult for them to do at present, were they to undertake the same expedition. Leo Africanus in writing about the people here, notices that the females enjoyed a degree of liberty quite unparalleled, for he says: “Their husbands permit them to go during the day wherever they please”.

At meal times, our boat is stopped, for when ‘under way’ with a good breeze, her enormous sails bear her over, till soup can no longer find its level in a soup-plate. Our first ‘halting place’ “is of course”, says our dragoman, “in the neighborhood of a *belled*, or town; for, when we are enjoying our breakfasts, the sailors will stroll off to meet their country cousins”. We take a walk ourselves, and think we will go over to the village we see not far hence, and examine a rather curious, leaning minaret, that rises above it; but on a nearer approach, every thing looks so uninviting, we desist. The embankment

along the river, is high and dry, but the meadow between us and the spot we proposed visiting, has recently been flooded by the Nile, which has made of it any thing but an agreeable promenade. Numerous bare-footed females, however, are threading their way across it, toward the stream, or returning with majestic step and picturesque mien, bearing on their heads their loaded water-jars.

In the evening, we haul up to the shore, under the little village of Shebrecheet, from whence proceed sounds of revelry that are in no small degree exciting; for I already begin to fancy, that I am at once to be gratified by visions of some of those strange customs, which give to tourists such vivid pictures of Oriental life. At nine o'clock, when dinner is over, a couple of us take a servant with a lantern, our two dragomen and janisary, and after having with some difficulty climbed the steep bank, and walked about five rods, we enter the low, narrow door, of a thatched, one story, large, mud house,—a sort of native *café*. Two small dim lamps, fastened together and suspended from the roof, are the only source of light in a room filled with dense smoke from the pipes of about twenty Arabs, who, in various groups, sitting or standing, are listening to four musicians. Our entrance makes no disturbance in the crowd, but our janisary soon does so. He upsets those who occupy seats around the performers, and thus procures for us a favorable position. When our eyes have become

so accustomed to the obscurity, that we can distinguish the faces of those who are near us from their *bornoooses*, we find ourselves before three young women and one elderly man, who, squatted *à la Turke* on a divan, are deliberately murdering music. One of the females sings and claps her hands, another sings and plays a tambourine, the third drums on a *darabourka*, while the male figure, with wide distended cheeks and most serious aspect, blows the reed-pipe. This latter instrument, called the *zamarrah*, is about a yard in length, has only two or three notes, and emits a sound very much like that I remember to have made with pumpkin-stalks when I was a boy. The costume of two of the women is rather prepossessing; that of the other is the long, blue, unbecoming robe of the *fellaheen*, or gentler sex of the agricultural class. All are more or less adorned with rings, bracelets and chains, while over the forehead of one, several small, gold and coral ornaments, pendant from a sort of turban, dangle with really pretty effect. When the *prima donna* has sung a few lines of a love-song, the other two join, in chorus; but the most persevering of all, is the pumpkin-stalk-man, who blows away at all times, without any apparent regard to the proceedings of his assistants.

After this concert has been endured for about a quarter of an hour, and a suspicion gains ground that there is to be no voluntary change, our dragoon is set to work to vary the programme. A prop-

osition for a dance is received with a bashfulness and coyness, which subsequent developements give one reason to suppose, are wholly assumed. “We are really not in the habit of dancing — before strangers”, say they; — “we are not in our proper toilet to appear on the floor”, (that is, we are not in our most fascinating attire), “in fact, we have a cold”. Being urged a little further, the first one rises, disencumbers herself of her exterior long silken tunic, and seems to be preparing for some feats of agility; but by degrees we learn that dancing here is not a movement of the feet, but of the *body*. Slowly advancing and retreating a few inches along the open space before us, is all that is required of the pedal extremities; the whole frame, however, is put in motion by an extraordinary use of the muscles; it sways at first to and fro, then trembles and quivers through a variety of vulgar, antic trics, till at last, passion being subdued, its motions gradually die away and the performer sinks down upon her divan, as if utterly exhausted. The second, who is of superior mould and beauty, and who alone allows her face to remain unveiled, comes upon the floor, but has nothing new to offer; though with a little more of native grace and barbaric wildness, she wins from the Arabs a murmur of applause. The third, then gradually unfolds herself from her seat, and if a statue of the great Remeses were straightening himself out before me, I should not be more astonished.



She is upward of six feet in height, and rises in the smoke or mist of the room like one of Ossian's cloudy ghosts, and as her deep blue mantle and robe fall in a straight line from her head to her feet, she even appears much taller and vastly more enigmatical than she really is. In this dark and strange assembly, she stands like a spirit conjured from the world of shades, and I confess to feeling a sort of chill as she approaches me.

“What!” exclaims our janisary, addressing this column of a ‘shade’, “will you pretend to dance in that loose dress? would it not hide the very charm of the execution?” He is evidently a person of taste; so, rushing across the floor, he seizes the pumpkin-stalk-man by the head, and in an instant, has unrolled from around it, the long white band composing his turban. All seem surprised at this Vandalism, but the perpetrator is soon pardoned with a laugh, when the spectators see him winding the stolen article around the waist of the *danseuse*, who allows of the familiarity with a proper show of modesty and reluctance. Whatever improvement this may make in the appearance of the girl, whatever perfection it may develope to the eye of the native, however much the lewdness of the acting is thus enhanced or refined, we have to confess to ourselves our general disappointment if not positive disgust. Indeed, I doubt very much if this sort of exhibition was ever intended for the public. It is probably the offspring

of the idleness and wantonness of large *hareems*, and is far more suitable as an entertainment for the masters of such establishments, than for the disinterested citizen. We are however told, — and I trust it is true, — that at Asouan and Esné, these diversions are of a much higher order; that the women are better dressed and better educated, and that the adjuncts are indicative of a delicacy of taste, quite unexceptionable.

A pretty liberal contribution of piastres, as we rise to depart, seems to excite the cupidity of the bystanders, who rush to the door to prevent our egress. The janisary raises his baton, rattles his sword, looks big, and the way is opened. I do not suppose, had we been alone, that any violence would have been used, or even a hand placed upon us; but if by their numbers or warlike attitude, they could so intimidate us as to cause our pockets to open voluntarily for them, they would have considered the ruse an admirable one, and the party imposed upon quite worthy of being laughed at.

The daraboorka, zumarra and the song, are heard long after our return to the boat. On the still, starlit night, the noise breaks more like a dull moan of misery, than a note of mirth; at least it sounds thus to me, when, mingling it with my half dreamy, half wakeful thoughts, there comes the remembrance of the dismal haunt from which it proceeds.

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## VI

An orangerie. — A Nazir. — Sais. — Kafr-el-Ziat. — Magazines. — Indigo vats. — Shaboor. — People. — Reflections. — The barrage. — Scenery. — Distant Cairo. — Boulac. — The *effendi's* children. — Arrival at Cairo. — Great fete. — Dervishes. — Dancers. — Pacha's palace. — A rich cornice. — Guests. — Jugglers. — Devotees. — Sheik. — A Copt. — An Arab flirtation.

Our *effendi* is as good as his word, and on a bright balmy day, the air redolent with perfume, we stop at one of his 'orangeries'. "You must not expect to find any thing in good order", says he, "as I have not been here for these three years past. I dare not keep my estates looking well and in an apparently flourishing condition, for if I do, I am sure to lose them". The estate is, in truth, entirely neglected; and when the old gardener comes, *he* appears to be a part and parcel of the 'unweeded' and 'untrimmed'. The trees, however, are numberless and loaded with luscious fruit; but are planted, or allowed to grow, much more thickly together than they are generally

in the orangeries of the West Indies. Seven date-palms on this place, were brought from the desert, distant three days journey, and cost about 150 dollars. The tax they pay to government is 4. 25 each. They produce a superior quality of fruit, very sweet, light-colored and dry. The western Bedouins supply the Alexandrian market with this highly prized article.

Not far hence, Abdallah Pacha, nephew of the late Mohammed Ali, has bought an estate for which he paid, says our dragoman, the enormous sum of 150,000 'purses' of 5 lb. sterling each. It has on it 10,000 trees; but as I cannot learn the probable quantity of fruit they yield, I am unable to make an approximative estimate of the revenue its owner will derive therefrom.

Before pushing off, the *effendi's* overseer comes on board, with a couple of sheep for the *cuizine*. He has a venerable aspect, talks incessantly, and, on his arrival and departure, kisses several times the hand of his landlord.

Soon after setting sail, a man well mounted, rides along the embankment and hails us. He proves to be the *nazir* or governor of a neighboring village. When the boat reaches the shore, he dismounts, gives the reins to an attendant who has followed him, on foot, *à la Bengallee*, and, with a respectful salam, steps on deck. The consul cannot, however, be detained by these long-winded fellows, so we get

under way, and while the coffee, pipe and conversation engage the governor's attention, he is borne off unawares many miles from home. The mission of his excellency being some private affair with the effendi, we continue our observations, and evening finds us jotting down upon the memory, scrap after scrap of scenery, such as Egypt alone can furnish.

We probably passed *Sais* in the night, as I did not see its "lofty mounds". Herodotus has considerable to say about it, and I doubtless shall regret not having visited its site. From *Sais*, is supposed to have departed the colony that founded Athens; carrying with it the worship of *Neith* (Minerva), from whom the city (*Athènes*) derived its name (1). At *Sais* was held the splendid "fête of burning lamps", to which people flocked from all parts of the country; "and in a richly adorned apartment of the royal palace, was exhibited a wooden heifer covered with gold, containing the remains of the king's only daughter, and before which, every day, all sorts of perfumes were burned; while, in another apartment, near that of the heifer, were to be seen several colossal statues of females, representing the concubines of Mycerinus" (2). At *Sais* were also the sepulchres of Osiris

(1) Col. Leake says: "We have some reason to believe that Cecrops, an Egyptian who brought from *Sais* the worship of *Neith* (called *Ἀθήνη* by the Athenians), was a contemporary with Moses".

(2) Herod., II, cxxx.

and the kings who were natives of the Saite nome; “a colossus, dedicated by Amasis, 75 feet long”; and interesting Egyptian mysteries represented, at which our historian dare only hint: “But”, says he, “what I admire most, is the edifice of a single block brought from Elephantine: 2,000 men, all boatmen, were employed three years in its transport hither. It is 21 cubits (1) long (about 38 feet), 14 broad and 8 high”.

At the miserable little village of Kafr-il-Ziat, which when the Nile overflows its banks, must be entirely surrounded by water, we go on shore to see the *effendi's* indigo-vats and magazines, or *shoonahs*. The latter are curiously constructed and have a pretty effect when beheld from a distance. They are a series of flat-roofed chambers surrounding a court and surmounted by sixty domes. They were built for the storage of grain, and present exteriorly only plain walls of sundried clay. The vats are built of brick, above ground; are twenty or thirty feet long, six or eight deep, and neatly lined with plaster. Into one of these, called the steeping-vat, the leaves are placed, after they have been dried and packed together for a month or so; and when they have undergone an infusion for about two hours (during which time they are frequently stirred to keep them

(1) The cubit of Scriptures, probably copied from the Egyptian, is a little less than 22 inches.

well immersed), the water is strained off into a beating-vat, where it is kept in motion by the natives for several hours more (the length of time depending on the previous condition of the leaf and immediate influence of the sun), and then precipitated by lime-water. The supernatant liquid is finally withdrawn, the indigo thrown on straining-cloths, and the following day, transferred to copper boilers, where, mingled with water, it is raised to ebullition. It is again strained, subsequently worked over by hand, and then placed under powerful screw-presses to free it from water and form it into cakes.

We stroll through the bazars or *sookhs* of Kafr-il-Ziat, where, under low projecting roofs, or mat verandas, in doorways and on the floors of dirty shops, sit the native merchants, whose entire stock of goods would, in most cases, hardly be worth a handful of sous. Patiently, and seemingly unambitious of either wealth or name, they pass here their lives; and one could no more think of classing them in his mind with the energetic European, than he would the dog that sleeps in the gutter at the threshold of their domicils. There is, however, an excuse for their inertness; the excuse our Arab companion offers when he says, in regard to the neglected appearance of his own lands, “Why should I work for others — the pacha for instance, who to-morrow perhaps, being ordered by the viceroy to raise a certain sum, knows of no quicker way than to seize upon individual wealth?”

Far up the stream, on a high mound, a village with two minarets attracts our attention as we speed southward. It has a lovely aspect and is called Shaboor; but as we approach and enter it, all its fancied charms depart, and leave us only unmistakable signs of poverty and destitution. Mud huts in ruins, and others of every shape and form, piled one above another or jumbled together in beggarly confusion, take the place of those cottages and palaces we saw nestling under palms, and sheltering the delicate children of luxury. In the water, with their clothes up to their knees; on the shore, with only their *faces* carefully covered; ascending the bank, with huge jars filled from the Nile, are several lank-legged, cadaverous-looking women, whose lot in this world is evidently one of privations and burdens. In the arms or borne on the hips of their parents; in the mud; by the way-side; every where, are naked children, whose eyes are running sores and often wholly covered with flies. Down from rubbish-heaps, tumble ragged boys, crying *bak-sheesh*; out of the gates pour the aged and blind, for the *howadje* is passing and he always has money.

In a bleak, inhospitable climate, where the soil is barren, rocky, unfertile, such a state of things as we now look upon, would appear so consistent, it might not elicit a solitary expression of surprise; but here, where the earth annually yields three distinct crops; here, where one can literally cast his bread upon the



waters and after a few days find it; here, where the golden light falls so sumptuously, and every breath of air is summer-born, and tree, and river, and sunshine, seem full of poetry; here, where every thing but *man* has conspired to make a paradise, such signs of ignorance, degradation, supineness; such utter disregard of the beautiful, the chaste, the convenient, to say nothing of the neat and healthful, is an anomaly wholly inexplicable.

We next halt at the *Barrage*: a work of such magnitude as very properly to be compared with those of the ancient Egyptians. It is designed to retain the water of the Nile, so that it can be used long after the natural inundation has ceased. The part now completed (or nearly so), is that across the Rosetta branch, about four miles below the southern angle of the Delta (1), and consists of 24 arches 30 feet broad, with a large central arch 92 feet broad. That, over the Damietta branch, is to have 16 arches, and a central arch of the same dimensions as the former. At the season of the low Nile, all but the two central arches are to be closed.

Various are the opinions respecting this gigantic enterprise; and perhaps no person, in any undertaking, ever encountered and overcame, more difficulties and more opposition, than M. Linant its projector.

(1) In the time of Horodotus, this angle was much further north: thence the river had *three* large branches.

“The pressure of so enormous a body of water will require precautions of no ordinary kind, to prevent the river’s carrying away, or piercing through, the banks at the haunches or abutments of the stone dam” says Wilkinson; “and, being of alluvial soil they will be exposed to danger both from the force of the water upon the bank, and by its filtration beneath the surface.” Against the former difficulty, I notice that M. Linant has well provided, by building, for a great distance along the shore, an elegant, massive wall; and if this has a sufficiently deep and broad foundation, I imagine the filtration about the abutments will not take effect. The trouble that suggests itself to me, as I look off from its great, solid towers, will arise from the increased deposits this structure will cause, — filling up the bed of the stream till it be forced to seek another channel, or sweep in one wide sea, over the great norther plateau; making the Nile, Lake Mœris and the Mediterranean, all one.

The view from the top of the *barrage* is very striking, and gives us, says our dragoman, as good an idea of the peculiarities of the country, as any other possibly can. The acacia, the palm, the fertile Delta, the two great branches of the river, vividly green savanas intersected by canals, stretching away to the sands of the desert, above which rises the great pyramid of Cheops, combine to make a picture no one of us, I think, will soon forget. But who can describe the mild, mellow atmosphere through which all this

is seen ! Who with pen or pencil, can catch that evanescent glow which the vast, sandy waste, borrows for a moment from the setting sun, and with soft, satin-like hues, diffuses again upon the air !

On the afternoon of the sixth day of our charming journey, we have our first view of Egypt's thriving capital, *Musr el Kaherah* or Cairo ; and if it is as inviting and attractive within, as it appears from hence, I shall be vastly more pleased with it than I anticipated. One, however, who has seen Constantinople from the Bosphorus, will not be likely again to be imposed upon, by the *exterior* of any Mahomedan town. Cairo — a portion of it at least, its citadel and its ababaster mosque — stands on a commanding eminence, that reminds one of Boston when approached from its harbor ; but behind the former, rises a precipitous and lofty range of limestone mountains, which gives it a bold relief, and an air altogether unique. As we near our place of destination, the banks on the left, present almost a continuous grove, in which are embowered a few elegant mansions and the palace of Shoobra. On the right, the pyramids keep us company, and sometimes a camel or a courier dromedary, that is speeding along the shore. Finally, more numerous rise the minarets over Cairo, and more dense become the masts of boats at Boulac : our first trip on the Nile is ended.

Boulac was formerly an island. The merchandise destined for Cairo entered a channel on its eastern

side ; but that was eventually filled with earth, and turned into corn fields, and Boulac became of necessity the port. It contains now, it is said, about 8 000 souls ; a large amount of business is transacted, and the duties on exports and imports, to and from Alexandria, are levied here, yet no quay (except at the steamboat landing), appears ever to have been constructed to facilitate its trade. The bank is high and disgustingly filthy, and when one reaches its summit, he finds himself interrupted in his progress, by every thing which confusion and disorder could possibly heap in his way ; still, as customs, manners, costumes, are worthy of some attention, all delays here can be turned to good advantage.

The fine country seats in this neighborhood were erected, says my guidebook, by the *grande*es, who were requested by Mohammed Ali thus to display to foreign visitors the riches they had acquired from his bounty, and the prosperous condition of his kingdom. Ismail Pacha, son of Mohammed Ali, had also a palace at Boulac ; but since his melancholly death, it has been, I am told, allowed to go to decay. Ismail was sent by his father, into the province of Shendy, to obtain a levy of blacks. The chief, requiring a longer time to raise them than Ismail was willing to grant, was struck by the latter ; but not many hours afterward he had his revenge. He caused a large quantity of reeds and grass to be collected about the tent of his enemy, under pretence of feed-

ing the camels; but at midnight, surrounded by flames and the no less merciles Ethiopians, the pacha and his party awoke only to perish.

What means our *effendi* took to inform his family at Cairo (about two miles distant) of his approach, I do not know; but as soon as we reach the place of debarkation, two of his little daughters come on board, attended by a slave, and appear very happy in embracing their father. They wear skull caps embrodered with gold, silkin skirts, jackets and trousers. Their nails had been stained darkish red with henna, and their hair neatly braided; they are quite lovely girls, and no more abashed than children usually are before strangers.

On landing, we find also that two handsome carriages have been sent down for our consul and his suite. After a few moments drive through the narrow streets of Boulac, we come out on a good broad road, a causeway in fact, bordered by acacias and fields of grain, which takes us in almost a direct line to the city. In about twenty minutes we are past the Usbekiëh gate, and coursing along the great square of Cairo; where shaded walks, cleanliness, space, houses, hotels, almost every thing, but the people, but muffled women and gaily-garbed men, impress me with the idea that I am entering some well-ordered European town. We find good apartments, and take up our quarters at Shepherd's; where I am sure the pyramids are dancing jigs

around me the whole of the first night, and that Remeses comes in person, to protest against such attempts to shake off the dullness of age.

No time could be better than the present, for one to wake up in *Musr el Kaherah*. Our eyes open on the strangest scenes the world can exhibit,— for the Mahommedans are commencing the great *fête* of *Moolé e' Nebbee*, or Prophet's birth-day.

The broad street that runs in front of our hotel, on the western side of the Usbekiéh square or garden, and a portion of the garden itself, are occupied by tents, booths and people, by men, women and children, by buyers and sellers, by pleasure seekers and devotees. Imagine yourself contemplating a band of idiots in a hospital, gathered round another band still more idiotic, and striving by those means which only the boasted intellect of man could invent, to exorcise them of malignant spirits, and you get a slight conception of what we are momentarily witnessing. Under the first tent we inspect, about twenty men are squatted in a circle on the floor, swaying their bodies from side to side as much as their exhausted condition will allow, and their heads in the same manner with a spasmodic jerk and a stifled groan. Outside of these are others standing, who keep themselves moving like the former, and give a guttural grunt at each turn, till overcome by fatigue they fall, or join the circle within. Thus fifty or sixty of these deluded creatures, with dizzy heads, glazed eyeballs,

pallid countenances, tongues lolling from their foaming mouths, seek favor of heaven. — They afford *us*, only a vivid impression of a madhouse.

In a low inclosure, a little further on, a man and woman are dancing. The latter, having a prominent Roman nose and auburn hair, is unlike any female I have yet seen in the country. Her costume, however, is purely Oriental, save that she wears no mantle, or covering to her face. The performances are only graceful vulgarities, but the crowd murmur applause, more particularly when opening her ruby lips, she reveals a line of illuminated pearls, and seems in the full fruition of a dream of bliss she is trying to represent.

In another place, frames for pyrotechnical exhibitions are arranged; and machines, such as are found in the *Champs-Élysées*, for the purpose of swinging children; and scattered here and there, are jugglers, or *saadeeh*, musicians, monkey-shows, little stands for the sale of oranges, sweetmeats, and a species of leatherapron-bread.

The last day of the *fête* finally arrives, and it is one of heart-rending interest; for all that is fearful, painful, disgusting in fanaticism, has now full play and high encouragement. It is a day in which humanity seems to have gone back into its darkest night of ignorance and wretchedness, or never to have been illumined by other light, than that which once

flickered from the ensanguined altars of Moloch, in the gloomy valley of Gehenna.

At an early hour, men, women and children, throng the streets and pour toward the Usbekiëh, where more tents than usual are pitched, more jugglers are performing, more dervishes dancing, more musicians playing, preparatory to the grand event, of which all this is only a prelude; — an event, well suited to terminate the other extraordinary exhibitions, of this most extraordinary festival.

At eleven A. M. we repair to a pacha's palace, a large building surrounding a court, where places have been previously engaged by our vice-consul, and where many people, native and foreign, are already assembled. Formerly, Christians were not allowed, I am informed, to witness these displays of Mahomedan fortitude and faith, but in this instance seats are promptly provided and much care shown by an officer of the household, that we may occupy the very best position; besides, when we are fatigued by long waiting, we are sumptuously served with coffee from golden salvers.

The palace is two stories in height, with latticed windows above, which are, I have no doubt, occupied at this exhibition, by those richly dressed native dames, whom we have already seen disappear behind a damask curtain that hides the stairway to the *hareem*. Over the court, an awning is partially drawn, and in the centre hangs a chandelier. In



the hall of reception is a marble fountain sunk in the floor, and around the walls are divans as usual. The flat roof of the palace is not without its adornments, — adornments more picturesque and pleasingly attractive, than all else that greets our gaze; for there, quite a number of young damsels have lain themselves flatly down, and thrust their heads conveniently forward over the plain face of this building, so as to command a perfect view of the open square below. But the awning is not lofty enough to shelter these young creatures from the sun: what are they to do? Their silken mantles, which have heretofore fallen around them like a cloud, concealing in ample folds, all but some dainty eyes, would answer the purpose well — but, they must be supported. Convenience and comfort finally get the better of their customs, and calm their modest scruples; so each one, leaning on her elbows, raises and advances her mantle with her now uncovered arms, which like two ivory columns sustain the shining tent above her head. It was a sight for an architect! who, had he never beheld a cornice or eaves crowning a wall, would have had here suggested to him one as beautiful and elaborate, as the proudest Grecian genius ever dreamed of.

The arrival of guests in the court, occupy also our attention during the hours we are obliged to wait. The Arab ladies ride in on handsomely caparisoned donkeys, attended by numerous eunuchs. They are

evidently of the wealthy class, for their hands are extremely delicate, their feet encased in costly slippers over which fall the satin folds of large trousers, while the saddle and saddle cloths, so ample that they nearly hide their little beasts, are of velvet embroidered with gold.

The *saadeëh*, or jugglers, finally appear and begin their performances. A meagre, wild-looking, long-haired fellow among them, has an iron spike about eighteen inches in length, mounted with an iron ball from which dangle numerous short chains. This instrument he tosses into the air as far as his arm will allow, then brings it back with all his force, and strikes the point of it, apparently, into the top of his head. Raising it again, the returning point is thrust into the eye, where it is whirled rapidly round as if boring into the very socket; it is then drawn out by another person, because it has gone so deep (a supposable case), the first is unable to extract it. After him, come the snake-charmers, who, taking large serpents from their bosoms, throw them upon the ground and tease them till they turn and defend themselves. Then two men with dulled swords, and shields of hide, occupy the arena, and set lustily at work at each other; and though their assaults and modes of defence are peculiar, they show but little skill, and crouch to reach the legs, rather than a vital part. Other two then strip themselves to the waist, and, taking the above mentioned spikes,

pretend, like the former, to thrust them into their bodies, where they remain, held of course, till drawn out by other persons; then they run long iron needles through portions of the flesh taken up for the purpose, and through the cheeks, leaving one end protruding from the mouth. The iron balls being subsequently put on the ground with the points upward, a man lays his bare breast upon them, while another steps on his back. If these instruments were sharp, they would penetrate the very bones, but the natives believe the trickster suffers no harm, because he is sustained by the Prophet. Indeed, through all this, not a drop of blood flows. The snakes are finally torn in pieces by the teeth and literally eaten, — and in this I think there is no deception. The performers, however, in every instance, except in the fencing scene, affect to be in the greatest agony. One foams at the mouth, and rolls his eyes maniacally when the iron is seemingly drawn from his flesh; another ulululates and howls like an enraged bull; a third groans, leaps into the air and appears to faint. The acting is, in fact, perfect of its kind, and may have less feigning in it than I suppose.

At last, with rattling drum, with screaming pipe, with a wild shouting mob, come the banners of the Prophet preceding the *sheik*, the great head of the sacred band which has just returned with the holy carpet from the mosque of Mecca. Then eighteen

or twenty devotees rush into the court, and throw themselves down before us on their faces. As they are not very compactly arranged, their friends condescend them, haul them by the heels unceremoniously into a line leading from the door at which they entered, to that of the hall of divans; and though they have full faith, ostensibly, in being protected from harm, they nevertheless shut out with their hands all the light and sound possible, and unceasingly murmur, "Allah! Allah!".

Crowds on crowds, the people pour in; the mass grows more dense, more wild, more insane; palace, hall, and corridor, ring anew to the rattling *darabooka*, and immediately the Sheik himself, on a spirited Arabian charger, enters and rides over the bodies of these deluded beings, prostrate in his way,—the feet of the noble animal sinking into the human flesh that carpets the path, as though it were a road of sand. The shrieks, the groans, the piercing cries of the wounded, mingle with the shouts of the multitude and with the deafening music, till the very air seems stifling and thick with horrors; while the lacerated, fainting, perhaps dying, are swept away by the fearfully struggling, tumultuous sea of mad humanity;—the crowd, at first, swaying to and fro, then rolling on with dark, ferocious force, to the great gate of egress.

In fifteen minutes, hardly a footstep is to be heard in the palace. The spectators have departed to scat-

ter among the various groups outside, accounts of what they have witnessed, and bless Allah for the heroism of his people. The Sheik, however, remains, and we have the honor of being presented to him; but he is too weary to converse, even to look up, and there arises a suspicion that he has taken a '*leetle*' to much — of opium. When we first caught a glimpse of him, he was supported on either side, and his horse, led by a strong-armed footman; for long lines of poor creatures had already been ridden over in the street, and the animal had become restive and jaded. Whatever comfort the victims of this false faith found in their voluntary self-sacrifice, it was to the great religious chief evidently a work of painful necessity; for when he felt the — tramp, — tramp, upon the human turf, his face was turned upward and away, as though he dared not see the writhings and the agony, his progress created. When he reached the palace door, he was lifted from his saddle and borne in like one utterly helpless. Now, we look on an almost senseless clod, a very short, very fat, lump of mortality, who seems better suited to be a stuffer of sausages, than the sacred *santon* of the great band, bound heaven-ward. His air is even ludicrous, for his enormous turban, and his robe trimmed with ermine, make him appear broader than he is long, and decidedly top-heavy.

Leaving the palace, I meet with a young Copt whom I had known in Alexandria, and we saunter

together around the Usbekiëh. Passing through a crowd on the bank of the canal that girds the garden, a lovely young Arab woman, directly in front of us, drops one side of the mantle she is holding in her mouth and partially exposes her face to view, — but only for an instant. My companion does not see her, as his attention is, for the moment, drawn elsewhere. The act is repeated, but now, both sides, as if by accident, float away and the girl's beautiful features break upon his sight like a gleam from paradise, and he stops and trembles in the fervor of delight. That face has, however, disappeared. I see a thousand heads covered with the same sort of mantle and I cannot recognise one from another. We move on, and by and by, I find that my companion has drawn me into an assembly of men and women, and that his mouth is very close to the ear of a veiled figure; that soon after, as he leans forward to observe more carefully the *saadeëh*, around whom this party is gathered, the said veiled figure seems to be whispering something in *his* ear. We retreat, and as I turn and look back, I see two very dark eyes, tender yet piercing, following the Copt. “Is that the girl we saw a while ago by the canal?” I ask. “Yes”, he replies reluctantly. “How could you possibly recognise her again?” “By the bracelet I gave her, on the arm that holds her mantle; by her gait, her form: I knew her in Alexandria.” “Why then did you not boldly speak to her?” “It would not answer: I am in Frank

costume; I am regarded as a Christian, an infidel, dog: the Arab women are not allowed to speak to us. If this one had done so openly, she might have exposed herself to insult; as it was, I noticed that an Arab who saw her whisper to me, took such liberties with her as caused me at once to withdraw." Ah this is an Arab flirtation, I think to myself, and perchance I am treading on delicate ground, and may be considered ungentlemanly in being too inquisitive. We soon separate. I return to my hotel, the Copt goes — perhaps to his rendez-vous.

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## VII

**Cairo. — Hôtel du Nil. — A muezin. — A boudoir. — Hareems. — Costumes. — Native women. — Poetry. — Visit to the Pacha. — A Copt school. — An English school. — Heliopolis. — Regrets. — Balm of Gilead. — Mounds. — Mausoleums. — A family. — Island of Rhoda. — Pacha's palace. — Nilometer. — Fostat. — Greek church. — Coptic church.**

Cairo, like Constantinople, when first seen in the distance, breaks upon the vision like a bright mirage: Mohammed Ali's mausoleum, reminds one of Coles, airy temple in "The Voyage of Life". Cairo, however, is more cleanly and better built, than either Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria or Damascus; but it partakes, of course, of the peculiarities of all eastern cities; having narrow unpaved streets, high houses with latticed windows or none at all, covered bazars with shops about the size of a pocket: in its thoroughfares, motley groups in which are mixed, donkeys, dervishes and dirty children, the proud Os-



manli and the veiled odelisque, the dressy beau and the careless slave, the African, the Asiatic, and the European.

Removing finally to the native quarter of the town, to the *Hôtel du Nil*, for the purpose of being with a couple of French gentlemen who are to join me in my trip up the Nile, I have some new 'surroundings' which I will try briefly to note.

My chamber window overlooks an extensive garden, shut in on three sides by Arab houses. Hardby, there is a Mahommedan mosque, and every morning, long before the sun has cleared the mists from the earth, there floats over the still air the mournful voice of the *muezin*, who, from the minaret, summons the 'faithful' to their devotions. I am myself always awakened by this priest of the Medenan Prophet, and to my ears, his cry is rather the cry of despair, than of resignation; of a hopelessness in his mission, rather than confidence in his Creator; of one who stands on the aphelion of faith, rather than in the bright sunlight of truth. It is sad, though sometimes musical, but far different from the sweet tones of the Italian convent bells which sweep up the slopes, and stir with plaintive echoes the valleys of the Apennines, from the shores of Otranto to the pass of Bocchetta: those silvery notes that soften the heart, subdue the passions and incite the holiest aspirations.

The grounds, immediately connected with the

hotel, are ornamented with the fruit-trees, trailing vines, antique statues, mummy cases and monkeys; but those beyond, — which might with proper care produce potatoes enough for an entire village of vegetable-eaters, — are wholly neglected. I say wholly neglected, but I may except an occasional glance thrown upon them by the gentler portion of our neighbors, who occupy, as is usually the case in the Orient, not the front, but the rear, or more secluded apartments of their mansions. Indeed, on our right, there runs a long veranda, where I doubt not we should often see some golden-slipped houthi, were it not entirely shut in by trellis-work; for a faint laugh occasionally steals upon our ears through the slender barrier; while on the opposite side, a family's boudoir and kitchen, consisting, in one instance, of a chamber entirely open to the air, without either front wall, window or screen, give us positive proof of their presence, and leave nothing to the imagination.

In the last mentioned place, the ladies, or servants, or whoever they are, seem a little disturbed at first by the gaze of strangers; but the distance across the grounds is considerable, and a sufficient excuse for our not retiring. In a day or two, they appear to have forgotten all but their usual habits: they go on washing their dishes, their clothes, their babies, combing out their long glossy tresses, dyeing their eyelids; in fact, into all the elaborate and fascinating coqueties

of the Arab toilet. The complexion of these mysterious creatures, — at least, as it appears through an *opera-glass*, — is of every possible shade; from the sootiest, shiniest Abyssinian, to the softest, creamiest Circassian. I believe, indeed, that the Arab prefers a variety in the colour of his wives, servants, and slaves, as he does in the articles of his costume. His *hareem* is a kind of aviary, in which the brilliant plumage of one climate relieves the eye from the sombre of another, and the wild and fervid songs of the South, strike cheerfully and inspiringly upon the ear, when the soul-saddening strains of the North, have soothed, and satisfied, and ceased to please. The black baby is seen sometimes lording it over the white one, and there is doubtless at this day many a jealous, many an imperious Sarah, who would, if possible, quickly send the more favored “stranger” from her well-stored tent, into the inhospitable desert; for there are harems spoken of here, which contain no less than two hundred females, — including legitimate wives and concubines, with their servants and offspring.

The costume of the ladies is like that already described. The Arab gentleman, after having his head neatly shaved, places on it a scarlet cap, and winds around it a party-coloured scarf, whose long silken fringe, with the heavy tassel of the *tarbouche*, hangs down about his neck. His jacket — perhaps of fine purple cloth, richly embroidered — has large open

sleeves, lined with satin, which float gracefully from his shoulders. Under his jacket, yet over his shirt, he wears a long yellow silk frock, that has tight sleeves and is fastened at the throat. His pantaloons, generally dark blue, are gathered about the knees, just over the tops of delicate white stockings. Thus, with feet thrust into clean red slippers, he moves slowly, gracefully, along the busy mart, or smokes on his divan, and lets the dusty day and destiny speed on together. A group of these men, form always a fine subject for a picture ; and if you should see passing by them, a European with black pantaloons, black waistcoat, black coat, black cravat, and on his head a black funnel called a hat, you would be reminded of an ungainly crow in the court of the birds of paradise ; or, perhaps, of that gentleman of the lower regions, who is supposed to be of a very sombre shade. But what is singular, this being, who must appear to the natives like a kind of stalking human nightmare, never awakens among them, apparently, the slightest curiosity. Either from contempt, fear of contamination, or an innate courtesy toward strangers, they allow him to walk, talk and stare, without being able to say, that one of their number had condescended to notice him.

If, however, the foreigner feels slighted by this indifference of the male portion of the community, he is often repaid by a look of no doubtful import from the softer sex, who, as the expression of their

sentiments is dependent on the eyes alone (from whence is all the sunshine they are allowed to shed upon the stranger-world, if we except the ray of an arm, or an accidental line of light along the bosom), learn to manage them with consummate skill ; make them eloquent of the hearts wildest emotions ; throw out soft, magnetic, calorific beams, as Spaniards throw the lasso, till the too willing captive is gathered in the noose they form in falling. Almond-eyes! wonton-eyes! dreamy-eyes! — even Vernet's princely pencil, dipped in the gorgeous hues and poetry of the Desert, cannot paint them !

You have seen the moon in some drear night burst out between the clouds, diffuse its light from pole to pole, then suddenly conceal itself and leave the earth in darkness : thus these Egyptian eyes flash out from coll-dyed lids, illumine every recess of the soul, then leave it in unwonted gloom. You have seen, perhaps, when speeding down the Italian Alps, a sparkling stream, swift gleaming through a gorge : a glimpse, and then 't was gone ; so here, when thoughtless of your way, you find yourself with trembling wonder starting at a blaze, that pours its sportive splendor on your sight and then goes out : a silken fringe has hid it from your gaze, as full leafed forests hid the mountain rill. On the umbrageous margin of a lake a glistening serpent may have crossed your path, won an unwilling admiration, revished the breath and sent the color from your lips, then dar-

ted off like a faint flash of fire into the deep shadows of a wood : thus oft, the lustre of these mellow eyes goes glimmering thwart your way, alarms the spirit but enchains its will, and steals the virtuous throbbings of the brain.

Here too, are liquid, languishing eyes, that drop the curtains of a modest mien, when, like the basilisk, with one fatal look, they know the poison wrankles through your frame. Then there are light and laughing *el aïoom*, whose rays are filaments of flaming gold ; and she who wields them with a wayward will, weaves for the halting many a wreath of thorns. The glory of a large, mild, mournful eye, which sways one with a sweet mysterious sympathy, and like religion beaming on the mind, tells of a future and a better world, comes with the odors of Arabian flowers from yon gay lattice of the glad *hareem*.

Dreamed you of *basanite*, the bright, black jasper of the Lydian hills ? of *ignis fatuus* over gloomy graves ? of meteors parting murky midnight clouds ? the glancing plumage of a swift-winged bird that catches from the iris all its light ? stars rising o'er the verge of some dark glen ? or of a mother's smile when from a lengthened voyage the weary traveller's welcomed to his home ? then you have had visions of those Arab eyes which speak a perfumed language to the soul.

This is only the poetry of our rambles round the

dusty town, and does not include the uncourtly kick a donkey gives my companion, just as we are taking *that* last stare; yet it is indeed a part of the real poetry of every day existence, though perhaps only as essential to it as the fragrance of flowers to the breath of spring, the song of birds to the shadowy grove, the lily to the bosom of the lake; perhaps no more required than the faith of friendship, the courtesies of social intercourse, the sympathies of humanity; perhaps of no more utility than a sculptured Venus, a Guido's Cleopatra or a Pantheon for the gods.

Soon after arriving in Cairo, Mr. De Leon invited me to accompany him on a visit to the governor, or vice-sultan (1), Abbas-Pacha. Though the honor of being presented to a reigning prince, is what I never *sought* in any country (2), and trust, as a republican, I never shall seek, I gratefully accepted of the consul's invitation, as it would afford me an easy opportunity of seeing the burly pacha, his habitation, the officers of his household, etc.

On the day appointed, an escort of cavalry having been sent down from the palace, we set off in a car-

(1) This is more than a vice-sultanship, as the sovereignty, or power, is hereditary.

(2) A British critic seemed to think, that for a republican, I had been too much pleased with some attentions shown me in New-Russia. The kindnesses of Prince Woronzoff were entirely gratuitous; and therefore, the *more* prized. I felt that they were the spontaneous effusions of a generous and noble nature. I now most sincerely lament the good man's death: I shall ever revere his memory.

riage with sufficient pomp; but no shouts salute our ears; black coats, black hats, are allowed to pass in a sort of contemptuous silence. With little interruption, we traverse and ascend several narrow streets, pass into a large, walled court, and alight before an extensive, two story, yellow building, which has a handsome, marble portico, supported by four marble columns. Entering a spacious apartment, we turn to the right, go through a small room, mount a broad and lofty flight of marble steps and reach a magnificent saloon. Oddly enough it is in the form of a cross. The centre however had been made circular by cutting off the angles; thus, forming concave surfaces, in which are the doors leading to rooms, on the four sides, I may say, of the nave and transept. At each end of the cross, are large draped windows. The walls are nearly covered with mirrors; while the ceiling, cornices, borderings, display a profusion of carving and gilding, quite in keeping with one's "Arabian Nights" fancies. Rising from the floor like so many trees, are massive, gilt candelabras. This is a novel contrivance for illuminating a grand saloon, which I have also seen in the palaces of the natives in India; and when a profusion of colored, burning lamps, are spread over all the branches of these *messbahhs*, the mirrors and polished marble floors and golden traceries reflect them into a perfect forest of light, with an effect that is quite bewildering. Crossing this apartment diagonally through a



line of officials, we enter the reception room at the opposite angle. This we find richly carpeted, its lofty walls covered with crimson silk or damask, and on two sides, a broad, heavily cushioned, damask divan, with a deep fringe of gold. The drapery of two lofty windows that overlook a very inviting garden, a marble table and a chandellier, which have the physiognomy of French taste, complete the furniture. As we enter, the Pacha, a short stout, jolly-looking man, with beard slightly gray, is supposed to rise; but as his legs are very short and his body has the contour of a bag of wool, I will not assert positively that he does so. He salutes us in Mahomedan style, beckons us to a seat on his right, then dispatches twenty or thirty servants, who are waiting his orders, to bring coffee and pipes. And now, while the officers of the household and we ourselves are seated, and our consul is talking through an interpreter, we have time to examine the costly cups that have been handed to us, and the long, and elegantly jeweled chebooks, we are supposed to be smoking. Presently a burst of laughter from the Pacha, quite removes any restraint we may have been under, and awakens the thought that there is *heart* beneath this merriment; he is, however, known to be illiberal, bigoted, avaricious, cruel. His dress is quite European, with the exception of the *tarbouche*. Over his shoulder he wears the broad imperial ribbon, and on his breast a massive diamond

decoration : he, however, still looks like a bag of wool, as I give him the last salam.

When any foreign consul-general is first received here by the pacha, he is presented with a sword, a horse and trappings. Mr. De Leon was thus honored, but the largesses one is obliged to bestow on all — from the highest to the lowest — who pertain to the palace, make such gifts rather dear.

Another day, invited by my Alexandrian Coptic friend, I have the pleasure of visiting a Jewish school taught by a relative of his, a Copt, named Kaleel Saleeb. The chamber in which it is held is large enough to accommodate about thirty scholars, but at present there are only twenty. The seats and desks are like those used for such purposes in the United States. Mr. Kaleel Saleeb receives me with much politeness and introduces me to his pupils, who, without exception, are the best behaved, and most intelligent looking youth I ever saw thus assembled. Writing, reading, geography, arithmetic, and the English language, are the branches of education particularly studied; and if the little, gentlemanly Moses, whom I am requested to examine in geography, is a fair specimen of the rest, they do great credit to the perseverance and aptness of their teacher. It is truly interesting to hear these little Hebreo-Arabic boys, reply promptly in English, to questions concerning the Mississippi and Saint-Lawrence rivers, California, Massachusetts and Missouri; give the

course and length of the former, the boundaries and productions of the latter, and volunteer some remarks respecting the independence and prosperity of the North American Union ! Could those kind hearts in England, by whose charity this school is maintained, look in upon this bright and happy group of children, I am sure they would be fully repaid for their benevolence.

In company with Dr. F., I subsequently call on the English missionary Mr. Laeder, who with his amiable and accomplished lady, has, for many years, resided in this country, and devoted himself, I am told, to instructing the ' rising generation '. Whether or no our cards, which we send up, bear an *American* stamp I cannot say, but he keeps us waiting a long time without any apology, and then receives us with a hauteur quite as repulsive as it is English. From his manner, I do not feel at liberty to ask the favor of seeing his school, and as he makes no allusion to it (though he must know, that to every human heart in the right place, such institutions are of inexpressible interest), I only put forth a few general remarks concerning that in charge of his wife. I however learn that the boys and girls have lately been separated, and now form two schools, but that Mr. L. is not engaged in either of them ; that Mrs. Laeder has about eighty *girls* who are taught to embroider, to read and write, — and, I do not know what else. We saw some of them at a small upper window, and

they acted very much like American school-girls. They were probably passing some comments on our costume, and uncouth appearance generally, and wondering if American ladies have such bad taste as their brother's. They appeared to be full of careless glee and ran away when they thought themselves observed.

The next day, we mount our donkeys and trot away to the schools of Eudoxus and Plato. To the schools did I say? alas! the places where they were, are buried as deep in the sand as the people who dwell about them are in ignorance; still, one must go to Heliopolis to see that lone and solitary stone, the obelisk which lifts its graceful form above the adjacent wastes, and seems to stand on On (1), solely to point out its site, as the lone star stood over Bethlehem.

Our course lies at first, I believe, in a northeasterly direction, then nearly north, or parallel with the Nile. The road is sometimes sandy, passing through uncultivated planes; but the eye is occasionally refreshed by a view of verdant fields, olive groves, and plats of sugarcane and grain. In two and a half hours, by the persevering efforts of our merry donkey-boys, we reach a sort of village; but it is so jumbled in with sandhills, straggling trees and brush fences, it is quite indefinable: we are how-

(1) Heliopolis is the "On" of Sacred Scriptures.

ever at Matareeh, where the famous 'balm of Gilead' once grew, where the Pacha has a garden whose jasmins load the air with perfume, and where there is a sycamore tree, under which, it is said, Joseph and the Virgin (with a baby) rested when they "fled into Egypt". A little further on, we come to a wooden gate, that is invested at our approach, by a regiment of ragamuffins, swayed only by the baton of the most lusty of them, who admits us to the sacred inclosure. We are now in an indifferently cultivated garden, where cornstalks and jagged fruit tress overhang a narrow path, that takes us down to the obelisk, — the ever beautiful souvenir of Ozirtzen I, erected here nearly 4 000 years ago. But how strangely every thing looks to the reader of Strabo! "Where", he asks, "is that broad expanse of pavement bordered by sphinxes leading up and through three or four noble propylæ to the splendid temple of the Sun 'with its large and handsome portico'? those walls sculptured in colossal figures like the works of the Etruscans and those of the ancient Greeks?" Is yon deep mud-hole from which that sculptured shaft now rises, the "large mound or raised site" on which Heliopolis stood? Is that bank, hard by, to be dived into some twenty or thirty feet, if we would enter the "very large houses" which were shown about the time of our Saviour, as those where the learned "priests used to live" who taught Plato, and others who came here to study astronomy and geography?

The ridge of sand which partially surrounds the place, probably marks the site of the old wall of On : from the top of which we now see some cultivated fields stretching away to the banks of the river on one hand, and to the desert on the other ; — a view which includes the plane where Sultan Selim encamped in 1517, previous to the defeat of Toman Bay “which transferred the sceptre of the Memlook Kings to the victorious Osmanlee”.

Heliopolis was never a large place, but a kind of Oxford or Cambridge, and when the Ptolemies established their libraries and their halls of science at Alexandria, the ancient colleges of the former, lost their renown, and the town its literary prestige. It was deserted by those who had contributed to its world-wide reputation, and Alexandria became thenceforth the store-house of Egyptian erudition. At the former, the ‘balsam of Mecca’ might still continue to flow, but it was only at the latter, one found the “balsam of the soul”.

“He shall break also the images of Beth-She-mesh” (1), says the Prophet (2). Cambyses, when he invaded Egypt, probably did his part toward fulfilling the words of Jeremiah. Subsequently, its remaining monuments were carried away to adorn not only

(1) The Seventy translated the name On by Heliopolis, *city of the Sun*, and the Hebrew prophet calls it in the same sense Beth-Shemesh. — *Robinson*.

(2) Jerh., XLIII, 13.

cities of the same land, but those far hence,— among which was Rome.

It has been thought by some, that On was possibly the Remeses (1) from which the Exodus took place; but it is not probable that 600,000 Jews departed from one city. It is more reasonable to suppose there was a rendez-vous in the desert,— say at Succoth, for from thence “they took their journey”.

At On, Joseph took to wife Miss Asenath Poti-Phe-rah (2), and to its schools little Moses was very likely sent to acquire that “wisdom” for which he was subsequently so celebrated (3). Eudoxus and Plato are said to have persued philosophy here, for thirteen years; Herodotus to have made it his place of residence for a considerable time while preparing his learned history; and the heathen astronomer, Dionysius the Areopagite, to have here observed that darkness which heralded to the world the great sacrifice offered up on Calvary.

It is to be regretted, that Joseph did not leave us some account of his courtship, and of the ceremonies at his wedding: all we learn from it is, that priests were allowed to marry; that their daughters were not called *neices* as they are in some countries, and that they were a very respectable class, or Joseph's

(1) Ex., xii, 37.

(2) Gen., xli, 45.

(3) Acts, 7, 22.

wife would not have been selected from among their children. It is however surprising that Abraham, Joseph, Moses and other Hebrews should have taken wives and concubines of Egyptian or Ethiopian parentage,—from a people hated, as their oppressors, and to be denounced in the bitterest terms by their prophets; and it at once occurs to me to ask, whether Joseph's descendents (and those of other Jews thus intermarrying with the natives), who were half Hebrew half Egyptian, were included in the Exodus of the Israelites or were left in Egypt?

Perhaps Joseph met the gentle Asenath at some public ball, or private *soirée*; in a pleasure-party on the Nile; at a watering-place in the Delta, or tending sheep, as was the custom, on the neighboring plains; perhaps he saw her white arms thrown over the loom, or drawing water from the fountain of Apis, or had a glimpse of her little feet as she descended the lofty steps of the temple of the Sun; followed her home; sent up his card, and solicited an interview. The marriage ceremony (which none of the sculptures or paintings represent), if any, was probably very simple, if we may judge by the early customs of the Jews (1), who borrowed all they knew from the Egyptians; though, none of the ancient writings of *disinterested* authors, show that these Israelites pos-

(1) Gen., xxix, 23, 28. — xxii, 12. — 1 Kings, xi, 3. — Judges, xiv, 12. — Diod., i, 27.



sessed any of the piety, honor or virtue, of their ancient masters.

Wilkinson observes that the ancient name of Heliopolis was, in hieroglyphics, Re-Ei or Ei-Re, “the House, or, abode of the Sun”, and that, in Coptic as well as in the Scriptures, it is ‘On’. The *balsam* which I have mentioned in connexion with Matareeh was brought to this spot, says the same writer, from Judeah by Cleopatra, who, trusting to the influence of Antony, removed it, in spite of the opposition of Herod; it having been hitherto confined to his country.

As ‘balm’ is often used as a beautiful metaphor, and as it is interesting from its being thus, and otherwise, frequently mentioned in the Bible, I will give Mr. Bruce’s account of it: “It is obtained,” says he, “by cutting with an ax the bark of the tree or shrub (*Amyris Gileadensis*) at the time when its juices are in the strongest circulation. These, as they ooze from the wounds, are caught in small earthen bottles: and each day’s produce is transferred to larger bottles which are closely corked. When the juice first issues from the incision, it is of a light-yellow color with a slightly turbid appearance; but as it settles, it becomes clear, has the color of honey and appears more fixed and heavy than at first. Its smell, when fresh, is exquisitely fragrant, strongly pungent, not much unlike that of volatile salts; but if the bottle be left uncorked, it soon loses this quality. Its taste is

bitter, acrid, aromatic and astringent. The scarcity of this balsam is such that the genuine article is seldom exported, for one tree never yields more than sixty drops in a day. It is highly esteemed in the East, at the present as in former times, as one of the most valuable of medicines, an odoriferous unguent and a cosmetic. The Turks take it in small quantities in water to fortify the stomach, but its stimulating properties upon the skin are such that the face of a person unaccustomed to its use becomes red and swollen after its application.

“This low tree, or bush, has spreading crooked branches, small bright green leaves growing in threes, and small white flowers on separate footstalks. The petals are four in number, and the fruit is a small egg-shaped berry containing a smooth nut.” It grows in several parts of Abyssinia and Syria; and we are told by Josephus, that it was one of the trees given by the queen of Sheba to king Solomon. Joseph was perhaps indebted to this balm for his sojourn in Egypt, for the Ishmaelitish merchants who bought him of his brethren, were traveling from the region where it grew,—the borders of that range of mountains which runs south from mount Lebanon on the east of Palestine,—carrying to Egypt “spices, *balm* and mirrh”.

Five miles to the eastward of Heliopolis, is Birket-el-Hag, the rendez-vous of the Mecca caravan: but we will not visit it now, since it will very likely be

our first night's camping-ground when we start for the Desert and Judeah. Twelve miles to the north, are a number of sandhills known as the "Mound of the Jews" and supposed to mark the site of the city of Onias, which was named after the high-priest Onias, whose son, according to Josephus, built here a temple. This sacred structure, with other attractions, made it the common resort of the Jews, and it consequently increased rapidly in wealth and influence; but Josephus' account of the subterfuges used by this priestly cion (who by his misdeeds had doubtless been obliged to flee from Syria), to obtain permission from Ptolemy Philometer to erect the temple, shows rather the craftiness of his race than its friendly designs. In this neighborhood, were also other cities, and the mounds now to be seen are probably of the "five cities in the land of Egypt", which, according to Isaiah (1), "were to speak the language of Canaan". Some fifteen miles further north, passed the ancient canal which led from the Nile to the Red Sea.

On returning, we may go off a short distance to the left, to the valley of Egarmet, and see, what is termed, the Petrified Forest; but as it consists of only masses and bits of a kind of agatized wood, strewn here and there, like those we shall find on the sand-plains of Nubia, we will hasten to the cemetery of

(1) Isaiah, xix, 18.

the Memlook kings, where, on the borders of the Mokultum mountains, surrounded by desolation, stand several mausoleums of no inconsiderable elegance and grandeur. The one erected to Melek-Adel is a ruin, but its noble dome remains, and from its richly wrought adornments, its tasteful decorations, one turns with regret. The most beautiful is that of the nineteenth sultan of the dynasty of the Circassian Memlook kings, who was buried here in 1496. Kobbet-el-Ghoree's, has a floor constructed of various colored marbles, while the walls immediately about the sarcophagus, are inlaid with bits of pearl-shell and polished stones, in fanciful and graceful devices. One of these imposing palaces of the dead, is opened to us by a woman who occupies apartments walled off from its nave. But she is not alone : she has several daughters, who rather modestly gather around us for *baksheesh* ; and if one has an eye for the picturesque and is not alarmed at the absence of laced waists and delicately-stockinged feet, his gaze will be arrested by a rather random *toilette*, by the striking family likeness which distinguishes these young Arab girls, and by a kind of melancholly beauty which they seem to have imbibed from the sombre mementos about them. Half a dozen sous to each, appear to make them perfectly happy ; but the mother is sufficiently avaricious, and no amount satisfies her. They all, however, gather on the stoop as we remount our donkeys, and, if I may judge by their

looks, bestow on the departing 'infidel', no other than God's blessing.

On the following day, we make an excursion to Old Cairo, Fostat, and thence to the Island of Rhoda, near by, where Moses is said to have been found. The gardens and grounds of Rhoda, show considerable care and taste. Quantities of crimson roses, the cactus, French palm, acacia and orange, border its paths, and an enticing grotto ornaments a little *parc* connected with a handsome mansion. Abbas Pacha's summer-palace stands on the extreme southern point of the island, on an elevated marble platform, surrounded by a marble wall. It is very attractive as a specimen of Oriental architecture, and its situation is remarkably lovely. Its lofty and beautiful portico, cooled by a fountain and canopied by a semi-circular dome where all the delicacy of a painter's skill has been lavished, juts out boldly over the Nile, which here, far down beneath it, divides itself to encircle the charming retreat. A few steps hence, we reach the celebrated Nilometer. It is a large, square well or tank, in the centre of which stands a graduated stone column, that shows momentarily the rise or fall of the river admitted to it from below. This is watched with incredible interest at the period of the inundation; the upward or downward tendency of which, daily announced in streets of Cairo, has the same effect on the merchantile community, as the news of the rise or fall of cotton at the New York and

Liverpool exchanges. I say, the same effect, but in *degree* there can be no comparison; for if the Nile does not reach a certain elevation,—now about 30 feet (1), the whole of Egypt very justly puts on the garb of mourning; if it much exceeds that, it is the harbinger of its own desolating strides, for it is seen bearing on its swelling bosom and sweeping away to the sea, the wrecks of entire villages, flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of buffalo. Diodorus says, that in the time of Osiris, “the Nile, *au lever du Sirius*, burst its dikes and inundated all Egypt and particularly the part where Prometheus was governor. Few inhabitants escaped this deluge” (2). When the rains of the south, on which the Nile depends for its supply, have been less abundant than usual, the canals of Egypt which convey the water to the interior, lack the quantity required by the farmers for the irrigation of their lands, and hence the failure of crops and consequent suffering.

Among the numerous interesting stories that are related in connection with the history of the Nilometer (*mékias*), is the following: “When the Arabs had invaded Egypt, and during the first year of their occupation of it, the Copts, at the beginning of the

(1) The difference in the high and low Nile near Manfoloot is 21 feet 3 inches. — Wilkinson.

(2) Diodorus, i, 19. — May this not be the flood referred to in Sacred Scriptures?

month of the inundation, presented themselves to Amru and said :

“Our Nile is governed, so far as regards its risings, by a particular law.”

“What is it?”

“It is this : On the twelfth night of this month, the month of *Baouneh* (the tenth of the Coptic year), we go and find a young virgin, though the eldest of the family, and we make the father and mother bestow her upon us on conditions of remuneration, which we agree upon. When all is settled, we take the young girl, clothe her in the most beautiful garments we can possibly find, then throw her into the Nile, and the waters rise in virtue of this sacrifice.”

“Such a custom,” replied Amru, “will not have place under Islamism. Islamism abolishes all that has preceded it, destroys the past, renews the present and assures the future”(1).

Returning to Fostat, we hunt up and visit the Greek Catholic church. It is a small room, in the very upper part of a house, and is reached by obscure and almost interminable passages and stairs. The walls are adorned with very crude tinsel-framed pictures and at one end are a kind of sanctum for the priest and a desk or altar. The congregation consists of three old women, two old men, six girls and three children. All are very devout, except the three

(1) *Revue Orientale*, tome I, p. 335.

little children, who, seated on the floor, are making a rather ludicrous display of themselves to each other.

The Coptic church, in another part of the town, has little more to boast of than the Greek, except its antiquity; — and certainly, from its floor being considerably below the level of the surrounding streets, by the looks of the old Doric and Corinthian marble columns within, and its ancient walls, it may well claim to have stood here from a very remote period. But the reason of its being held in great reverence, and why we are taken to see it, is, that in a cave beneath it, the infant Jesus was concealed when Joseph, having been warned “to take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt,” came to Fostat for safety : so says the priest.

If an European should drop suddenly on this scene, I thought as I galloped back to Cairo, he would fancy himself at some theatrical masquerade; and waddling women, fluttering phantoms, sable soldiers, silken haicks, tassled tarbouches and donkey-boys, would long afterward haunt his memory.

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## VIII

**Excursion to the Pyramids. — A Sand-storm — Mr. Mariette's dwelling. — A Stroll. — Archerusian Lake. — A Night in the Desert. — Tomb of Apis. — Memphis. — Historical account of the Pyramids. — Ascent of Cheops. — View. — Campbell's tomb. — The Sphinx. — Author's opinions. — A *réve*. — The Greek Sphinx.**

An excursion to the Pyramids is one of those whose warp and woof, if I may use the expression, form such a party colored web of quaint and marvelous imageries, that no ingenuity of mine can unravel it. I believe, however, that the graceful pen of Mrs. E. of Providence, who was my companion on this interesting jaunt, may do it ample justice.

With the necessary provisions for a two-days-absence, with guide, dragoman and drivers, we mount our donkeys, mid a crowd of Arab boys, in front of the English Hotel, and trot away again for Old Cairo; where, for a time, we are blocked in by camels, horses, bundles of grass, straw, and bales of fruit,

that noisy natives are disembarking at Fostat's very indifferent quay. Once on board of the boat (for we here cross the Nile), our poor beasts are tumbled in after us, and we are rowed to the opposite side, to disembark at a place equally bad with that just left. Here we remount, mid hosts of market people, who, with their little stands of oranges, dirty meat and doe-balls, throng the streets of the dirty village, put spurs to our, "noble foal of illustrious steeds" and dash off for "*Menofre* the land of the pyramid" and for "the city of the white wall".

Our route is at first in a southerly direction, nearly parallel with, and not far distant from the river, and lays along the top of one of those numerous embankments, or causeways, which everywhere intersect the country. The wind, however, blows fiercely in our faces, but we do not experience any very disagreeable effects from it, till we have passed the cultivated lands and the sheltering palms, and come to the edge of the desert, when a perfect hurricane, driving over the vast Libyan plains and whirling the sand with frightful fury high into the air, seems about to sweep us away, or arrest our further progress. It pours down upon us now like a bitter hailstorm, and when we begin to ascend the mounds of the Necropolis of Memphis, their cappings of cutting gravel are borne, *en masse*, into our faces, as though they would first blind, and then bury us with the sacred birds and bulls that have so long lain in their

silent beds below. Our flesh is lacerated, our eyes closed and smarting, and we leave our donkeys to pick their way as best they can among the mummy pits. Thus we toil on, till toward evening, when, with thankful hearts, we reach the hospitable shelter of Monsieur Marriette.

For one, I may say that I was gratified at having seen, — no, *experienced*, — such a storm, otherwise, I could not have conceived how Herculean labors, have in a moment as it were, been obliterated; how gigantic temples and colossal statues could in a day, again be reinterred: too painfully proved to be the case, by the countless efforts modern antiquarians have made, to keep these relics of antiquity from their sandy sepulchres.

A *dwelling* in such a place as this! A one story, a stone house, built round a small court, stands in the midst of moving hillocks, and, at the moment of our arrival, seemed as dreary an abode as desolation and despair could have found congenial. A thousand miles in the depth of the wildest of wildernesses, could not have worn a more solitary or lonely aspect than this spot; yet it is, for the moment, the abode of the family of Monsieur Mariette, and has been, for a long time, the residence of Monsieur M. himself. This gentleman, devoted to his business, to the authorities that sent him here, successful in the object of his mission, and deeply interested in the explorations of these mysterious mounds, has seen four full years

glide away, and still finds himself a dweller in the desert. His labours, however, are now drawing to a close, his last shipments about to be made, his last excavations terminating, and he is preparing to return to his native country, to arrange in the Louvre the treasures his indefatigable industry has caused the long silent sands to disgorge.

Monsieur Mariette's stay here, has not only been one of toil and privations, but of actual danger. Once, when returning from his work, he saw an Arab riding swiftly toward him. Suspecting nothing, he allowed the man to approach; who, when near enough, suddenly drew his sword and aimed a blow at the head of Monsieur M., which might have proved fatal, had not the horse at the instant stumbled, by getting his foot into a pit. Failing in his object, and doubtless fearing that Monsieur Mariette might be armed, he put spurs to his foaming *aoud*, and fled, more swiftly, if possible, than he came. On several occasions, the *house* has been attacked in the night; but the workmen(1), not being taken by surprise, were enabled to repulse the assailants; for, knowing the danger of their position and the hostility of the Bedouins, who seem to think that the desert belongs to them, they never laid down at night without having their arms at hand and their dogs on the watch.

Near this humble residence of Monsieur Mariette,

(1) The laborers Monsieur M. employed in his excavations.

is an ancient monument which he has disinterred,— a beautiful little temple of the time of the Ptolemies. This he now keeps clear of sand, by the constant labor of an Arab girl and her father; and Madam M. informs me that it may possibly be *wholly* removed to France, since the stones composing it are nearly all perfect and finely sculptured. It is too, such a miniature affair (though it has its main-hall with two columns and its *adytum*), it could almost be transported hence, bodily, as it now stands. The greatest triumph of Monsieur Mariette is considered to be his discovery of the vast tomb of Apis, in which his sacred bullship has, in excavated chambers on each side of an immense underground gallery, some twenty or thirty enormous granite sarcophagi, all finely wrought, and, in some instances, ornamented with hieroglyphics. They are of such dimensions that it requires a ladder or steps to reach their brim; and within one, a small table has been placed, where several persons could very conveniently lunch. Their lids, weighing several tons apparently, have all been pushed back sufficiently to allow one to enter the coffins: and this must have been done by pointed iron bars prepared for the purpose. It is *supposed* they were opened and rifled by Cambyzes, who is thought to have thoroughly sacked and ransacked every part of Egypt, worthy of his particular attention.

In the evening, when the storm has partially sub-

sided, Mr. E. and myself saunter out on the desert and direct our steps toward the largest of the nine or ten pyramids of Sakkara. The light still lingers in the sand, and reflects back upon the atmosphere, that soft, subdued, mystic colouring and warmth, which the artist so longs for, when seeking relief for the positive and prominent objects of his picture. Our way is along an elevated ridge, which is probably of native rock, though we may possibly be walking above extensive ruins, and even over the great Sarapeum itself. Three miles to the eastward, rolls the noiseless Nile, which, some 4200 years ago, before Menes turned its course, flowed far to the westward at the base of the Libyan hills. Between us and the river, once stood the proud city of Memphis, *Menofre*, "the place of good"; but now hardly a mound marks the site either of its royal palaces, the habitations of the Tyrians, the temple of Proteus, of Vulcan, or of Venus "the stranger"; and its condition is well symbolised by one of the few of its remaining monuments,—a statue of the Great Remeses, with his face in the mud. What, however, excites more than ordinary interest, is the small body of water in the plain below us; for this is the famed Acherusian Lake, over which the dead were ferried to be placed in the tombs on which we are possibly standing, and which gave to the Greeks their fable of Charon and the Styx. And its borders must have been beautiful, for Diodorus says: "It is surrounded

by delightful meadows and canals, with the lotus, and flowering rushes."

After having walked for half an hour or so, we attempt to retrace our steps; but, on all hands the vast, drear, undulating, irregular waste, presents itself. Our foot prints have been obliterated, the night grows darker, and nothing seems to point out the situation of the abode we recently left; which, as it is literally imbedded in natural or artificial mounds, we might be very near and yet have before our eyes only interminable sandhills. We consult the angle of the pyramid that has more directly presented itself as we approached, and by that, shape our course; but when we have traveled far enough, apparently, to be again at Monsieur M's, no sign of habitation or human being greets our gaze. Fortunately at the moment, we espy the dogs crossing the plain toward us; for having heard our voices, probably at a great distance, they come running out to greet us, and seem overjoyed at their good fortune in being able to guide us homeward.

How agreeably, how rapidly a few more hours of the night now steal away! Madam M. and her children and Mr. and Mrs. E. compose our little party. The former relates the incidents of a few weeks of desert-life, and presents each of us with a veritable antique from the tombs of Memphis. Later, the guests are seen making their beds upon the floor, (for this place was not set up for travelers), and the

sand which drives in through innumerable crevices about the roof, becomes no slight portion of their covering.

When morning returns, Madam M. like a true-hearted country girl who would show her city friends the fields, buttons on her boots and leads the way to the tombs, and to the numerous excavations made in that region by her husband, who has been called for a day to Cairo.

As Memphis is the most southerly point to which we wish our excursion to extend at this time, we turn back to visit the *great* pyramids, the Sphinx and the other interesting objects at Geezeh. On our way we stop at one of the Ibis mummy-pits and descend into its deep, clogged, and dusty vaults; where, after long search, amid piles of countless broken pots, Madam E. succeeds in obtaining some jars in a perfect state, with their contents undisturbed. A ride of about two miles, brings us to the pyramids of Aboozeer; but we do not stop, though the causeway leading up to one, and by the sides of which are still to be seen the black basalt stones that once paved it, invites our ascent. Six or seven miles further along, we come to Geezeh, where a plenty of Arabs await our approach. Each one has something particular to say, or to sell; some have bottles of water, others fruit to be eaten on the top of the pyramids; some are the best possible assistants and guides (they say), while others are only apt at tar-



nishing the character of their comrades, though they find it difficult to make them out worse than they really are. But we have hurried away from the site of old Memphis without hardly an 'adieu' : let us return a moment.

Memphis was the *Noph* of Sacred Scriptures (1), and many were the prophecies hurled against it, against its people and its rulers. "Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, shall come and smite the land of Egypt", says Jeremiah (2). "Declare ye in Egypt and publish in Migdal, in *Noph* and Tahapanes : say ye, stand fast and prepare thee, for the sword shall devour round about thee... O thou daughter dwelling in Egypt, furnish thyself to go into captivity : for *Noph* shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant". And Ezekiel (3) says : "I will make the rivers of Egypt dry... I will make the multitude to cease by the hand of Nebuchadnezzar... I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar" (4). While Israel is abused for having made a treaty with the sovereign of Egypt and trusted to his power. Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us (5) concerning these, that "many other prophecies respecting the calamities consequent upon the treaty with Egypt, and the

(1) Memphis in Hebrew is Moph, in Arabic Menf. Robinson.

(2) Jer., xlv, 13, 14, 19.

(3) Ezek., xxx, 10 13.

(4) Ezek., xxix, 18.

(5) Wilkinson's, Ancient Egypt, vol. I, 169.

rebellion of the Jews against the Babylonians are met with in the Bible : and Egypt itself was threatened by the arms of the victorious Nebuchadnezzar. But it is difficult to determine in what time and in what manner the last prophecy was accomplished ; or to discover the extent of the calamities which happened to Egypt from the conquests of the Babylonians, though the scriptural account appears to fix these events in the time of Nebuchadnezzar". Herodotus who resided at Noph only about a century after this Babylonian conqueror had finished his career, mentions his proceedings in the East, but does not hint that Memphis had been, or was likely to become, desolate, that the river was dry, that the people had been carried into captivity, or that the land was not wisely governed — and by Egyptians ; but he *does* say that Egypt "embraces more 'marvels' than any other land, and that there is no country in which one sees so many admirable works, and above all expression" (1). We may also judge from some remarks of Hosea that it was a place in which the 'fast' young men of Israel went to spend their silver.

The reign of Amasis continued nearly forty years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar ; and it is considered to have been one of opulence and splendor. Egypt was not in fact so weak at home, that she could not spare her soldiers. She fitted out a formi-

(1) Herod., ii, 35.

dable fleet and took the cities of Cyprus (1); and when the temple of Delphi was burned, Amasis contributed largely toward rebuilding it : he also sent a golden statue of Minerva with a portrait of himself to the Cyrenians (2), and displayed power and generosity not in keeping with the abject condition the prophets had foretold, or with Megasthenes' and Berossus' statement, that Nebuchadnezzar having invaded Egypt, took many captives, who were conducted to Babylon.

“The pyramids are the oldest monuments of Egypt and probably of the world,” says Wilkinson ; and this, independent of their grandeur, the mystery which hangs about their origin and the object for which they were built, makes one almost fall on his knees before them. Herodotus (3) assigns the building of the *great* pyramid to Cheops, whom he represents as a graceless, ungodly heathen, who closed all the temples and made the people toil to satisfy his vain and foolish ambition. Indeed, his memory was so hateful to the Egyptians, that his great work which it took 20 years to finish, employing 360 000 men, was called after the shepherd Philitis, who, at the time it was erected, used to feed his flocks near this spot. The extraordinary labors of Colonel Vyse and

(1) Diod., i, 68.

(2) Herod., ii, 35.

(3) Herod., ii, 126

others, go however to show, that Herodotus was probably in error in regard to the position of the *tomb* of its founder, which he says “is in a subterranean chamber in an island formed by the waters of the Nile which he conducted thither by a canal”; though the well sunk in the rock 100 feet below its base, and the statement of Pliny that “the well 129 feet deep by which they suppose the river was admitted”, are strong evidences that the design of the builder was what the former supposed; and this is further supported by the same writer who says, when speaking of the second pyramid: “I measured them both. It has neither under ground chambers, nor any canal flowing into it from the Nile, *like the other*”. It is therefore *possible*, that future investigations may confirm the statements of the Greek historian; and this idea will not be thought to detract from the judgment of former writers, when one considers with what consummate skill the workmen concealed those passages already laid open. The opinions however of Wilkinson and Col. Vyse are of the utmost weight, and they have no doubt that these writers gave their accounts from *reports*. But Wilkinson also says, that the water would not have entered in any chamber under the pyramid, unless it was from 20 to 30 feet below the one already discovered. Diodorus Sicilus says, that Chembis built the great pyramid and Cephren the second, “but that neither the one nor the other was destined to be buried therein; for the people who had been op-

pressed by their cruelty, threatened to drag their bodies from their tombs and tear them in pièces ; so that the princes at their death, ordered their friends to bury them privately in some other secret place" (1). Pliny gives a dozen names of authors who have written about the pyramids, and adds, "not one of them shows satisfactorily by whom they were built". Herodotus says that Cephren, a brother and successor of Cheops, built the second pyramid and Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, the third ; and Diodorus agrees with him, though he says, "some attribute them to the above named, others to different princes ; the largest, for instance, to Armæus, the second to Amasis, the third to Inaron. This last, passes for the tomb of the courtesan Rhodopis ; it has been, they say, erected by some *monarques* as a testimony of their love for this woman". Strabo speaks particularly of the third pyramid (which like the second is in a line almost due S. W., from the largest,) and says, "it is from the base to the middle, of black stone (granite of Syene) from Ethiopia, which, being hard, made the construction more expensive". "It is said," he adds, "to be the tomb of a courtesan, built by her lovers, whom Sappho the poetess calls Doricha, the friend of her brother Charaxus, at the time that he traded in wine to Naucratis. Others call her Rhodope, and relate a story that when she was bathing, an eagle

(1) Diod., I, 64.

carried off one of her sandals, and having flown with it to Memphis, let it fall into the lap of the king as he sat in judgment. Struck by this singular occurrence, and the beauty of the sandal, the king sent to every part of the country to inquire for its owner; and having found her at Naucratis, he made her his queen, and buried her at her death in this sepulchre". There was probably some foundation somewhere for this extraordinary story. Herodotus however rejects it in connection with *this* monument, though he tells a story equally extravagant, and perhaps less natural, in regard to the *central* pyramid of the three, standing in a line to the eastward of that of Cheops; — a story which may have been the parent of the preceding, and have grown out of the hatred the people had of their merciless sovereign. "Cheops," he says (1), "having spent all his money, came to that point of infamy of prostituting his daughter in a place of debauch,— ordering her to draw from her lovers a certain sum of money. I am ignorant to what point mounted this sum; the priests did not tell me. She not only executed the orders of her father, but she wished also herself to leave a monument. She prayed therefore to all who came to see her, that each one should give her a stone for the works she meditated. It was of these stones, the priests told me, that the pyramid was constructed which is the

(1) Herod., II, 126.

middle one of the three in front of the grand pyramid and which has a pleth and a half on each side". The narrative referred to above, which did not gain credence with Herodotus, is mentioned by him in this wise (1) :

“There are some Greeks who ascribe it (the third pyramid) to the courtesan Rhodopis, but they are in error, and do not appear to know who she was, or surely they would not have attributed to her the building of a pyramid, which must have cost thousands and thousands of talents. Besides, Rhodopis did not live in the time of Mycerinus, but of Amasis, many years after the kings who built these monuments. She was from Thrace, the slave of Iadmon, the son of Hephæstopolis, a Samian, the fellow slave of Æsop, the fabulist; for Æsop was also a slave of Iadmon: there are proofs of this; and one of the principal, is that the Delphians having many times demanded by a herald, according to the orders of the oracle, if there was any one who would avenge the death of Æsop, no one presented himself save a grandson of Iadmon who bore the same name as his grand-sire.

“Rhodopis was afterward carried to Egypt by Xanthus, of Samos, to exercise there her profession of courtesan. Charaxus of Mytilene, son of Scamandronyme, and brother of the poetess Sappho, gave a

(1) Herod., II, 134.

considerable sum for her ransom. Having been restored to liberty, she remained in Egypt where her extraordinary beauty amassed for her a large fortune, for a person of her rank, though not sufficient to build such a pyramid. Indeed, as every one may see at this day what the tenth part of her wealth was, it is useless attributing to her great richness ; for Rhodopis, wishing to leave a memorial of herself in Greece, thought of a novel kind of offering that had occurred to no one else, which she dedicated to the temple of Delphi. It consisted of numerous iron spits for roasting oxen, the cost of which was just equal to one tenth of her property ; and these being sent to Delphi were put up behind the altar which the Sciots had erected in front of the temple itself.

“ The courtesans are in general of great beauty at Naucratis. She of whom we speak was so celebrated, there was not a person in Greece who did not know her name... Charaxus being returned to Mytilene, after having liberated Rhodopis, Sappho celebrated her in her verses”. This is the pyramid referred to in the first chapter, — the southern one, about which the silent spirit of a beautiful girl is said to wander at sunset, keeping always in its shadow and seen only by surprise. If her eye falls on one she loves, she smiles upon him : her smile is irresistible and is death, for those on whom it breaks go mad, and to the tomb.

As all these pyramids had been opened by the Ca-



liphs, Memlook sultans and perhaps others long before them, recent explorers have not expected to find any thing of value, but simply discover such records as would more clearly define the object for which they were built, and the names of their founders. In the principal apartment of the great pyramid, is a red granite sarcophagus, rapidly disappearing by the hands of such people as Mahommed Ali pointedly rebuked when he said, "They might do well to remember when censuring the ignorance of the Turks in destroying so many relics of antiquity, that they (foreigners) contribute not a little to their deterioration, and set a bad example to those of whom they complain". This sarcophagus is unfortunately destitute of any sculptured signs, but Col. Vyse found hieroglyphics containing a king's name on the stones of the upper chambers; though these are supposed to have been sculptured in the quarries, and not after the pyramid was built.

In the second pyramid, Lord Munster found the bones of an ox which he carried with him to England. In the principal apartment is a sarcophagus sunk in the floor.

In the chamber of the third pyramid, a stone sarcophagus was discovered, which was lost on its way to England, the vessel having gone down at sea, but the *wooden* coffin (bearing the name of the king, Mencheres or Mycerinus), which was contained within it, is in the British Museum; where there is

also a body, found in the *passage* of this pyramid, lying between two large stones.

With the assistance of three Arabs, I almost fly to the top of Cheops, the great pyramid; but owing to the distance which each step has to surmount, I arrive there much fatigued. From below, the apex of this gigantic work appears nearly pointed, but once reaching the summit, you find yourself occupying a space about thirty-two feet square, and feeling as free from danger as in your own apartment. Here too, seated on some of the massive stones which still encumber the surface, one begins by degrees to grasp the grandeur of the structure he has mounted, and of those scattered here and there on the "peninsula", the Libyan ridge. The plain lies 570 feet below you, and what were there imposing objects as you wended your way along its fertile borders, and cast a wondering look hitherward; what then were evidently extensive fields, groves, tombs or temples, are now but as little variagated stones in a great mosaic picture; blending their colors so harmoniously and effectively, as to give to the scene a beauty as bizarre as impressive. Far to the eastward, overtopping the acacia and palm that border the Nile, rise the graceful spires of the mosques of the city of Victory. They are an architectural allegory of the Moslem's religion; of the delicacy and frailty of his faith; while the monument from which you regard them, is the symbol of the firmness, the

majesty and durability of eternal Truth. Canals, are winding about the savanna between you and the stream, and serve as a silvery setting to the emerald tableau. From the west, the great gray mantle of the desert, gathers itself up about poor slumbering Egypt, as the Arab gathers his *bornoose* about him when he lies down to rest.

The pyramid on which you stand hailed the morning over the Arabian hills, when, if we may believe our able chronologists, the garments of the great earth were still dripping with the waters of the flood. It looked toward the four quarters of the globe, long before any kingdom began to grow in Greece; before Ninus had given to the Assyrian empire a name; when Belus, the first sovereign of Babylon, was but a baby, and Fohi had hardly found dry land! Can one really grasp the idea, that at so *early a period*, a structure, exceeding in dimension any other ever reared by human hands, built with a cost and with a costly skill that startle the most astute and scientific of the present day, could rise from the African rocks? Whence came that familiar knowledge, that readiness and dexterity to measure, to cut, to transport and then to lift triumphantly in the air these vast Cyclopean stones? Who taught its builders to give to its form those perfect lines by which to mark the movement of the stars, and make its shadows even, an astronomic chart? But more than all; where did they learn that strange and still myster-

ious difference between the *true* and the *magnetic* north (1)?

The Egyptians generally built their temples and towns on the *edge* of the desert, so as to leave unencumbered all the land suitable for cultivation. In this instance, they obtained a double advantage, having here a rock a hundred and some feet above the plain, on which to erect the pyramids and other monuments suggested by their religion, pride, ambition, or fancy. The great pyramid occupies about the space, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson remarks, of Lincoln's Inn Fields; or about 550,000 sq. feet; or, by Col. H. Vyse's measurement, 13 acres 1 rood 22 poles; when entire, its perpendicular height was 486 feet.

One of the most odd, and to me, one of the most curious objects to be seen at Geezeh, is what is called *Campbell's tomb*, discovered and thus named by Col. Howard Vyse. It consists of an enormous oblong pit, sunk in the rock to the depth of fifty and a half feet; being in length thirty feet six inches, in breadth twenty-six feet three inches. Surrounding this, is a ditch, or trench, also sunk in the rock, *seventy-three feet deep*. The whole resembles a box within a box, leaving a space between the inner and outer one, which is too broad to be leaped over with safety. In

(1) In a chart made by Sir G. Wilkinson, it is shown that the builders of the pyramids allowed for the variation of the compass and constructed them on the line of the *true* north.

the centre of the great pit, is an immense granite sarcophagus; its lid bearing a finely sculptured mummyed form, and covering, it is said, a coffin of black basalt. Over this, was formerly a stone arch, but it has been removed. Standing on the brink of this strange work, you will involuntarily exclaim; how odd the fancy, how gigantic the conception, how indomitable the will, how perfect the work, of these old, Hebrew-hated, prophet-denounced Egyptians!

The object that we reserve for inspection, last of all, though it will ever occupy the *first* niche of the naos of my memory, is the *Sphinx* (1). Lord Lindsay says, "Her attitude bespeaks the calm repose of conscience-strength, her expression of countenance benevolence, — the *tout ensemble* strange mysterious beauty, awful in its stillness." Caviglia thinks the Sphinx expresses enigmatically the doctrine of man's regeneration.

These two gentlemen have given to the world those poetic, perhaps I may say, eloquent ideas, that correspond, in a great degree, I believe, with the general effect the Sphinx has on the beholder; but, there is still room, perhaps, for further remark. The face of this statue has been battered, has lost its nose, and is consequently grotesquely deformed, and cannot, in view of these defects, be considered to possess

(1) This is supposed to have been carved by order of Thotmes III, about 1490 B. C.

any *beauty*, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The mouth, however, may be said, even in its closed form, to bespeak a sort of settled, high-determined purpose; yet is calm and gentle, as with the consciousness that its mandates will be obeyed. The eyes are well open and perhaps convey the idea of futurity, or, if they have a mystery, it is the mystery of thought. The most vivid impression which the Sphinx makes, arises, I conceive, from the masterly manner in which the artist has combined, in the *bearing* of the figure, action and repose; an inexistent, yet subtle energy; a sort of vivid, exultant life, with the stern stillness of death; a delicate and indefinable eagerness and wakeful buoyancy, with solemn solidity and somnolent strength; the proud and perfect present, with the shadowy perplexities of the future; the reigning intellect in a form of might.

“All inspiration comes from heaven.” Caviglia, in gazing at the Sphinx, doubtless had at once suggested to his fertile imagination, that the genius who could conceive and execute this wondrous work, so far back in the night of ages, and as it were on the skirts of the retiring flood, must be heaven-born;—that one who could thus hew the rough rock into mighty meaning and significance, must have been miraculously endowed;—that he who could have borne on his brain this marvelous image, must have been sustained by supernatural strength;—that he whose chisel could have thus defied the corroding footsteps

of time, must have stood hard-by the hand of Jehovah when it scattered among mortals the prizes of immortality, — and for what? Caviglia, doubtless sought to look through that lofty tone of inspiration he here saw, into the design of the Inspirer; and it is not difficult to trace out the naturalness of his conclusion, in the heart of one swayed by a deep religious and poetic fervor: for, this enigmatical figure is, in truth, god-like in its mien, supremely spiritual in its aspect, and has a grandeur that amazes like omnipotence; and when one sees it bathed in the halo and crowned with the dreamy atmosphere of Egypt, it wears the charm of celestial import, and impresses the beholder with the sublimity of its seeming, like the cloud-girt form “that came down in sight of all the people upon mount Sinai”: indeed, one is almost prepared to exclaim, with our old friend the Apostle Timothy: “Great is the mystery of godliness!”

In seeking for the origin of the Italian antiquarian’s peculiarly original idea respecting the enigmatical meaning of the Sphinx, I was often reminded of an eloquent paragraph, in Wilkinson, in reference to architecture. There is, I know, little that is analogous in the suggestive character of the two, but, as the former took me back to a time when such sculptured colossi must have eminently been the children of the brain, — of a soul, it would seem, divinely imbued, — the English author’s remarks appeared to have a relative interest. He says: ‘Architecture is

a creation of the mind: it has no model in nature, and it requires great imaginative powers to conceive its ideal beauties, to make a proper combination of parts, and to judge of the harmony of forms altogether new and beyond the reach of experience.'

Invested with a divine origin, — I mean, growing out of a mind specially influenced to produce a work that should have a celestial significance, an expressive relationship between this world and the next, — there are no bounds to the ideas the Sphinx would suggest. As the work of an artist, I could see embodied in one form, Michael Angelo's two — Day and Night; the roused and wakeful energy of the head representing one, the repose of the body the other: or, by the claws of destruction on her feet, and the beam of benevolence on her brow, a representation of the bright and night-side of Nature. It is easy too, to conceive of her symbolising the triumph of intellectual force over the material, a proud and splendid spiritual dominence over the animal; and when the sun-beams, breaking over the Makuttum hills, touch her temples with their morning glory, to imagine her the peer of the god of day and the symbol of intellectual light. When I took my last gaze at her, I fancied her the personification of *Time*, — Time sent out from the portals of Infinity to stride over the earth with her burden of desolation, but, seeing the appalling work she had to do, stopped, and in the moment of contemplation, became petrified



upon the plain : and now, as though no longer meditative of her mission, in her "strange mysterious beauty", sublime, awful, mystic stillness, she looks away over the great earth, toward the boundaries of her home, and awaits with conscious rectitude of purpose, the unfolding of the gates of Eternity (1).

The Sphinx was carved from the borders of the boundless Libyan desert, and its measurements according to Pliny and my guide-book are as follows : From the belly to the highest point of the head, 63 feet, its length 143, and the circumference of its head round the forehead, 102 feet ; its paws extend out 50 feet from the body. The latter is monolithic, the former is of masonry. There was a sanctuary in her bosom, composed of three tablets, and between her paws was the altar on which the sacrifices to her were made. The Arabs, it is said, have a legend concerning a priest who officiated at this altar. It is like the famous Greek legend of Saint-Sophia. The holy man was reading the words of the Prophet, when a shadow fell upon the page. He went away, for he knew that a strange people who would des-

(1) I retain here its *feminine*, or more prominent character. "The Sphinx," says Vincent, "was beneficent only for the Egyptians, by causing the rising of the Nile. All is of a *red* color like the waters of the Nile at the rising of Sirius" (the *dog-star* in the mouth of the constellation *Canis major*). "Ancient mythology affects to make red and black the genii of destruction" (the red lion, serpent, etc.). "According to a Phrygian legend, it is the *red* lion who betrays the god of Ida, Athys (the celeste)". See appendix A.

ecrate the place, were filling the land; but when the shadow shall have passed away, he is to return and commence again the services where he left off.

I laid down in the warm sand under one of the fore-paws of this fantastic figure, and contemplated it at my leisure; I then climbed up and along its northern side and over its back, and slid down the steep sand-slope to the place where some recent excavations have been made to discover an entrance. Whether or no I rode the Sphinx back to Cairo, I can hardly say. I slept that night at the hotel; but the golden light of the desert still lingered in my eyes, and on my brain were piles of pyramids, crushing it into papyrus, on which were written a heterogeneous mass of hieroglyphics that would have puzzled the apostles and all the saints to have deciphered. It recalled to mind the following little French-brochure article by Ballanche: "The unfortunate king of Grecian Thebes, retired into the depths of his palace, sought solitude and seemed even to fear the approach of his family. There, he was still troubled by the groans of the multitude, who suffered a thousand ills of which he thought himself to blame, for his own heart accused him. He said, finally, with bitterness: 'What have I done with my courage? What have I done with that brilliant intelligence which has given renown to my name among the nations of the earth? Ah! how to-day am I become feeble as an infant, I tremble before the Sphinx, be-

fore that monster born of the mysteries of Egypt, whose pleasure it is to make people divine enigmas and to devour those who are not victorious. I was not frightened at this new mode of combat. My heart knew no fear, and my genius was not astonished by any thing; besides, I saw only that which was at stake, a sceptre and the hand of a queen. That memorable day is still present to my mind. The Sphinx was seated on the arid summit of Mount Phiceus, from whence he sent terror over the whole country. I arrived in his presence at the rising of the sun: a curtain of transparent clouds covered his immense form. He had the visage of a woman; all his features, perfectly regular, were immoveable: I regarded his scrutinising look, which seemed as though it would tear out the inmost secrets of the mind, and, in the contours of his mouth, a sort of irony sad and terrible which made me tremble. Yes, I can avow it now, when I saw his hands armed with fierce claws, advance from the cloud ready to seize a prey, that was certain, I commenced to repent of my temerity. The enigma was proposed to me, but in a manner altogether new and altogether marvelous. No articulated word reached my ears, no movement seemed to agitate the lips of the monster; I only heard a sound as of a voice from the interior, which resounded in the secret depths of my bosom; at the same instant, the eyes of the Sphinx were illumined, a ferocious joy animated his face, his claws fell upon

my head : then I drew my glaive, and, covering myself with my buckler, threw myself upon my terrible adversary, for he had liberated me ; I had divined the enigma. My sword buried itself in, — I know not what, as it no more existed : all had disappeared like a vision. Nevertheless, my sword streamed with blood, and I heard a feeble noise, but sinister, wholly resembling the gurgle in the throat of a man strangling in the arms of sleep.” He awoke from a dream.

The character of the Grecian Sphinx was very unlike that of the Egyptian. The Greeks in borrowing this, with other deities of their mythology, took with it all the mystery that served their purpose and all the wickedness of its nature, without any of its benevolence. She was said, by them, to be the daughter of Typhon and Echidna ; and coming from such parentage, one can imagine her nature to be fiery, serpent-like, revengeful ; and that her temperament might be somewhat volcanic. Juno being of a rather mischivous disposition, sent her to torment the Beotians, and was not to be appeased till some one of her enigmas should be solved. Creon, promising his crown and his sister to any person, who by success in this matter, would free his country of the monster, called forth the powers of OEdipus, who solved the following question : What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon and three in the evening ? OEdipus said that man, when young,

went on his hands and feet, at noon of life he walked erect, in the evening of his days he assisted himself with a staff. She was, however, with the Greeks, probably only a symbolical representation of volcanoes, earthquakes, subterranean tempests and their destructive effects. With the Egyptians — having the head of a female, united with a masculine form, — she is supposed by many to be intended as a emblem of the generative powers of nature : for the mythology of antiquity was accustomed thus to express the mystic union of the sexes.

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## IX

**Departure from Cairo. — Atter-e-Nebbe. — Saced. — Labyrinth. — Benisoef. — Heracleopolis. — Crocodilopolis. — Samolood. — Reveries. — A Burial scene. — Fable about hell. — Customs. — Monk of Setna Mariam el Adra. — A fable about birds. — Shadoof. — Evening walk. — Minieh. — Music. — An accident. — A fable about the Serpent. — A school-house. — Marketing. — An Arab belle. — Mr. Harris. — Girgeh. — Bellaneh. — Pot manufactory. — An Arab Siddons. — Good boys. — Scenes. — A nigh scene. — Emeralds. — Cruelty of our crew. — A Copt.**

At midday, the wide unfolded wings of our little bark caught the winds from the northward, and we were on our way to Ethiopia; and if a neat, commodious and fast-sailing craft, a young and hardy cheerful-looking crew, a warm and beautiful day could be any indication of the success of our enterprise, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves.

We soon swept up by the Island of Rhoda and its fine gardens, the picturesque palace of the Pacha, Old Cairo — the Musr-el-Ateekeh of the Fatemites — and gave our flag and streamer to the breeze off the embowered banks of *Atter-e-Nebbee*.

Atter-é-Nebbee (footstep of the prophet) is a handsome mosque, occupying a conspicuous place on the eastern shore, to which it is joined by an avenue of trees. It is built where there is said to be preserved an impression of the prophet's foot (as its name indicates); and I particularly remark it, as this Arab imposition corresponds so well with one practiced by the *Christians* of Rome, who have built near that city a small church, over what is affirmed to be the footprints of the Saviour, made in a handsome piece of marble.

We entered here on the Saeed, — one of the two grand divisions of Egypt. Soon, the high rocky range, called by the ancients the *Arabian* hills, approached on the left, while on the right, stretched the desert, over whose surface was a delicate haze that occasionally took a wavy form and reminded one of drifting snow. Evening came with more than wonted loveliness, and we bade adieu to the pyramids, which, piled on the distant plain, lay their clear lines against the most golden of golden skies.

The next day, we were at Benisooef, whence excursions are usually made to Medeeneh to see the mounds of Crocodilopolis, — a place adorned by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and named by him *Arsinoe*, in honor of his sister. Not far hence, there is said to be an obelisk, erected about the period of Joseph's arrival in Egypt; and, that in that neighborhood, stood the

celebrated labyrinth, of which Herodotus (1) gives the following account.

“The twelve kings wishing to leave a monument to posterity, constructed a labyrinth a little above Lake Mœris and near the village of Crocodiles. I have seen this building and find it beyond all expression. All the structures, all the edifices of Greece, cannot compare with it, neither as regards the work, nor cost. The temples of Ephesus and Samos merit, without doubt, admiration; but the pyramids surpass all that can be said of them : the labyrinth surpasses the pyramids themselves. It is composed of twelve courts surrounded by walls, has 1 500 rooms above ground, and as many below : 3 000 in all... the walls are covered with hieroglyphics in bas-relief.. around each court is a colonnade of white stones”.

Benisooef lies imbedded in a grove of palms, and looks well from the river; but like all Nile villages, its streets are narrow and dusty, and its houses of unburnt bricks; its lofty, white, square, pigeon-house-towers, give it, in the distance, the air of a strongly fortified place (2).

Opposite Benisooef is Dayr-Byad, inhabited, says my guide-book, by the descendants of the Beni-Wasel Arabs, whose chief, not long ago, was one of the wealthiest

(1) Herod., II, 48. — Diodorus, I, 89.

(2) These people have great respect for pigeons; a white one is considered almost, if not quite, a sacred bird. Into the walls of these towers, innumerable earthen pots are built, in which the pigeons make their nests.



persons in the valley of the Nile. On the height of Ghibel-Kalson, near by, are the remains of a monastery, from the top of which one can see mount Sinai.

Anasieh lies inland, to the west, and occupies the site of Heracleopolis, where the ichneumon was worshiped ; and as the latter was an enemy of the crocodile, the people of Heracleopolis had frequent and serious fights with the inhabitants of Crocodilopolis. However ridiculous this may appear, it reminds one of the political and theological disputants of the present day.

“To arms ! to arms !” exclaims the priest in a rage from the steps of a gorgeous temple ; “arm !” he cries to the people, “for this morning I saw three small Heracleopolite boys throwing mud-balls at his holiness the crocodile, as he lay on the sand-bank with his mouth open catching flies. Arm ! for these boys, though small and dirty, were doubtless instructed by their parents to insult our god ; they are at least the foreshadowing of men who are to scoff at our sacred institutions, and subvert our government. — Arm ! I say and pounce at once upon the Ichneumonites to show them that we can never submit to having mud-balls thrown at our deity”.

“To arms ! exclaims the Ichneumonite priest, for only yesterday it was publicly proclaimed in a neighboring city (I will not disgrace this holy temple by mentioning the name), that the ichneumon had no soul ; that he was not the twelfth part of that spirit

which on earth makes up the sum of all divinity ; that he has no right to partake of the sacred food blessed by us, because in eating he moves both of his jaws ; in fact, that he is a lesser divinity, because his tail is shorter than the crocodile's : arm ! I say, and we will fight to the death for our ichneumon and our altars". It is indeed supposed, that the entire destruction of the splendid labyrinth above mentioned, arose rather from the hostile feeling existing in these two towns than from the natural effects of time.

In the afternoon we were sweeping along past a number of small monkey-looking hamlets, whose inhabitants are mostly employed, it is said, in spinning wool and cotton. Toward evening, the lofty table-rocks of Ghebel Shekh Embarak were frowning over the river, near at hand ; but almost invariably, there is on either shore a cultivated strip, a delicate green border, with occasional avenues and groves of palm, which give exquisite relief to the naked hills or desert wastes beyond. The next night we reached the vicinity of Samalood, at the south of a broad curve in the stream, that had every appearance of a lake ; and here we remained till morning — but not to sleep. One can hardly be said to sleep in Egypt, so full of luscious light and trooping life, are all the hours of slumber. One may go to his bed when the evening star pales beyond the plain, but his repose is more like that of an eagle on the wing, floating away from cloud to cloud to bathe his plumes

in the early dawning, than a weary mortal's. Nothing seems to sleep in Egypt! The waters, the desert, the very hills are in motion, and her great rocks and majestic temples have rather the aspect of watching, powerful guardians, than slumbering sentinels. One sinks away into the quiet night, but the soft summer day, the creamy air, the waving palm, the almond-eyed *Almè*, make it a wakeful, vivid existence. There is such a harmony between night and day, such seeming maternal tenderness, when night folds to her bosom the fair child that sprang from her embraces in the morning; such winning gentleness, when she draws her starry drapery around its ebony couch, one feels that he is looking along through the mystic vale that fancy peoples with apparitions, rather than contemplating the realities of nature.

Our men lay about the deck, and seemed as wakeful as ourselves. On the shore, by a crackling fire, sat our guard (1), singing in low, suppressed tones, their native airs, which mingled plaintively enough with the sound of the rustling palm-leaves that waved above them. Long before sunrise, our journey was resumed, but the wind being 'ahead', there was no progress to be made except by 'tracking'; i. e., having the crew draw us along by a rope.

(1) This place having a bad reputation, a guard is supplied by the town to each boat.

Doubling a point of land, we heard a chant for the dead. In the distance, issuing from the village, appeared a procession of men and women. It reached the shore and deposited its burden in a boat; some of the party returned, others, accompanying the deceased, pushed off into the hurrying river. Again the chant was renewed to the sound of the dipping oar; and before we had entirely passed, we saw the mourners land on the opposite bank, and proceed to a grove where their departed friend was to find his last resting place. The quiet loveliness of the morning hour, the moanful notes that came floating down the stream, the wailing women wending their way back to the village, the ferrying of the dead over these mysterious waters, the sacred grove and the solemn associations of the grave, made such impressions on the mind, as no subsequent events will efface. How perfectly was here enacted before me, a custom that has endured, perhaps, for over 4 000 years; one about which the world has read and philosophised from Homer's time to the present; one out of which the Greeks made that startling and pondrous fable above referred to, and concerning which I cannot refrain from quoting the valuable and interesting account given by Diodorus (1).

When the body was ready for burial, "the relatives gave notice to the judges, friends and others, in this

(1) Diod., i, 92.

manner : 'Such a person must pass the lake of the province where he has died'. Immediately the judges, more than of 40 in number, arriving, seat themselves in a semicircle on the other side of the lake. A boat called *baris* (1) is then brought, managed by a pilot whom the Egyptians in their language call *Charon*. So it is said that Orpheus, when traveling in Egypt, saw one of these ceremonies and drew from it his fable about hell, part being from what he remembered, and the rest, imagination. If no accusations are brought against the deceased, the body is placed in the boat ; then the crowd make acclamations and vows, that the defunct may have eternal life among the good, while the infernal gods are supplicated to admit him to the region reserved for the pious... There is no difference" (he continues, referring to the ceremonies of the Greeks) "between the feasts of Bacchus and those of Osiris ; between the mysteries of Isis, and those of Ceres. The punishment of the wicked in Tartarus, the Elysian Plains, the sojourn of the good, and the fiction of the 'shades', are an imitation of the funeral ceremonies of the Egyptians. There is Mercury, the conductor of souls ; according to Egyptian rites he bore the body of Apis to a place where he was given into the hands of a being wearing the mask of Cerberus (2)... The

(1) Baris. Names of the boats of the Nile. — Herod., II, 96.

(2) The three-headed dog of the Greeks, was the horse of the Nile. — From *ceriber* an Egyptian word meaning the cry of the tomb. — *Enc.*

smiling plains which are called the residences of the dead, are those beautiful prairies near Memphis, surrounding the Archerusian lake. It is not without reason that they make this region the sojourn of the dead, for it is there where the most numerous and magnificent funeral ceremonies terminate. After having transported the bodies over the river and the Archerusian lake, they place them in the excavations prepared for them. The other myths of the Greeks about hell, accord with what is still to day practiced in Egypt; the boat which carries the body, the piece of money, the obolus (1), paid to the mariner called *Charon*, all these practices are still found here". Homer (2) refers to the same in the following lines :

"Mercury the Cyllenien, holding the magic wand in his hand, evokes the souls of the suitors... They move along the borders of the Ocean (3), pass the Leucadian rock and direct their steps toward the gates of the Sun (4) and the people of Dreams. They immediatly arrive in the fields radiant with asphodels (5), where inhabit the souls, images of those who are no more".

Thrice every year, this people pay a visit of cere-

(1) A silver coin of Athens, about two cents in value.

(2) *Odyssey*, hymn xxiv, v. 1, 12, 19.

(3) The river he calls *Ocean* because the Egyptians gave this name to the Nile.

(4) Derived from Heliopolis.

(5) The ancients planted asphodels near graves, to supply the manes of the dead with nourishment. — *N. Webster*.

mony to the tombs; the visit lasts seven days; the 15th of the month, or the full moon, being the principal day (1).

At nine A.M., we were off the celebrated convent of Setina Mariam el Adra, or Our Lady Mary the Virgin, situated on the high, flat summit, of Gebel e Tayr, and inhabited by Copts. We occupied ourselves in taking sketches of it, while the monks gathered along the edge of the precipitous cliff to see us pass, and learn the success of one of their number, whom they had sent down to us. How this man managed to descend from his aerial home, it is difficult to say; but he was buffetting the stream like a veritable Leander, and was near our boat, when we first caught sight of him; and had there been a Sestian priestess on the opposite shore to encourage and welcome him, he would have received our 'bravos', and our hearty wishes for his success; but our romantic vagaries vanished on the breeze that bore from his lips the odious word *backsheesh*. He came along side, and clinging to the edge of the boat, made the sign of the cross, and whined in true mendicant style his want of alms. He met with but little

(1) After death, "the souls of the great mass of true believers are variously disposed of, but, according to the most received opinion, they hover, in a state of seraphic tranquility, near the tombs. Hence the Moslem usage of visiting the graves of their departed friends and relatives, in the idea that their souls are the grateful witnesses of these testimonials of affection."

(Irving's. *Lives of Mahomet and his successors.*)

success, for it was suggested by one of our party, that he would look much better in the cane-breaks of noble old Virginia than thus in his *nudity* begging money for the Virgin. His forehead was low, his expression foolish, but he had a noble form which he fully displayed after reaching the western bank, where he gave in a fine clear voice that echoed among the cliffs, responses to his comrades, who called to him from the heights of the opposing shore. When rested, he again committed himself to the water, and was doubtless soon after, scrambling up to the Sittina Mariam el Adra, famed for its fleas and its filth.

There is a legend connected with this hill of the convent, something like that told by the Arabs concerning *Gibbel el Tarif* (1) (Gibraltar). On *Gebel e Tayr*, "the mountain of the bird", assemble annually all the feathered tribes of Egypt. This conclave, select one of their number, to represent them in that region till the following year; then, depart for Africa. At the end of the twelfth month, they return, remove the incumbent and substitute another. This certainly is not unlike the U. S. government-system of changing often its foreign representatives.

Three or four miles, further up-stream, the ruins

(1) The "mountain of Tarif"; thus named it said, in honor of General Tarif, who landed there in 1711 and took the town of Heraclea.



of a *hayt*, *gier*, or barrier, were pointed out by our dragoman. Wilkinson, from the report that it was built by an ancient Egyptian queen named Delooka, facetiously calls it the "wall of the old woman". It is supposed, however, to be a portion of a work which might almost vie with that which surrounds China; and to have been erected by Sesostris along the edge of the desert, from the Sea to Heliopolis, to guard against the incursions of the Syrians and the Arabs. It was subsequently extended far to the southward, to protect the villages from the robbers of the desert.

Till night, the highlands continued to accompany us on the western bank; to the eastward lay finely cultivated fields, which the *felhas*, or farmers, were irrigating by means of the *shadoof*. The *shadoof* is in every respect like what is known among us as the 'well-sweep'; but here, two are often worked together on the same fulcrum or posts. With these, the water is raised from the river to a convenient height, when it is emptied into a basin, or hole, from which it is again raised by *shadoofs* to the necessary elevation; it is then poured into a canal that conducts it off over the plain. If the river is high, or the banks low, only one range of *shadoofs* is necessary; in some places there are three. The posts supporting the axis on which these turn, are delicate and graceful, and excite curiosity. They are composed of long reeds well bound together. When placed up-

right in the ground, they are covered with clay, which, when dry, gives them the requisite firmness. But the article in which the water is raised, is either a skin distended by a hoop, or a basket; and in the latter case, reminds one of the daughters of Danaus, who were condemned to draw with a sieve, the waters of a deep well. If I should undertake to describe the *costume* of the laborers here, I should have *nothing* to say.

Our next day was the Sabbath, and as the sun rose over the so called 'Arabian rocks', music came down from Minieh, as mellow and mild as the morning itself.

But allow me to return a moment to the preceding evening, when, in the beautiful twilight, and while our boat was being 'tracked' slowly along, we went on shore and strolled through a wood of *nakh-el*, or palm, ner Tineh. The retreat was so charming, it was hardly possible not to suppose it haunted with the shades of those sages, who loved in olden times to loiter in such umbrageous solitudes, walk them in silent contemplation, and borrow from them that tone of sanctity, which tranquility and their usual proximity to the temples imparted to them. The voices of the Tineh villagers and the merry laugh of children reached us occasionally, but the mournful note of the turtle-dove, which is heard in all these groves, gave the only true expression to its poetry, and seemed the only one suited to its soft and melancholy

gloom ; and as the night advanced, I could not but fancy that these sad-voiced birds, were gentle, plaintive pall-beares, holding the depening shadows of the place, over the spirits with which I had peopled it. By and by we passed an Arab woman, who sat alone on the bank singing to her baby. As we approached, she threw her mantle over the *wulled*, fearing the evil eye, pressed him to her bosom, and went on with her song, which was melancholy, like all Arab music ; it sounded sweetly enough, however, as it mingled with the sighing nekh-el, and the notes of the feathered warblers — the little *asfoors*.

The music we had heard in the morning, was from the military band of Minieh ; and it struck me that there was a touch of civilization in it, not often met with in these regions. Minieh too, with its lofty, modern-built chimneys connected with a manufactory, or, as I was told, with some machinery for irrigating the lands of Ibrahim Pacha, made one think of a Yankee settlement ; as did also Zooadee, a little distance above, where there is a rum-distillery. From the latter place, however, the *view*, southward, was exquisite, the river having the most enchanting of emerald borders, with the picturesque hill, Zowyet el Myiteen, in the distance. Thence for three days and nights, our boat had little rest. She flew along by caverned cliffs and beautiful banks, by mouldering monuments and modern mud-villages and up the solemn stream, by the sombre desert,

over which the sun sometimes set with such a delicate splendor, and such a bloom of beauty, that the most gorgeous imageries of the imagination pale before it, and the most vivid fancy must grow faint, in unfolding it from the memory.

We passed Benni Hassen, one of the most interesting places to be visited on our return; Shekh Timay, and the old rock above it covered with birds; Antinoë; Hermopolis Magna, where Thoth or Mercury was worshiped; Isbayda, with its ærial Sheik's tomb; the ancient Cusoe, whose inhabitants had the good taste to choose Venus for their deity; the quaint little town of Tel el Armarna, with its diminutive dwellings and neighboring grottoes; old Lycopolis, 'the city of wolves'; Antœopolis on a lovely plain, the fabled battle ground of Horus and Typho, and where Antœus is said to have been killed by Hercules and around which the mountains make a majestic and graceful curve, and finally, one morning, found ourselves in a fog and fast in the mud near a spot, which, from the superstitious belief of the natives regarding it, may have touched the nerves of our old-womanly-pilot. Our stay there, however, was of short duration, for the fog soon cleared away, and then our men stripped themselves and leaped into the water and cleared us away: and this occurred frequently further up the stream. But these people are almost amphibious, and hopped over board like frogs, when their services were

required outside ; though, as the water was colder than the air, they generally returned shivering and scrambled into their dry garments with ridiculous haste. As we moved off, our dragoman said : “ For many ages there resided in the region of that projecting point of the eastern chain of hills, hard by, an enormous serpent, which God changed into a stone because he once drank up all the water of the river ” ; and I imagined, from the anxiety he manifested, when he found us aground in the neighborhood of that rock, that he had some faith in the story, but associated with it, that influence which is supposed to be possessed by another, further down-stream, and by which, one must be well past, before he can consider his voyage really safe ; or, in the Yankee manner of expressing it, ‘ must not whistle till he is out of the woods ’. Originally, this solidified representative of Esculapius, was said to have the power of healing all diseases. “ It is perhaps to the asp, the symbol of Kneph ”, says the guide-book, “ or, of the *good genius*, that this serpent has succeeded ”.

The seventh day, we arrived at the little village of Maraga, celebrated for its fine wheat-fields, where we spent the afternoon. We were much pleased on landing, at finding ourselves in an Arab school-house, which, having no prescribed limits, freely admitted us. On the sunny side of a very low, mud house, on a palm-leaf mat, sat the master and the scholars.

The former was a meager looking old man, as blind as Homer, and rather careless of his costume save in one article, — a turban, that seemed by the tasteful manner with which it was arranged, to have had the attention of some one of the softer sex : indicating at last, that he considered the intellectual region the most worthy of decoration. His hands were folded in his lap, his back was supported by the wall of the building, and his ear was slightly inclined toward one of the eight boys seated around him, who was repeating, in a loud and hurried manner, probably a verse from the Koran. The seven other scholars, all of whom I should judge were between five and eight years of age, were learning to write. Each one had an inkhorn and a sheet of tin or zinc, on which he was making letters with a pointed bomboo stick, in all respects like those used by the Hindoos. Their teacher in this branch of their education, was the elder boy of the party, who furiously rubbed out any badly made letter he saw, and then chastised the delinquent by giving him a severe thump on the back with his fist. Their dress consisted of a white cotton skull-cap, and a single garment, — a gown of coarse brown woollen cloth. The building in front of which the school was kept, had over its door a long inscription in Arabic, and I therefore fancied it the residence of the pedagogue. The old blind teacher, spreading his mat in the sun to receive his pupils, was a sight that would have gratified Socrates himself !

From this primitive *mukh-tubh*, we went with our dragoman into the village, to purchase eggs and fowl. We wandered through several narrow, dusty streets, with mud walls on either side, and an occasional gate, at which we knocked when we heard hens cackling within, or where our guide had some previous knowledge of the place. Obtaining admittance, we found ourselves in all the halo of an Arab home, which often, indeed, seemed snug and full of content. In one, children and chickens were scratching about in the warm sand of the sunny court, and a scraggy old woman was heating a mud oven, to bake the dingy doe to which a familiar donkey was smelling, preparatory, perhaps, to making up his mind to accidentally upset. An open shed on one side was evidently for the sheep and goats that would return in the evening from the pasture, where some one of the family was then tending them. The closed room on the left, with a small hole for the light, was the hareem; the veranda to be traversed in reaching it,—shaded by a palm, and having some stools and a raised bank of dried mud covered with a mat on which the master takes his siesta, — was the general reception and ordinary work-room of the family. Here, too, were arranged the jars for water, utensils for cooking and here a young girl was spinning cotton. On the roof, reposed a dog.

Generally, the women brought their merchandise outside to sell, but what seemed singular to us here,

was, that they did not conceal their faces; on the contrary, they were often familiar, examined attentively our costume, and felt of our broad-brimmed hats. One, who was quite a belle, was decorated more than usual. She had a string of beads close around her neck, then two, sufficiently long to fall on the breast. In each ear, she wore *two* carings; one, passed through the lower part as usual, the other through that small point within the ear, which runs back from the cheek: a fashion it is strange our lovers of this species of ornament have never adopted! The rings were flat, gold plates, oval at the top and straight at the bottom, whence dangled smaller gold plates and bright red beads or stones. On her thumb, she had a broad silver ring, on her left arm an oval silver bracelet, on her right, one of beads. Her wardrobe was probably rather limited, for she had on only a single garment, a gown of deep blue calico. It was open negligently from the neck to the waist, but along the two edges thus formed, there had, perhaps, been expended all the talent of the town in the way of embroidery; for considerable labor and some taste had arranged numerous lines and curves of white and red cord to needlessly adorn this region of her robe. My French friend, as we left this damsel of the embroidered dress, reminded me of the poor expelled Adam, who turned and saw the clustering vines around the gates of Eden.

When our boat was at Ekhnim, we formed the ac-



quaintance of a wealthy English gentleman, Mr. Harris, who, with his daughter, usually spends the winter on the Nile. He has made many valuable discoveries in the country, and is now hunting up the ancient boundaries of the 'nomes' of Egypt. He is a kind friend of Mr. Gliddon (so well known by his literary labors and interesting lectures), and was the person, he told me, who sent him that celebrated "aunt Phebe" which so astonished the learned doctors of Boston. Ekhmim, the ancient Panopolis, Leo Africanus considers the oldest city of all Egypt; and it was here that the celebrated Nestorius ended his days, after many years of exile and suffering. Mademoiselle H. informed me, that the view of Ekhmim, from the top of the mountain behind it, is extremely beautiful.

Girgeh, we reached at midnight and departed from it in the morning. Its name is of Christian origin, as I shall have occasion to explain when revisiting it on my return from Abydos. One can hardly believe that this town formerly stood a quarter of a mile from the river; yet, no longer ago than when Pacoke and Nordon visited it, such was the case; and now the stream wars noiselessly but ceaselessly with its lofty banks, on which are many deserted buildings tottering to their fall. High up, in a window of one of the ruined walls, sat a lovely child. I shot a pigeon over her head, and as it fell at her feet, she gathered it up, brought it down to the boat, by a circuitous

rout, and received backsheesh, — as much for her beauty as for her courtesy, though, strange to say, she did not ask it. As in the time of the Babylonians, beauty has still its premium !

About half way down the slope, i. e., from the ruins to the shore, I saw a mass of rags hanging from a hole. On further inspection, they proved to be those which had been used in embalming (and still partially covered) the body of an old Sheik, whose tomb had long since tumbled into the water, and left him to follow at his leisure.

Gazelles, they say, are now often seen in this vicinity; for since the guns of the villagers were taken from them, these timid creatures have gained confidence and come fearlessly into the cornfields, and carelessly approach the habitation of man. The inhabitants of this region were disarmed, I was told, by order of Mohamed Ali, who occasionally found it difficult to obtain here the recruits he required; these people, at such times, flying to the hills, where with their guns they were enabled to maintain themselves by shooting game, — and sometimes those who pursued them. They were also accused of being extremely belligerent; indeed, they had frequent skirmishes among themselves.

We stopped at Bellianeh to see the water-jar manufactories for which it is celebrated. In the suburbs of the town, is, as usual, an enchanting palm-grove; and as we passed up through it and observed there

several groups of very old men with long staffs, it did not fail to remind my classic companion of the Academic groves of the Athenians. I, however, desecrated the place by shooting a dozen of fat pigeons (for I always took my gun along with me), and a solitary *turtle dove*, for which I ought probably to be — shot.

The jar manufactory had the same undefined limits as the 'school-house' above described, and its machinery was as unartistic as the former was unostentatious. A flat, board-wheel, moved on the plane of the earth by the foot, carried in a frame its shaft or upright axle, on top of which was another wheel, large enough to hold the clay to be fashioned. The foot, pushing round the wheel below, imparted the same motion to the one above and to the clay, into the centre of which the right hand of the workman was thrust, whilst the left, remaining outside, gave it, as it revolved, the form and ornament required.

When our curiosity was satisfied with the mystery of Egyptian pot manufacturing, we ascended the narrow lanes of the town, hemmed in by walls of sundried brick, and came to a public square, or, in other words, 'the market'; — merchant men and women squatting round a few onions in wooden bowls, round trays of bread, or mats on which were sometimes parcels of wood and small bales of tobacco. Issuing from the opposite side of the village, we found ourselves on an imposing pile of ashes, sand and rubbish,

on which were seated live or six well-dressed women, apparently of the better class, enjoying the sunshine and the breeze and the noble scenery along the river. One of them rose at our approach, and as her air was deferential and lady-like, I was induced to make her a respectful salam. She presented her hand, I gave her mine; she bent and kissed it with infinite grace and with such an expression of good will, with such a subdued, unfathomable meaning in her look, she awakened an interest in her history altogether extraordinary. She seemed to see in us strangers, the representatives of some great and far of land, of which she had had some proud poetic dreams, and romanced over till her heart was full. Nature had made her above her lot: under favorable fortune she would have been a Siddons on the stage, a Sappho in the hall of the Muses. *She did not ask for money!* had she done so, my estimate of human nature would have received the coldest kind of a shower-bath. Indeed, I had great respect for the Bellianehites, from their pride above mendicity. When gunning along the shore, I was followed and surrounded by more than twenty good-natured boys, happy to pick up game, happy to serve me, and only one of them, a very little fellow, had the hardihood to say *backsheesh*.

When we again reached the grove, it was borrowing new splendors and new charms from declining day, and a new interest from one of those primitive scenes which often occurred, but never lost their at-

tractive character. A large flock of sheep, lambs and goats, returning to the village, followed by old men with long staffs, were seen winding among the palms. They came trooping along, and reaching a path at the foot of a heap of ashes, several separated themselves voluntarily from the rest and stopped at a neighboring gate; a little further on, others did the same and took their way alone up the narrow streets,—seeking out in the obscurity of the town their respective homes, at the doors of which they quietly waited till some kind hand within gave them admittance. It is not, indeed, a simple flock of sheep, nor an old man with a shepherd's staff, nor an embowered village, nor a ruined temple, nor a grove through which the golden light is streaming, nor a picturesque costume, nor the graceful girl bearing on her head the weighty water-jar, nor the lofty palm reflected in the majestic river, nor the courier-camel coursing along its banks, nor the rich fields bordered by the desert and the sun-crowned hills, which makes a voyage on the Nile so surpassingly full of interest (though *each*, I affirm, is often worthy of a master pencil and a poet's pen), but it is the frequent combination of *all* these, making up a whole which is so impressive, that one must be devoid both of a hand and a heart, who does not repeatedly and repeatedly note it in his journal, and wish and wish again that he could have all his friends around him to see it as he sees it.

The following day was remarkable for three objects that had not previously attracted our attention ; — small white flowers, hanging like snow-flakes from a creeping vine, festooning the shore ; a flock of little birds with shining wings, which, as they wheeled in the air, seemed like so many silver spangles ; and finally, seven crocodiles, large and small, on an island near Amran. Toward evening, we drew to the shore, where there was a piratical-looking craft detained, perhaps, like ourselves, by a head wind. We at once climbed the bank, though with difficulty, and found some curious mud ruins, a camel tied among them, and several gipsy-looking women preparing supper. We took a few sketches and at twilight went on board ; and the night would have been noiseless, had not our neighbors above, disturbed, though not unpleasantly, its tranquility. At the stillest moment, we were startled by the fearfully-load report of a gun which echoed and reechoed in the opposing hills and died reluctantly away on the far off desert. Never before, had the beautiful fable concerning the daughter of the Air and Tellus, seemed to me so natural and so forcible : not the one which states that she was changed into a rock because her loquacity prevented Juno from listening to Jupiter's converse with the nymphs — leaving her only enough power of speech to repeat the last word which she heard from another — but that which has all the charm of romance and the effect of reality : — Echo

falling in love with Narcissus, and because her affection was not reciprocated, pining away till nothing was left of her, but her sweet, plaintive voice.

Later, the fire blazed up more brightly on the height and sent its red glow over the water; and we saw, by its strong light, the Arabs in their revelries. Some rose and earnestly but gracefully gesticulated, others shouted and sang; one with a musket slung to his back, stood by the camel he had led out from the ruins, and was about to mount, but, had turned to take one more look at a form which was far from unattractive: for in this picturesque group were now prominent those whom we had seen preparing the evening repast, but whose costumes or relative ages we had not till now an opportunity of distinguishing. There were, a plump, sunburnt, bright girl of eighteen, with a fancy frock and full trousers of blue silk (blue and crimson appearing to be the favorite colors with these people), who was evidently the pet of the party, the centre of attraction, the source of the hilarity, the genius of the hour, the inspiration of the company; and two elderly women, who brought in on their heads, fagots and stalks, and plied the fire. Finally, the Bedouin had mounted his beast, and looming up like a giant, disappeared in the gloom of the desert; and long after we had ourselves retired, we heard mid the vulgar songs of her companions,—vulgar as reported by our dragoman,—the laugh of the light-hearted odalisque.

Three days afterward, we were at Thebes. On our way, we stopped at Farshoot, walked entirely round it, and looked out on the broad, rich plain which extends back of it, to the boundless *el-ghayt* of sand; at How (very prettily situated), the site of ancient Diospolis Parva; Dendera; Kopt or Coptos, the depot of the porphery quarries in the Arabian hills and of emeralds brought over the *via* Berenice from the emerald mines, — in fact, of most of the India commerce from Ptolemy Philadelphus' time to Diocletian's; Negadeh, where we spent a few hours, and several other places of much interest, to be hereafter noted.

The emerald, I was told, was not mined in the "Emerald Island" off the port of Berenice, but in the hill of Zabara, some distance from the Red Sea, and in a valley of that neighborhood called Sakayt. "The mines are far less interesting", says an English writer, "than might be supposed... They have been successively worked by the ancient Egyptians, the Caliphs, the Memlooks and the present Pacha, but are now abandoned. They lie in micaceous schist; and numerous shafts of considerable depth (one 360 feet) have been excavated at the base of the mountain."

The fact that these mines have been very extensively worked, is a pretty good evidence that they have been productive, and paid the cost of exploration; besides, several villages were built in that



vicinity, and Berenice, on the Red Sea, to which the magnificent Prince Ptolemy Philadelphus gave his mother's name. The emerald was a stone in much request among the ancients; and was engraved upon with remarkable skill; but, as it has no great hardness or brilliancy, it is rather subservient in its effect, and depends principally on the *delicacy* of its color, — the charming intensity of those of *Peru*, giving them a higher value than is set on the Egyptian or Ethiopian.

On arriving at Nigadeh, a hundred children flocked to the shore, as do the doves from the *hamam bêtes*; and they were so eager to get near us, so confident of our kindly feelings toward them, that they stood in the water; and I am sure we were as curious to know the history of *their* homes, the nature of their education, their prospects in the future, their religious faith, their customs and habits, as they were to learn those of ourselves. They had probably some vague idea that we were from the great lake at the end of the Nile; pale faces, whose palaces were of pearls and whose trees bore *backsheesh*.

Our boat was no sooner 'made fast', than we witnessed a display of authority (for which all people seem to have a like penchant when opportunity offers), and a desire to create respect, by that means which the Arab considers the most effective — cruelty. Our dragoman had, several times, unmercifully whipped with a 'rope's end', our table-servant, his brother;


this fellow now leaped out among the unoffending children, who were quietly gazing at the *howadje*, and lashed several of them severely before he could be recalled. Soon after, our little cabin-boy, who had also known the sweets of the rope, sprang on shore to display *his* superiority; but a pretty large girl seized him, others came to her aid, and he had done no harm before I was enabled to subdue his belligerent disposition by threatening him with what he considered, 'such good sport'.

We were visited here by a Copt Christian, who attempted to give us some information in Italian; but his knowledge of that language was so limited, and knowing no other with which any of us were conversant, he was of no service whatever. The convent to which he belonged, had a lovely position on the banks of the river and a handsome façade, with a fine, walled, European-like garden in front; but it all looked as strangely here, mid the low, mud and sundried-brick houses, as did the cross that rose brightly and beautifully above its bell-tower.

Judging from appearances, these Christian missionaries and monks, are but poor and miserable lights mid the impenetrable darkness that surrounds them; they are but a mockery of the sublime precepts they are sent to inculcate; they pale before the imperious faith of the more earnest, more devout Mahomedan; they are a unit, except among those who

are not the children of Islam : but there, they are of service in keeping alive a spark of generous knowledge ; there, indeed, they *may* be doing some good to coming generations.

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## X

Arrival at Thebes. — Temple of Luxor. — Scenery. — Departure. — Erment. — Apis. — Esne. — Temple of Esne. — Public market. — An Arab girl. — Reflections. — Three slaves. — Children. — A barber. Arab character. — Speed of our boat. — Ombos. — Asouan or Syene. — Granite quarries. — Island of Elephantine. — Our man Selim. — Entering Ethiopia. — Ethiopian character. — Barabas. — The sekkeh. — Products. — Nubians. — Cush. — Geography of the country. — Historical facts relating to the Ethiopians. — Cambyses. — Semiramis. — Meroe. — Ancient customs.

We spent the night at Nigadeh, and to the credit of the village be it said, quiet reigned in all its borders. On the following day, by the aid of a light breeze and considerable 'tracking', we advanced gradually up stream...

The sun was going down : we doubled a point a land : our men who had been singing gaily stopped ; then, all joining their voices together as though influenced by some sudden inspiration, gave one of their loud, prolonged, harmonious shouts, and the

great temple of Luxor, tinged with the golden light of evening, lay before us.

In a short time, our boat was fastened to the sandy beach, and five minutes subsequently, with a stately Arab guide, a sombre Copt and our dragoman, we were on our way to the ruins. To have gone at once to the most imposing part of them, our course would have been due east, as they lie paralel with the river; but in order to reach the proper entrance — that which faces Karnak — we went off somewhat to the left. After ten or fifteen minutes walk over the plain, we ascended a slight acclivity of sand surmounted by low mud houses, then descended on the other side and stood at once before the pyramidal towers, the lone obelisk, and the colossal statues that Remeses II added to the works of Amunoph III. I mention a *lone* obelisk : its fair sister which adorned the western side of the gate, now displays her graceful proportions and her antique adornments to the promenaders of the Place de la Concorde in far off Paris, and reminds one of the story of the priestess who was carried hence by the Phenicians.

I will not weary my readers with details : suffice it to say, the moonlight fell beautifully upon the solemn mass, as it did three thousand years ago; but how changed the scene! Foul Arab houses cluster among the ruins, and their fires are built against majestic columns, regardless of their beauty, their grandeur or their history; — a painful sight!

an impressive commentary on the vanity of man's ambition !

In front of Luxor, the river seemed to spread out into a broad lovely lake ; and the lofty Libyan hills, which approached the stream on our right as we neared the place of debarkation, and then receded toward the setting sun, loomed now grandly over the opposing shore, and peopled it with mysteries. In those hills are the 'Tombs of the Kings'. This was our fore-taste of Thebes, in whose marvels we are to revel on our return.

Early the following morning, I was attempting, from the boat, a sketch of the great temple as it lay in strong relief against the brightening east ; but before I had finished, the sun rose directly behind the 'lone obelisk', crowned it, as it were, for a moment with its glories, then sailed up over Thebes, and gave the whole an effect no pencil could portray. We soon after got 'under way' and passing round a kind of elbow in the river to which comes up the southern end of the temple, where there is still a portion of a quay whose fallen stones serve the Arab women for washing-boards, we swept along by rich, fertile lands ; but soon stopped to obtain milk and eggs at a miserable village inhabited by the lowest of a low black race. Late in the afternoon we were at Erment, the ancient Hermonthis, where Cleopatra built a temple ; and we could not but remark, as we walked the shore, that if she had

ever visited the place on such an evening as the one we were enjoying, the beauty of the scene might well have impressed her with the idea of raising here a temple : a temple, however, to the Sun, the Sky, the golden Water, the amethystine Hills ; but not to a *bull*, however *sacred*, unless (as was perhaps the case) he symbolized all that was beautiful in *her* eyes by symbolizing Apollo (1), — who might be only another name, for the father of her beloved boy.

Two days subsequently we were at Esne. On our way we stopped at the 'landing place' of a small village, where several women were obtaining water. One had filled an enormous jar and placed it on her head, and now stood a perfect and living representation of the Caryatides ; but was far from being as silent. She had evidently been quarreling with her

(1) Osiris (*Apis*) the god of all good... an equinoctial sign. *Volney*. The Dionysos (*Bacchus*) of the Greeks (?). *Wilkinson*. The equinoctial signs of spring, *exaltateurs* of the light, of heat which fructified the earth, were among the first to receive the grateful homage of man. For this the bull (*Apis*) as the equinoctial sign was, and is, regarded in India as the principle of all productions ; the gate of day (Zor-Tzor-Thur) that opens the year. It is called the Holy-Bull, Damadeva, divine virtue ; the creative genius, that which opens the Egg of the world. As *light*, it is connected with Phao, Phaeton, Phœbus, etc. It was the Minotaure of the Ninivites, al Tsor, assour, Bal tauras ; Jupiter-Minotaure and Theo-tauros, Altor the Nourisher : Venus-P'aphia-Golgothée, Cythérée, Venus *alma veris*, Astarte tauriforme (Sanchon), la Genisse of Ephraïm. Alon-Bacchu (Gen., xxv, 8), etc. — *De l'idolâtrie, etc.*, de F.-V. Vincent. — Baal, the Syrian appellation of the Sun, or Apollo. *Irving's, Mahomet*. See appendix B.

husband, who was on the bank above; and as the words which he had used were probably offensive to her ears, she talked loudly and rapidly till breath or words failed, then instantly, as though determined not to hear his reply, commenced screaming, and kept it up till she wearied him of waiting, or thought of some new epithets with which to batter him. We applauded her ingenuity.

Esne (1), the former home of the dancing-girls (and the residence still of many who bear no better reputation than the *Gowadzies* themselves of the present day) but more often remembered for its lovely Ptolemaic temple, we reached in the evening. We went on shore to walk on a sort of public promenade — a level platform of earth which runs along between the village and a palm-grove — and were at once surrounded by a party of the *fair* sex. Several of these were negresses from the south, and probably slaves. They had a bold exterior and familiar manners, and their physiognomies might be called caricatures of human faces sculptured in ebony, — classic as the phiz of a hippopotamus; but their forms were faultless,

(1) “The Arabs and also the Greeks pronounce the *th* as *s*; *Asenēh* (Esneh) for *Athnē*” (whence, ‘Athens,’ as before noted). “Thus also the Jews, of the *rite persan*, substitute sometimes *Mizpa* (for Mithra, —  $\mu\acute{\iota}\theta\rho\alpha$ ), *Misraim* à *Ph’raim*, Pharaos (of Egypt).” — F.-V. Vincent. See also the Greek interpretation of *Latone*, Neith (Minerva) of *Laton* (Lato-polis, Lato-polis, city of Laton, Esneh), *Bouto*, Night, Clouds, Generative humidity, stagnat waters; hence the frogs into which the peasantry were changed by *Latone*, etc.



and their toilets (muslin mantles with a border of gold), as much like to airy nothing, edged with sunlight, as summer clouds.

We devoted the following morning to the Temple, which now lies buried in earth and rubbish up to its very ears; and on a level with whose roof, stands the town. Thanks to Mahommed Ali, the *interior* has been cleaned out, though not from my admiration of the structure, but for a corn-depot. Ascending a narrow, dusty street, and passing through a wooden gate, we were by the side of, and on a level with, *the capitals* of columns which form the portal to one of the prettiest monuments of Egypt, and whose interior sanctuary may boast of an antiquity of four thousand years; though the portion we then saw, is said only to bear the stamp of some of the early Cæsars. We entered close under the architrave, and by descending 25 steps, reached the floor. Once there, one is surrounded by 24 elegant shafts, which with the walls and ceiling, are so covered with hieroglyphs of a fine and delicate cast, that they lose their solidity and appear like a labyrinth of lace. Each capital of these columns differs from the others, though generally by its graceful curves, is suggestive of the palm. "The imposing style of the architecture," says Wilkinson, "cannot fail to call forth the admiration of the most indifferent spectator, and many of the columns are remarkable for elegance and massive grandeur". What is a subject here of great interest is

the famous *zodiac* on the ceiling, and the names of the Egyptian months on the pilasters of the façade (1).

The *Mahaddje*, a public square near the temple, was the market-place and had its usual quantity of squatters, — dirty tatood women, and old men round wooden trays. While we were regarding the buyers and sellers, there strolled leisurely through the throng a man called a *santon*. He was about thirty years of age, had a complexion rather darker than the Arabs generally, and a dejected look : the ridiculous portion of it was, he had not a particle of clothing of any description upon him.

Returning toward the shore, we met a little woman who came and *shook hands* in hearty European fashion with our dragoman. She would have passed any where, for a beautiful child of the Ionian islands. Indeed, as a French writer says, “a pretty Arab woman is the ideal of a dancer at the Opera; she is perhaps slightly too lank, but of just proportions; her limbs are fine and well attached; her feet extremely small and of a charming form, with hands so delicate that their bracelets pass to the arm without being opened : the eyes of a gazelle to which the black paint along the lids adds at the same time softness and brilliancy. The poorest Arab girl, scarcely clothed

(1) As tomes have been written concerning these and the *zodiac* at Dendera, I may well be pardoned for not dwelling here on a subject of so much interest and importance.

in her blue chemise, could give to the most beautiful *paysanne de France* lessons of grace and perhaps of coquetry”.

The effect of every thing, as we all know, is much heightened or lowered by contrast; so, it is possible, that what may be regarded here as beauty, might in some other places be unqualified ugliness; for, mid the hundreds in these villages who are actually repulsive in appearance, who have lips dyed blue, foreheads and cheeks marked with paint, uncombed black hair strolling about dusky and abandoned bosoms, — made more sombre by dirty blue mantles, — stilty legs unstockinged and muddy, and feet unsaddled, if one crosses your path with a picturesque costume, well arranged hair, her feet in pretty slippers, her whole person exulting in the perfumes of a recent bath, she arrests the attention like a gleam of the ‘bow of promise’ breaking through the murky mists of a long-endured storm. There are two things quite certain: their forms are naturally good, developed by their occupations; while their grace is inimitable.

These remarks readily suggest themselves and are quite appropriate at Esne, where one sees much more of the female sex, than at any other place, perhaps, in Egypt; for they are here more cosmopolitic, and from the celebrated *Almés* who were banished to this town some years ago, have undoubtedly derived an abandon in manner and that freedom from re-

straint before strangers, usually imposed on all Arab women. Indeed, in the afternoon, the sunny, sandy shore, was generally an animated scene : men, women, and children congregating there for a promenade, to sport, to sell trinkets and gaze at the *howadgee* : Europeans, dragomen, captains, and sailors, forming a sort of magnet to draw out the Esneans, who make the occasion of their arrival a kind of holy-day.

Toward the evening of the second day of our stay at Esne, there came down to our boat an old hag, who had with her three fine girls, slaves, whom she wished to sell. The one for which she asked 120 dollars, was young, with exquisite symmetry of form, and very handsome for a negress. She was evidently adorned for a market : adorned in a way which showed knowledge, somewhere, of the effect of colors, and of the caprices and weaknesses of the human heart. Hanging rich and full from her slender waist — around which they were tightly drawn — were her gorgeous, crimson, silk pantaloons ; which being also gathered at the ankles, gave to her feet and slippers a most diminutive appearance. Prettily placed on her head, was a small crimson cap decorated with a triple row of gold coin. Over this was thrown a gold-bordered gauze scarf, or mantle, which hung down about her waist and had to do the office of chemise, jacket and robe ; but owing to its delicate texture, only served to reveal as she folded it around her, such proportions as a

Psyche might have envied. One of the other two, had the finest eyes and teeth to be seen any where. They were all coquettish in look and manner, and appeared to be overflowing with happiness. To be thus a slave, is evidently in no degree painful.

The children had their share of interest. They brought coin and baskets to sell, and were as bright, active, and timid as gazelles. By kindness we soon obtained a certain degree of their confidence, though none dared to come on board our vessel.

To complete the theatrical scene, our sailors went 'to the barber'. The shop was, all-out-doors, like the school-house, and the knight of the razor, — that indicator of civilization as a learned writer on Egypt goes out of his way to observe, — sat in the sand near our boat. The position the men assumed was odd : they kneeled before his powerful razoric-majesty, who shaves the grossness of savage life into refinement of manners, and bending down their heads, which were handled like so many wooden blocks, had them soon scraped — of all but the Mahomedan knot, which was so much that remained of barbarism, according to the author above referred to.

Our dragoman, our sailors, our young captain, our pilot, all evidently liked Esne ; for though there was a good breeze we still remained, under the pretence that our men had to bake bread ; and this was probably the case, as a large quantity and the best I had

yet seen, was brought on board a short time previous to our departure. On the third day, the Esnian dames appeared more numerous and brilliant than ever; and in proportion as they grew gay in garb and free in manner, the male inhabitants grew silent and sullen. But the Arab never appears to better advantage than when thus situated; when with a sort of fatalism in his look, a haughty calmness in his bearing, a stately reserve in his actions, a self-imposed restraint on his emotions, a dignified indifference to passing events, he stands in a busy crowd. He is then in a throng, but does not appertain to it; he is above its perturbations; its cares, its struggles, its hopes, its pleasures are as the dew drop on his sandal, and one fancies that he sees through the doubtful dreaminess of his large dark eye, that there is written on his soul the word *destiny*.

The extraordinary speed of our boat, of which we had already had many proofs, was never better tested than between Esne and Asouan: we made the distance in about thirty-six hours. On our way, we passed El Kab, some crocodiles, and Edfoo — seen in the distance by the favor of a midle moon; and stopped to examine the beautiful ruins of the temple of Om-bos, “founded”, says my guide-book, “in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, continued by his brother Physcon (who is introduced as usual with his queens, the two Cleopatras) and finished by Auletes or Neus Dionysus”.

Fights, it is said, often occurred between the Ombites and Tentyrites, and were of the most sanguinary character. The latter detested and sometimes killed and ate the crocodile which was worshiped by the former, and in revenge the Ombites actually ate the bodies of Tentyrites killed in these religious wars (1). The temple stands near the edge of a lofty bank, and commands an agreeable view on all sides. We landed below it, and after walking for about half a mile along the shore, gained the summit of a hill of sand and overlooked the ruins. Thirteen of the original fifteen noble columns, were still there in a vain effort to support the immense stones that once formed its majestic portico. Their varied capitals were like those at Esne, and had been, with the sculptured figures and elaborate cornices, highly decorated with rich blue, red, and brown paints. We crawled in under the massive fallen rocks of the "two parallel sanctuaries" (which is a peculiarity of this temple) and lay ourselves down on the clean yellow sand to contemplate the beautiful works of the sculptor and the painter. While we were among the ruins, an armed Bedouin on a small but spirited horse rode along the ridge of sand that commanded a view of the temple, halted for a moment, then dashed off into the desert. Where he was going, we cared little to know, but from whence he had come so suddenly, puzzled us

(1) A custom among the Aztecs. — *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*.

exceedingly. Had we been alone, he probably would have demanded a contribution in the shape of *baksheesh* ; but he saw we had several natives with us, and so vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Asouan, or Syene, was the most busy-looking place we had yet seen. Numerous native boats and several *dahabias* and *cangias* of foreign voyagers, lay at its 'landing-place', on which were piles of fine brown sand or earth that women were carrying on board vessels to be shipped away for the manufacture of pottery, bales of merchandise, dates, senna, hennah, charcoal, Arab merchants, camels, donkeys, and dancing-girls. The shore sloped up gradually to a stone wall surrounding a garden; to a broad road, shaded with palms, which leads off into the country, and to a range of huge granite rocks which formed the southern side of the old port of Syene. The village which lies a little to the left, is as unattractive as Egyptian towns generally, while back of it, that is to the eastward, one would think an earthquake had created a general consternation among Arab tombs, buried ruins, boulders, sand-beds and adamantine hills.

Syene is interesting not only from several references to it in Scripture, but as the place to which, in the latter part of the first century, Juvenal was banished. Having, in his seventh satire, most rudely handled the favorite pantomime Paris, he was appointed by



Domitian, prefect of a cohort stationed in Upper Egypt. It was under the pretence of doing honor to the illustrious Volscian, that the office was given him, but it was to the poet like the favor conferred by Catherine on the traveler Pallas. In his 82d year, during the reign of Trajan, he returned to Rome, where he ended his days.

We spent the morning in visiting the ‘granite quarries’, which are considered among the most attractive objects in this immediate vicinity. They are in the imposing cliff which first arrests the attention when one has reached the suburbs of the town; and three quarters of an hour’s walk, brings you to them. You there find, under a vast granite wall to which the whole of Egypt has been more or less indebted for its imperishable monuments, an immense obelisk that was abandoned previously to its being entirely separated from its native bed. My guide-book says, ‘it was left in the quarry from its having been broken,’ but, on close inspection, I was convinced, that what seemed to be the fractures, were lines cut with a chisel, and done undoubtedly for the purpose of making it more readily transportable, — done long after the period, it is probable, when those ‘giants’ who knew how to hew and bear where they would a very mountain of rock, had passed away.

Here, where we supposed ourselves to be alone, we had only to look about us to discover our mistake:

even this solitary place appeared peopled as by enchantment. Yonder, could be seen an Arab perched on the point of a rock, regarding us with fixed attention as though fearing that we might pocket the obelisk itself. In the valley, on sandhills, women and children were waiting to sell their trinkets, coins, curious stones and beads. Returning through the village, I saw one finely sculptured block beneath a ruin, and, over the door of a poor habitation, a handsome cornice inserted the wrong side uppermost. 'Where's Champolion?' I involuntarily whispered to myself.

In the afternoon, we took a boat and went over to the Island of Elephantine, — a long, narrow strip of rich land, lying at the door of Asouan.

Its southern point is elevated and rock-bound, and hence unharmed receives and divides the stream which pours down from the first cataracts. Here stood its ancient temples and fortifications, of which there is now but little to attest its former importance. A granite gateway of the time of Alexander, a portion of an edifice dedicated to Kneph and built some 1400 years B. C., a small Syenite statue and a stone with a Greek inscription which I saw on my way up the hill mid acres of broken pottery, are nearly all the traveler now finds to inspect. The female figures sculptured on the gateway, have handsome profiles and are adorned with necklaces; their costume, (without any crinoline), our dragoman said, is Abys-

sinian (1). Near the shore, are a large structure formed of stones taken from other monuments, some of which are richly colored; a ruin of two arches, and the remains of a Nilometer. Turning northward, we descended to the beautiful, highly cultivated, rich, meadowland, where one might dream of paradise; then, embarked mid the shoutings of a score of Nubian children who had followed us in our rambling.

“Elephantine had a garrison in time of the Romans, as well as in the early times of the Persians and Pharaonic monarchs,” says Wilkinson; “and it was from this island that the Ionians and Carians, who had accompanied Psamaticus, were sent forward into Ethiopia, to endeavor to bring back the Egyptian troops who had deserted.”

Having, for several days, noticed the absence from among our men, of our dragoman's brother Selim, I inquired the cause, and learned that he had come here especially for his health, and was now following the prescription that some learned and pious Arab doctor at Cairo had favored him with; which was, to visit Asouan and perform certain feats and go through certain ceremonies, at a celebrated saint's sepulchre he would find there. We fancied that this holy object was an imposing white-washed mosque or mau-

(1) Arabic *habashon*, Abyssinians, Ethiopians, from *habasha* to collect or congregate. *N. Webster*.

soleum, we had seen on an elevated plateau southward of the town, and which the Arabs would not allow us to approach, when we were on our way to the 'quarries;' so we gave it the name of the poor, ill, but amiable fellow who had come so far to seek its healing influence, but who, we had reason to fear, would leave his bones there. On his first presentation at this sacred edifice, he laid himself down, and was rolled by a friend entirely round it, but as he was not much benefited by this, he considered it necessary to do it himself, and he thenceforth, though quite feeble, employed his time during his stay, in performing this arduous task by his own efforts. His health was not improved though he did not doubt there was efficacy there somewhere. He subsequently told me he thought that if he had slept *on* the grave of the 'santo', he might have been cured. I advised him to go to Rome and kiss the bronze toe of Saint Peter. He then assured me, in the most serious manner, that many miracles had been performed by this holy man when alive. He had cured many who had only sent to him pieces of their garments, and it had often caused the sand to go back when it encroached too much on the cultivable land. Once, there came to him a beautiful and wealthy woman who had all manner of diseases, and he cured her. She was so grateful, she, like Artemisia, erected a noble mausoleum to him. I conjectured, from the manner in which he skipped over this last, that it

might have been a love-affair; that the gratitude and beauty of the dame might have won the heart of the anchorite, but that his holy offices forced him to conceal it and that he died of penitence and grief.

When we bade adieu to Asouan, the soft, silvery, saintly stars, were shining mildly down on Selim's tomb.

Entering Ethiopia, or that portion of it which is now designated as Nubia, is a new feature in our voyage; and my reader can imagine that it is one of deep interest. There are but few travelers who ascend above the northern frontiers of this country; but those who do, I am quite sure, never regret it. Two American parties were turning back from Asouan, when we were cheerfully spreading sail for the still sunnier south.

Ethiopia figures largely in the history of the most ancient nations; is often referred to in the Bible, and its products and people are conspicuous objects among the multifarious hieroglyphics on Egyptian monuments.

Moses married an Ethiopian girl, and Aaron and Miriam made a fuss about her, when they were in the desert. The Nubian girls being still favorites at Constantinople as well as at Cairo on account of their fine forms, often make disturbances in families at the present day, it is said. The Nubians, likewise, have the reputation of being much more honest and truthful than the Egyptians, and both sexes are therefore

found at the north, in very many places of trust and confidence. The women are mild, careful, affectionate, and make excellent nurses and house-servants; the men are active, industrious and faithful, and are therefore prized as porters, grooms, *khudams*, couriers, etc. The Greeks denominated this region of country, undefined in its limits, Ethiopia or the 'land of black faces'; the people we call Nubians, are by the Arabs comprehended under the general name of Baraba, and if you enter the bureau of a merchant, or the mansion of a wealthy personage at Cairo or Alexandria, you will be pretty sure to find the attendants to be Berberees.

The country of the Baraba lies between the first and second cataracts, and is divided into two districts, occupied by two different tribes which have their own language. The first district we enter is that inhabited by the Kenoos or Kensees; the more southern by the Noobas. This was anciently the region of the Megabari and Blemmyes. The Ichthyophagi (fish-eaters) and Troglodytes (dwellers in caverns) lived on the Red Sea. The hills here change from lime-stone to sand-stone and granite, and hem in the stream more closely than below Asouan. This of course leaves much less land to be cultivated; but the scenery is more picturesque than that to the north, and every inch of the bank is beaming with a fresh and vivid verdure, extending from the rocky barrier to the very ripples of the stream.

We now also come to the land of the water-wheel which here takes the place of the *shadoof* of the Egyptian *fellah*, or agriculturalist, and though at first its ceaseless creaking is unpleasant to the ear, it is so intimately associated with the prosperity and happiness of the people, and is so often heard mingling its notes with the cheerful voices of the laborers, that it eventually has its own particular worth and charm, and the scenery loses much of its poetry when it is absent. Indeed, it is the burden of many a song the exiled Nooban sings; and if a thought can make him sad and bring a tear to his eye, it is that of the sounding *sekkeh*. The Nubian peasant, however, has to pay a heavy tax on each water-wheel, as on the productive palm.

It has been suggested that these *sekkeh*, now turned by oxen, were formerly like a tread-wheel; thus explaining this passage in Scripture: "For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot (1)." As this was intended as an encouragement to the Israelites, one would naturally infer that the labor of watering the ground had been excessive: further supported by Moses' subsequent remark 'that the land to which they were going, was one of hills and valleys, and drank water of the rain of heaven.'

(1) Deut., xi 10.

The palm, the pride of tropical climates, is one of the greatest blessings the poor Nubian enjoys, for it affords him nourishment and the means of obtaining other necessities of life. Its fruit here being larger, and of a more delicate flavor than any other known, commands a high price, finds a ready sale, and is one of the principal articles of export from this country. Gum Arabic gathered from the Sont, or *Mimosa Nilotica*, is also an important product of this region. It exudes spontaneously from the branches of the trees as gum does from those of our cherry and peach, and is gathered principally in December and March; the exudation taking place during the dry season. Senna, the leaves of a species of the Cassia, used as a Cathartic; charcoal, mats and baskets, complete the list of the products of this beautiful valley.

The Nubians remind me very much of the Hindoos. Like them, they wear their hair long, and oil their bodies, above their waistbands, till they glisten gloriously. Sometimes, the hair is bushy and made to stand out around the head, till it serves the purpose of a large-brimmed hat, and shelters the face from the sun. One day, a native dandy visited us. His hair had been barbered into delicate braids, in the style most fashionable among the Nubian girls, and hung dangling about his bare and shining shoulders. In the East Indies, I have seen a man employed for hours, rubbing oil over the body of another and kneading, as it were, the flesh; working particularly



about the joints to make them supple. Here also, they seek to make the skin soft and smother by the same process, and when the light glances from it as from a piece of polished ebony, it is the pride of its possessor, and nothing would induce him to hide it under any sort of clothing; and as it is not of the sooty hue of the negro, and the traveler soon becomes accustomed to seeing it (as will be the case above the first cataracts), it is not long before it ceases to be repulsive, and he begins to regard with a degree of admiration, the finely developed, well-greased, half-nude, Nubian Apollo. A reason that is given, in fact, for the melancholly creaking of the *sekkeh*, is, that the natives have such a regard for their *toilette*, they cannot consent to deprive their forms of that article which adds so much to their beauty, for the sake of silencing the noise of a wheel, which their ears can well submit to. When one of these natives stands by you leaning on his long gun or his delicate, finely pointed spear, he looks as if made for action,—but action in his our sunny land; representing *Thoth*, the Egyptian Mercury, rather than *Papremis*, Mars.

Josephus declares that the name Kush (Cush) corresponds, among the Asiatics, to the word Ethiopian among the Greeks. “Consequently, Kush (1) desig-

(1) Le nom de Kush semble s'être conservé dans *guiz* ou *guis*, qui est le nom antique du langage éthiopien, l'idiome *guiz*. — Volney, I, 224, note.

nates a black people with straight hair," says Volney, "inhabiting Abyssinia in general, specially the land of Axoum (1), where appears to have been the ancient capital of Cush; it is necessary to distinguish between these blacks with the straight hair and those with the curled hair (the negroes): this distinction is sustained among the Greeks by the expression, *eastern Ethiopians* and *western Ethiopians*. In Homer (2), these are properly the people of Abyssinia, whose kings several times conquered Egypt; it follows therefore that the name Ethiopians extended to the black people whom the Persians called *Hind* or *Hindous*; and the name Hindous or Indiens, in the time of the Romans, returned to the people of Yémen, who were, in fact, the *black* people, the *Ethiopiens*. Herodotus, in his description of the army of Xerces, joins the Arabs with the Ethiopian-Abyssins, and shows them to us united under one chief, which 'indicates a close affinity of constitution and of language'. This affinity one finds confirmed by the author of Genesis, for he says: 'The children of Kush are *Saba, Haouilah, Sabta, Sabtaka* and *Ramah*.'

"That is to say: these five peoples were black or

(1) Axuma, en l'île Méroë, autre capitale de l'Éthiopie, dont saint Frumence, sacré par saint Athanase, fut évêque. *Atlas ancien*, par J.-R. Joly.

(2) Odyss., I, v. 22. Strabon comprends in this verse of Homer, the Ethiopians on the western shore, and the Arabs on the eastern of the Arabian gulf, and this is the idea maintained in Genesis.

of the race *Kushite*, or Ethiopians-Abyssinians. Let us find their position.

“Bochart thinks that Saba should be Mareb, called also by the Arabs Saba-Mareb; but, as the Arabs say it was the town from which Sheba went to see Solomon, Volney supposes it to be a *ville* called by Arabs Sabbea and designated by the Greeks as the ancient entrepot of a very active commerce in gold and the *aromates* of Arabia, near the Red Sea, in the southwest part of the latter country. Sabta was not far hence and is probably the Sabbatha-metropolis of Ptolemy. The situation of Sabtaka is not known. Haouilah is well represented by Pliny’s Chavelæi and the Chavilataei of Strabo, which these authors agree in placing between the Nabateens and the Agreens, or the Agareens. The country of these last is probably the modern Hjar or Hagar (1), in 27° latitude, in the Hedjaz, about 40 leagues east of the Red Sea... Consequently, *Haouilah*, which signifies an *arid country*, should be actually in a sterile land, in the desert to the north of Hjar, at the foot of the chain of rocks where the Tamudeni lived. This *positio* answers well to that indicated in the book of Samuel, where *Haouilah* is named as the limit of the expedition of Saul against the Amalekites (2); and that this

(1) Voyez Danville, carte d’Arabie; *hagar* ou *hagar* signifie pierre, pierreux, et tels sont les rochers de Hidar.

(2) Sam., I, chap. xv, v. 7.

was the situation of a Cushite tribe is probable from its being, in one part, bordered by mount Shefar (belonging to the Jeqtanide tribes and designated by Ptolemy as being the boundery of *Araby heureuse*), whilst another part was contiguous to the country of the Tamoud (one of four ancient Arab tribes who appear to have really been Cushites) and to the country of Madianites, who certainly were of this race, as is proved by the anecdote of Sephora, wife of Moses, whom her sister-in-law reproached with being *black* (a Kushite). This people existed still in the time of *Zarah*, king of Cush, who came, with an immense army, to attack Asa, king of Judah, about the year 940 before our era (1), and who resided, at least temporarily, in the village of Gerara, in the land of Amalek. *Tarogah*, who, in the times of Esekiah and of Sennacherib, was likewise king of Cush, went out also with another band of soldiers from this same country. It appears then certain that the Arabian shore of the Red Sea from Arabia Pétrée to Sabtah, that is to say the two countries called *Hedjaz* and *Téhamah*, appertained to the Ethiopians and formed the same state or same population with Abyssinia, on the other shore of the same sea. One can easily conceive of this, for, by the means of islands, the communications between the two shores are extremely easy; while the line of separation from the Jeq-

(1) Paralipomènes, liv. II, chap. xiv.

tanide tribes, is a chain of rocks and mountains which border the great desert of the peninsula toward the west, from mount Shefar to Yémen (1).

“Another dependence still of Cush was *Ramah*, which the Greeks write *Regma*. Strabo says that this word in Syrian signifies a *strait*; and Ptolemy with Etienne of Bysance, places a village called *Regma* on the Arabic coast of the Persian gulf, not far from the river *Lar* or modern *Falg*.... Busching places in this region a *Reamah*, peopled by blacks, extremely commercial. In her turn *Reamah* seems to have produced near her two other colonies which are *Sheba* and *Daden*.

“*Daden* is the little island *Dadena* on the Arabian coast at the mouth of the gulf of Persia.

“*Sheba* is traced in the mountainous country of *Asabi*, which Ptolemy places at the *pointe Arabe* of the straits : these three positions seem well to indicate those mentioned by Ezekiel (2). “The merchants of *Sheba* and *Raamah*, they *were* thy merchants : they occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices and with all precious stones and gold... The men of *Dedan* brought thee for a present horns of ivory and ebony”. The French have a better rendering of this : “The merchants of *Sheba* and *Rama* are thy

(1) Strabo had reason then for interpreting in this sense the verse of Homer which divides, by the sea, Ethiopia into *two* countries.

(2) Ezek., xxvii, 22, 15.

courtiers; they furnish thee with gold, perfumes and pearls: *Daden* sends to thee the teeth of elephants and the ebony wood”.

I have given this lengthy extract, because to all readers of ancient profane and sacred history, the character of this people and the positions they occupied, are as important as interesting; and I conceive that Volney, from the great attention he gave the subject, from his actual observations and researches, from that erudition for which he was so distinguished, merits the highest consideration in every thing that relates to it.

The Ethiopians, as an enterprising people, must have had, both in peace and in war, constant intercourse with the northern and eastern nations. They were undoubtedly commercial *par excellence*, as was remarked by Busching, and to that source may be traced their great prosperity. They were commercial from the force of circumstances, from the favorable situation they occupied, — they having the Nile as it were on one hand, the Red sea in their centre, and by their colonies at least, the Arabian gulf on the other hand; thus commanding almost the inlets and outlets of that traffic which enriched the world. Solomon had many vessel built at Ezion-geber on the Red Sea and must have been well known to the Ethiopians; among whom his reputation had become so exalted that the queen of Sheba was induced to pay him a visit. This visit not only exhib-

ited her own *esprit*, — “as she came to prove him with hard questions”—confirmed what she had heard, but displayed the wealth of the nation she represented; for she “came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels bearing spices, gold and precious stones (1).” Referring to the city of No (Thebes), Nahum says: “Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength (2).” That the people of the former were particularly regarded by the Almighty, would appear from the words of Amos (3): “Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto me, O children of Israel?” They were evidently chivalrous and formidable. Hanani the seer in conversation with King Asa, said: “Were not the Ethiopians and the Libyans a huge host with very many chariots and horsemen” (4)? Jeremiah challenging the proud and mighty nations of the earth to come up to battle, includes the Ethiopians and Libyans who handle the shield” (5). During Asa’s reign, the Ethiopians came against him, “Zerah the Ethiopian with a host of a thousand thousand and three hundred chariots” (6).

They were also a pastoral people as is shown by the vast number of sheep and camels which are

(1) 1 Kings, x, 2.

(2) Nah., iii, 9.

(3) Amos, ix, 7.

(4) 2 Chron., xvi, 8.

(5) Jer., xlvi, 9.

(6) 2 Chron., xiv, 9.

represented as taken from them when they were defeated by Asa, who destroyed their cities, smote the tents of cattle, and “carried away very much spoil (1).”

Indeed the prophets and seers of old seemed to delight in remarks about Egypt and Ethiopia : to proclaim their shame and downfall ; and Isaiah even says of the latter “that they shall be led away captives, young and old, naked and barefoot, even to their b—’s uncovered to the shame of Egypt” ; and one would suppose, to the shame of their captors, if such a thing did come to pass. The prophet however may have referred to those mentioned by Diodorus (2). The poets too, sang of her : David, mid the unbounded beauties of his imageries, in the fervor of that inspiration which seemed to be ever welling up from the holy emotions of his heart, says : “Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God”, and then adds in all the splendid exultation of a mind that had a just conception of the majesty and glory of the Supreme Infinite : “Sing unto God ye kingdoms of the earth”.

The Egyptians penetrated far into Ethiopia 1500 years B. C., as is known by the monuments they left. Thotmes II reached Napata, the capital of queen

(1) 2 Chron., xiv, 13.

(2) Diodorus says, that some of these barbarians live absolutely naked and have their flocks their wives and their children, in common. iii, 15.



Candace, situated at the north-eastern point of the great bend in the river, at about 19° north lat. "It does not appear," says Wilkinson, "that the monarchs after the eighteenth dynasty" (ending with Pthamen son of Sesostris about 1300 B. C.) "continued to extend, or even maintain their conquests in this country; and few of them appear to have included Lower Ethiopia, within the limits of their Egyptian territory". When Egypt came under the domination of the Cæsars, Ethiopia was invaded and added (more nominally perhaps than otherwise) to the territory of the Romans.

"It is maintained", says Diodorus, "that the Ethiopians were the first of the human race, and that there are self evident proofs of it. First, all the world being nearly of accord that they did not come from abroad, and that they were born in the country itself: and one can with justice call them *autochthones*; secondly, it appears manifest on all sides that the people who inhabit the south are probably the first who sprang from the bosom of the earth. For the heat of the sun drying the humid earth and rendering it proper for the generation of animals, it is likely that the region nearest to the sun, has been the first peopled by living beings. It is pretended also that the Ethiopians were the first who taught men to venerate the gods, offer sacrifices to them, prepare shows and sacred solemnities and other ceremonies, by which men practice religion. They are also

every where celebrated for their piety; and their sacrifices appear the most acceptable to divinity. To support this, we have the testimony of nearly the most ancient and the most admired of the Greek poets, who represents in his *Iliad*, Jupiter and the other immortals going to Ethiopia to receive the oblations and feasts which the Ethiopians offer to them every year (1).

“It has been remarked that the Ethiopians have received from the gods the recompence of their piety in never having felt the yoke of any foreign despot. Thanks to their union, they have never been subjugated by any one of the many sovereigns who have marched against them.

“Cambyzes, who attempted an expedition into Ethiopia, lost all his army and was himself exposed to the greatest dangers. Semiramis, queen of Assyria, so renowned for the grandeur of her enterprises and exploits, and famed for uncommon beauty, had scarcely advanced into Ethiopia, when she abandoned the project of making war against the inhabitants of this country. The Ethiopians say that the Egyptians descended from one of their colonies, which was conducted into Egypt by Osiris (2); that most of the Egyptian customs, are of Ethiopian ori-

(1) *Iliad.*, i, 424.

(2) An argument in favor of this has been drawn from Cailliaud's discovering in Ethiopia the gold beetle (*Scarabæus*) worshiped by the Egyptians.

gin; that the respect for their kings, — considering them as the gods, — their funeral rites, and many other, are Ethiopian institutions; finally, that the type of their sculpture and their written characters are equally borrowed from the Ethiopians”.

Diodorus further remarks (1), that the Egyptians have two kinds of writing, the sacred and the profane, but that the Ethiopians use one and the other indifferently; that the order of priests is, in both nations, established on the same basis; that those who are vowed to the services of the gods make the same purifications, shave and dress in the same manner; their sceptres are alike, and they wear on the head a long cap surrounded by these serpents called *aspics* (asps). This ornament would seem to indicate that whoever dares commit any outrage against the king is condemned to its mortal bite.

As some of the Ethiopian customs were extremely curious and remarkable, I will venture to extract an account of a few of them, from the works of the ancient author above quoted.

The king was not allowed to put any of his subjects to death. When a person merited capital punishment, he could only send one of his officers with a certain symbol of death; on seeing which, the criminal entered his house and took away his own life. It is said that, once, one who was con-

(1) Diod., III, 3.

demned, sought to save himself by flight, but his mother wishing to spare her family such infamy, strangled him with her own girdle.

At Meroe (1), the priests exercised absolute authority, and whenever they fancied that it was time for the king to die, they sent him word to that effect; declaring that such was the will of the gods and that no man should have contempt for the orders of immortals. The king consequently at once put himself to death. This system continued till the time of the Ptolemies, when Ergamenes, having been educated in the Greek school and instructed in philosophy, determined to put an end to it. He accordingly penetrated with his soldiers into the sanctuary of the temple of gold, and massacred all the priests. He was worthy of the immortality he has gained!

If the king, for instance, lost an arm or any other limb, all his friends were expected voluntarily to deprive themselves of a corresponding member. If he walked lame, all his courtiers following him went limping also.

The women were made to bear arms and most of them wore a copper ring through one of their lips.

“The Ethiopians who live above Meroe, have two

(1) Meroe was situated on an island of the same name, about 800 miles above the first cataract. It was the centre of the great caravan trade between Egypt, Arabia, India and Africa. The monuments still found here show that the inhabitants had advanced greatly in the arts and sciences and social culture.

different opinions in regard to the gods. They say that some, like the Sun, the Moon, the World, are by nature eternal and indestructable ; that others, having received a mortal nature, have acquired divine honors by their virtues and good acts. It is thus they venerate Isis, Pan, Hercules and Jupiter, whom they regard as the greatest benefactors of the human race. A few of this people however do not admit of the existence of any gods, and curse the sun as their greatest enemy (1).”

(1) Diodorus. *See*, preceding note.

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## XI

Ascending the first cataracts. — A stroll. — First glimpse of Philæ. — Second day in the cataracts. — An Arab legend. — Third day in the cataracts. — The captain wounded. — A pause. — A youthful wife. — Our *rais* and his hareem. — Elevation above the sea. — Passing the gorge. — Philæ. — A Nubian mother. — An Arab song. — Family in a boat. — Speed of our boat. — Its influence on the Arab. — Wady-Tafa. — Nubian hunters. — Gazells. — Christianity at Wady-Tafa. — Sabagoora. — A Nubian chief. — Boat in danger. — Illness of my companion. — Henna-tree.

‘The ascent of the cataracts’ is described by every traveler who enters Nubia from the north, for it is one of the most stirring events, if not the only one in fact, which breaks in upon the tranquil measure of his meditations from Alexandria to Ethiopia. Here one sees the naked *poetry* of action, and begins to believe that man has become amphibious. The native has laid aside his pipe and that repose of which it is indicative, and seems the personification of one of his *afareet* of the waters and of the rocks. The

calm stoical indifference with which he has heretofore appeared to regard the motives and motions of mankind, has given place to accute attention, to watchful eagernees, to well directed intelligent effort ; his languid eye brightens, his delicate limbs become muscular and his body moves to the varied emotions of his mind. He prepares for, and meets danger manfully and almost disdainfully. Where force is required, every sinew is braced till any human force must succumb to a superior. Where activity and skill are alone available, he is no less prompt, artful and dextrous, than the exigencies demand. He leaps into the stream, stems its stormiest passes, is sometimes lost in the foam, disappears and reappears, and is finally seen waving his hands exultingly on some far-off rock, where he has borne and fastened a rope for further progress and security; when the vessel seems about to be crushed by the current on some neighboring cragg, he springs to the place of peril and receives the shock upon his naked shoulders. But I will enter more into particulars.

A few minutes after leaving Asouan, the river became narrower, and we were among masses of smooth, black, shining rock, which appeared like piles of petrified Nubians. At first, on our right and left, the granite bluffs were adorned with hieroglyphics; half a mile or so thence, we came to passes where the oars touched on either side : here of course the

current was more rapid, and when descending against some hardy barrier, formed eddies and whirlpools that tossed the bark about as though it were a canoe of birch. Winding thus along up the hurrying stream, the courage, energy, discretion, of our cataract-captain and his crew, were fairly put to the test; and both captain and crew acquitted themselves nobly. An order was given to have a rope carried to a place which seemed unapproachable even by the sturdiest swimmer, for the water was foaming furiously above it: a finely-formed fellow took the rope in his mouth and at once jumped overboard, and after a long and exciting struggle returned victorious. Occasionally, several were engaged in the same way, and at the same time; and once on the point of a lofty rock in bold relief against the sky, were seen numbers of the naked swimmers, straining every nerve at a long strong rope, which was to drag us up one of the smaller rapids and place us in a neighboring basin, till they had regained strength and arranged their forces and their ropes for the next ascent. The men generally worked to a cheerful song, and occasionally when some considerable difficulty had been overcome, those on board gave one of their long, loud, harmonious, musical shouts, which being taken up by the different bands on the shore, on the islands, on the rocks, wide spread an invigorating echo, which startled the wild birds from their perches among the cliffs of Philæ.



At noon, we had reached a little, quiet, picturesque bay, and 'made fast' to the shore. Here we were to spend the rest of the day and the night, in fact, wait for a fair wind to aid the workmen in their arduous task of overcoming the fury of the remaining and the most difficult of the rapids. In a few moments, our cataract-captain and his men were no longer to be seen : where they had gone, it was not easy for us at first to conjecture ; for we seemed to be in a place better suited to the chamois and the lizard, than to the gallant, trancient crew, of the fairy "*Asfoor*", — or the bird, as our dragoman had christened our handsome little craft.

When, toward evening, the sun-shine was growing sleepy, we scrambled up the bank and strolled away over the undulating plain in hopes of finding some game. After an hour or so in our course southward (having passed a lazy looking little village and reached the summit of a rocky eminence), we caught our first view of the famed Philæ. Imbosomed in the mountains, seen through the rocky gorge through which Ethiopia, in olden times as now, poured her fertilizing streams upon the *nomes* of the north, the proud propylons and the fantastic colonnades of storied temples, the princely palaces of Isis and Osiris, their sanctuaries and their sepulchres reposed in regal splendor. There was, however, something as sad in the seeming and 'surroundings' of this solitary isle, as the pomp and pageantry of

the mysterious and enigmatical rites once celebrated here, were imposing and impressive; there was something as touching in its loneliness and decay, as was the eloquence of its sculptured elegance. The Nile is Nubias armlet, and Philæ is its emerald locket; or a jewel from the golden girdle, which Ethiop's Venus left, when rising from the sea. Nature seems to have fashioned it for a divine abode, and if Cleopatra had any design upon the gods, she could not have found a more seductive spot for a rendez-vous, or one more voluptuous in which to pay her vows.

How long its beauties must have lingered in the memory of Nubia's children, when, by this route, they bade farewell to their native land! It was the last point their eyes rested upon; it was the last signal of an adieu to dear home and country! Its position is such, when one is receding from it, that the very last moment in which it can be seen, embraces in a sort of fascinating focus its fabulous glories; but the next instant, laps the bold and abrupt head-lands together, forms a gigantic and apparently impenetrable barrier: the granite gates are folded as by enchantment, and Philæ has fled like a phantom of the fancy.

The space between it and ourselves had also its attractions. A little village lay in the bosom of the valley overshadowed by palms. Several cultivated slopes contrasted well with the barren mountains

beyond, and some acacias were spreading wide their branches, as if to gather all the gold of that golden evening. The purple light still found us gazing at this scenery, which became a sort of intoxicating epilogue to the reverie with which Philæ had arrested, and bound us Prometheus-like to the rocks, whence we mused and sketched.

On the following morning as there were no indications of our 'getting under way', we resumed our strolls into the country; but, at eleven o'clock, a cry was heard, and soon the cliffs, the valleys, the shore, swarmed with Nubians; in a moment more the bark was crowded, and all was bustle for the upper rapids. The natives evidently thought that there was work ahead, for many divested themselves of what little clothing they had on, while others disencumbered their arms of large cotton sleeves by tying them up behind their necks. A *Berinice*, who might be permitted to see the Olympic games, could alone pass here with modesty unshocked.

For eight hours the whole company labored indefatigably, but as there was no wind to assist them, our progress was inconsiderable. A larger craft than ours, attempting the ascent, broke two strong cables and certainly ran considerable risk of being dashed in pieces; but fortunately, she became at once wedged between two rocks which arrested her downward course. We were near enough to observe the mishap and suggested that the crew of the

‘Asfoor’ should be sent to the rescue, even though the occupant of the boat was an Englishman ascending the Nile alone, because he had been too surly at Cairo to obtain a companion.

Our men in swimming, sometimes employed with great success and skill, the light porous trunk of the palm. It buoyed them up, and as its foremost end was sharpened, offered but slight resistance to the water, — less, at least, than their shoulders would have done, — and so enabled them to reach such places as the fierce currents and eddies rendered otherwise unapproachable.

When no further advance could be made, our vessel was hauled under the shelter of a rock and, in a few moments, we were again alone.

Asking my dragoman something about Philæ, he told me a story from among the sacred legends of the Arabs, the substance of which I will give in few words. —

When the army of the Caliphs invaded this country (1), the Egyptians fled to Philæ; considering it a place of safety, on account of its being wholly surrounded by water. A priest of great piety, who accompanied the army, said to the chief: “You need not pursue the enemy; God is on our side; I will slay them with this *gooleh*” (a small earthen water-

(1) During the caliphate of Omar and in the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, Egypt falls under the sword Amru, in 19th year of the Hegira.

bottle which he held in his hand). That night, he filled his gooleh from the Nile, approached the island, mixed some clay with the water, and, by the assistance of Allah, built a mosque. Toward morning, he ascended to the top of it and cried out: "God is great, and Mahommed is his prophet: come to prayer!" but as the Egyptians did not hear him, it had no effect. The next night, he built another so near as to be sure that his summons could be heard across the stream, and he again, at the same hour, mounted the dome as on the previous occasion and called on Allah, till his voice rang through the tented island. "Our enemies are upon us!" cried the Egyptians as they started from sleep; so, fearing to fall into the hands of the cruel barbarians, as they called the invaders, they slew one another and themselves, till not a single Egyptian was left to fight against the 'faihtful'.

I replied that we had also in *our* sacred book several stories equally remarkable (1); that one had its origin at a place (Jericho) which I was soon to visit. I then related to him how seven priests once blew ram's horns about a city wall, till it "fell down flat" and allowed the enemy to march in without difficulty, and slay all the inhabitants "young and old men and women". A smile of incredulity passed over his molasses-colored visage as there probably

(1) Judges, xv, 15; Josh., vi, 5.

had over mine at his recital; and when I remembered that my narrative came from those whom the Scriptures call, if I am not mistaken, "the children of the devil" (1), I thought that perhaps he had reason to be skeptical.

Half an hour after sunrise, on the following day, the rocks were again swarming with naked and half-naked natives, who began at once to make new preparations to pass the last and stormiest of the rapids. Five ropes were here got out: two astern, two amidship, and one, the largest and strongest, ahead. "These *cataracts*," said my companions, "are not very fearful to look at": they took the precaution, however, to leave the boat when this ascent was to be made; but I must say that to be on board as such a time, was to myself far more interesting than at any other. I knew that every necessary precaution had been taken, and that these people were accustomed to their work; and it was with pleasure rather than fear that I saw the boat pushed off from the shore. The captain, dignified, commanding in form and expression, stood forward on the prow now plunging into the wild waters. A hundred men, calmly, silently, energetically, and with evident interest in the success of their labor, obeyed the waving of his hand; and it was not till they saw the vessel moving gracefully along in the smother lake-like sweep above

(1) John., viii, 44.

the falls, that they gave any expression of joy or satisfaction; but then, with one accord, they joined in that loud yet melodious acclaim, which we had previously heard on remarkable occasions, and filled the air with a wild, triumphant strain, which was as victorious over the noise of the Nile, as their sagacity and strength had been over its fretful fury.

We congratulated ourselves on the successful termination of this ascent without the slightest accident, but we were no sooner in a safe position, than the cataract-captain came to have his big toe done up. In warding the vessel from a rock, his foot slipped between the two, and before he could regain himself, the toe was caught and crushed and the nail torn entirely off. He endured, without a sign of pain, the application of brandy and the necessary bandages, but he expressed no thanks for our kindness, and appeared to think that he had done us a favor, in allowing the 'infidel' to handle his 'elect' feet.

A mile or so above the cataracts, and a little below Philæ, is a broad, bold, curve in the river, forming a quiet and pretty little bay, or harbor. Here, were numerous native boats; some that had brought merchandise from Upper-Ethiopia and would descend no further; others, that could be hired to make the trip to the *second* cataracts by those who had come to Asouan in *rahlehs*, or *dahabeëhs* too large to ascend beyond that place. A party thus circumstanced,—Mr. Y. of Kentucky and Mess. P. and R. of New

York, — passed us here in an uncomfortable-looking craft, on their way to Aboosymbal. They were the only persons, besides ourselves, who had as yet, this year, arrived with the resolution to traverse Nubia. It was exceedingly pleasant, as one can imagine, to meet our countrymen on the borders of Ethiopia, (they had come up from Asouan by land), and we fired a 'salute' to them, as is the custom in these waters.

At this diminutive, yet business-like place, we were detained for an hour by our dragoman, who spent most of the time in a quarrel with the cataract-captain about backsheesh. This portion of the scene had a favorable termination, when the former threw down furiously on the deck, a five-francs-piece; which the other picked up, with a look of contempt at the tight-fisted Arab he had to deal with. In the mean time, women, young girls and boys, gathered on the shore to sell baskets and beads. One, about twelve years of age, who, by the 'god-marks' on her forehead and chin, by the manner of holding a child on her hip, by her flowing drapery which left her right arm bare, reminded me forcibly of the Hindoos, was one of the wives of the second 'captain of the cataracts', as he is called. Expressing astonishment that one so very young should be married, our dragoman questioned her on the subject, and found his statement to be true; and that the lusty boy she was carrying, was no other than her own. These



people all marry very young; and our *rais*, or nominal commander on board, who is the son of the owner of our dahabeëh and only sixteen years old, has already two wives (though as yet no children): and will probably take a third and fourth, — as many as the Koran allows, — as soon as he is able to support them. Women, however, must be plenty (I often thought as I regarded him), when their hearts can be caught, their tempers tamed, their fancies gratified, their caprices subjugated, their whims worsted, their love satisfied by such as he; for in truth, in appearance, he had nothing to recommend him but what the French call, *la beauté du diable* — youth.

The fall of the Nile being estimated to average five inches to the mile throughout Egypt, our position, after having surmounted the first cataract, was at an elevation of about 300 feet above the level of the sea. This is of some advantage to the traveler from the North, as it makes the temperature of the climate more bearable; counteracting to a limited extent the heat that necessarily increases as the degrees of latitude diminish in his daily approach to the equator. A six-years-residence in the tropics had made me somewhat indifferent to such things.

When we again pushed off from the shore, we seemed, *en vérité, tout de bon, now*, to be bidding adieu to Egypt. The sails could not be set here, so we rowed along in the deep and gloomy shadows of the mountain on our left, and suddenly saw before

us, a broad, bright beam of light. Was it the glory of Philæ streaming through the bold black barriers which form the *berceau* in which her charms are cradled? or were we approaching a land of white flowers, of the gleaming lotus, or of shining seraphs such as one might dream of in these haunts of Cleópatra and of Isis? The rocks became more jagged, as the mysterious pass was approached, and assumed the appearance of pyramids, statues, temples, — all the grandeur and grotesqueness of form that might with propriety be attributed to the freaks of a Cyclops and a Collina. A few moments sufficed to relieve us of our doubts: we were swept rapidly past the sombre scenery, through the high gateway nature had opened here in the great granite range that of old separated Egypt from Ethiopia, and were floating in the transcendently beautiful basin, which bears on its glassy bosom that long-wished-for templed-island dedicate to the most mighty of Egyptian deities.

From all that I had read, from all that I had heard, from all that I had seen in the distance, I was afraid that on a near approach, I should be disappointed: and I was so — but, agreeably. Whether, after emerging from the gorge, we went the customary way, I do not know; we certainly took the best route for beholding the *effect* of the monuments which adorn the memorable place. We turned first to the eastward, passed slowly round the eastern end of it, then floated leisurely along its southern shore, — resting

on our oars when some grand propylon, some graceful colonnade, or some majestic portico, came towering above the green banks and solid walls, and 'lay aloft' in the clear, transparent air, as if penciled on the sky. We made, in fact, almost the entire circuit of the queen of the Nile, before we spread our sails for the second cataracts.

As my readers have doubtless perused many descriptions of this far-famed spot, they will be perfectly able, I do not question, to allay any latent curiosity there may still be in their minds in regard to the minuter details of its monuments, till my return; but then, though I will endeavor to do it all the justice my pen is capable of, I cannot expect to add any thing to that interest with which travelers have already invested this sanctuary of the gods, this "sacred abode", this "place of the frontier".

Having passed the island, we came to a broad glassy portion of the stream, darkened by the hills that border it; but our eyes were not detached from Philæ. Every point offered some new charm; and at the very last moment, when a bend in the river was shutting it from our sight, its templed terraces seemed melting into the golden clouds and wedding themselves with the fading light of evening.

For want of wind we soon drew to the shore, which well cultivated, sloped up abruptly for about twenty feet. It was then bordered by beautiful, light-colored palms, with short clustering trunks

whose feathery leaves hung almost to the ground. Under their shadows in the bloom of that lovely hour, a woman was seated spinning thread. A basket of cotton and a baby were by her side : she was not disturbed by the proximity of strangers ; all was in charming, ravishing simplicity : her very lack of costume reminded one of paradise.

Near us lay a native craft loaded with grain. It was, like ourselves, bound up-stream, where its cargo was to be exchanged for dates that would finally find a market at Asouan, and thence another in lower Egypt. On board, was a woman doing the cooking, another the washing. The former performed her task with a sort of slovenly grace, which would not have enhanced my appetite, had I been destined to sup there ; the latter her's, with such studied coquetry, that I thought it possible for her lord and master to feel a sudden chill, when he donned the garments she was whitening for him. Her form was meagre, but her arms were rounded as by a master chissel, — dimpled, tapering, flexible ; and she wove them into the washing like a thread of silk. Both these females were evidently from the lower country, for they assumed a coyness, and a carefulness to conceal their faces, which betrayed a lack of that native modesty and true delicacy, the *Nubians* have inherited with their poverty and nakedness.

Five days later, having sped on with the swiftness

of an eagle, we entered the little port, the depot, Wadee Halfa ! whence we were to make an excursion, on donkeys or camels, to those hills overlooking the *second* cataracts and which were to arrest our further progress southward. To proceed into the provinces beyond, was not at all our intention when we took our departure from Cairo, but as we had penetrated thus far into the country, some of us were desirous to proceed ; promising ourselves to be contented and turn back *perfectly* satisfied, when we had reached the *third* cataract, the island of Argo and Dongola : but, unfortunately, no provision had been made for a continuance of the journey. The *advocate*, one of my French companions, would go with me if it could possibly be accomplished ; for he seconded all my enthusiasm with a most gratifying sympathy ; but, Count le Battis, opposed it at once, with good and unanswerable arguments. Like Moses looking into the promised Land, we were to gaze our eyes and souls full, but were not to enter it : we were to retrace our steps and fill our heads with hieroglyphics.

Our passage from Philæ to Wadee Halfa, was, as above stated, extraordinary ; perhaps no boat had ever accomplished it in so short a time : our men, at least, and our pilot who had often visited these waters, were never previously so lucky. It made a good impression upon all the Arabs, which was reflected to some extent upon ourselves ; for they are an exceed-

ingly superstitious people and regard, as did the ancient Egyptians, the signs of the times with much faith ; and as the weather had been extremely bland, and the broad, white, daintily-fashioned wings of our little 'Asfoor' were always gaily swelling to the breeze, they looked on us with more favorable eyes than they otherwise would : they sang as they rowed, and sprang up from their uncushioned sleep on the deck, with cheerful alacrity. The dragoman too, was making a better trip of it, than he had any reason to expect ; and the pilot had escaped all mishaps in some of the dangerous passes where the usual precautions had not been taken ; for our Abdalla would not lose a moment, and made the pilot work occasionally all night and all day, though he was often nearly asleep at his post, and confessed that the compass of his brain was far from pointing out to him at such times the exact position of the sunken rocks. Rocks, or shoals, or mountain squalls, — which all are cautioned against who carry double sails, — were seemingly things of no importance, and we swept on by tomb-crowned hills, by sand-girt temples, by caverned sepulchres, by desert wastes, by gloomy gorges, and over hidden reefs ; by bright green banks, and embowered villages, with a bold defiant, reckless, joyous earnestness that would have done credit to the famed corsair crafts, which in other days skimmed the blue waters of the Mediterranean. If it were in the morning, there was a

beauty and buoyant freshness of the fields, which did not fail to bring us to the deck. The midday sun sometimes threw a sort of mystic mirage over the desert, or lit up a 'Santo's' tomb, which, like a great white bird, was often seen brooding on a distant cliff. When the day took its leave of the earth, it was with a soft and blushing sadness that betokened a speedy return. Night came with its silver-clad sentinel — the Amazonian chiefess careering mid the splendid hosts of heaven — and so continuous was the witchery of every hour, that we could not tell the moment when our worship of Osiris ceased, and our adoration of Isis commenced. But I will go back now, and give my readers a few of the details of our ascent.

On the second day of our departure from the cataracts, we stopped at Wadee Tafa — a little village nestled among the palms in the neighborhood of curious though not imposing remains. Landing, we ascended a cultivated slope, then 'struck off' toward the rocky hills, and soon came to several large square stone inclosures, whose walls (each stone being crescent-shaped) curve up from their centres toward their angles, and form structures whose design still remains a problem to be solved. The only thing *beautiful* however, that I saw among the ruins that cover the plain we traversed, was a shattered architrave having in low relief two floating figures crowning a bust of the chubby god Bacchus.

Hunting *gazelles* ! If I had been told that people got their living hunting angels, it would hardly have appeared to me less profane, yet, many of the natives at Wadee Tafa ensure a livelihood by ensnaring, shooting, or gathering when young, this lovely animal. I could not, however, at this time, much to my regret, obtain one, though the Tafanees generally depend on strangers for the profit they anticipate from this sport. It was, at least, gratifying to see these finely formed men with their long guns swung to their shoulders (the Egyptian government not having yet dared to enforce the law of the lower country, by which the inhabitants have been deprived of their arms), and if you would win the sincere friendship of a Nubian, you have only to give him a little powder ; though it has been even more than hinted at by some travelers, that should you in lieu of powder substitute a bottle of *whiskey*, he would by no means be unfavorably impressed. Several of these people came to the boat on our arrival, and by their gentle bearing, their affable address — though always manly and free from the semblance of servility — gained our confidence and esteem ; and after they had accompanied us to the ruins, did not even utter the word *baksheesh*. The restless spirit, however, of these bold and active *Kensees*, is so averse to the uniformity of peace, they will war with each other, it is said, rather than remain quiet.

Christianity flourished for a long time at Wadee



Tafa, and one of the small heathen temples near the river, was used by its votaries.

When we reembarked, an Arab *saint* was patrolling the shore. He wore his hair long, but no clothes save a cloth about the loins. He was either crazy, or a fool. He threw his head backward, then suddenly jerked it up, and made marks on his arm as though cutting it with a knife. This constituted, it appeared, the evidence that he was a 'santon'. Our men threw out bread to him, saying, he was "a holy personage and never would receive anything but food from any one".

As we proceed southward, we find that the strip of cultivable land grows narrower; but Angenoria still smiles on the husbandman's labor. The banks rise up to the hills — a rich emerald bordering — and huts are built in among the ledges of sandstone and granite.

A little after sunset we passed Gerf Hosayn, above whose highlands, strange to say, there were dark and threatening clouds; and we had every reason to believe that a thunder storm was soon to break upon us. A few drops of rain was all that we experienced of it, the rest poured itself on the summit of Sabagoora.

Sabagoorais memorable as the spot where a desperate Nubian chief, named Hassan Cashief, resisted the encroachments of Ibrabim Pacha, who had been sent

into the country by his step father, Mohammed Ali, to subdue it and add it to the Egypto-Turkish dominions. Hassan Cashief is descended from a Nubian mother but Turkish father, and is a bold and daring warrior. My dragoman said he was still living at Derr, highly esteemed, and prepared to head a rebellion against the government of Abbas Pacha, if such could be got up with any chance of success. He also said that the viceroy recently sent a company of 400 Arnoots into Abyssinia, because the chief, El Nimr, had prohibited the exportation of cattle to Egypt.

About four o'clock on the following morning, we were thrown from our berths by the capsising, or nearly so, of our boat. Our sails were large compared with the size of the vessel, which enabled us to make great 'headway', but it was objectionable in this region, since, in passing the gorges in the mountains, squalls strike without warning, and craft and crew are sometimes thus lost. We had in an instant been 'taken aback', and before the ropes could be let go, the boat heeled over nearly on her 'beam-ends.' Every thing was up-set in the cabin and on deck; and as, mid the racket, I heard the wild shoutings of our pilot, our dragoman, our captain, our men, and supposing that we were really sinking, I sprang to the upper window to leap out; but all were 'more scared than hurt': our only damage was the loss of a large turkey. We then came to

the shore and waited till after sunrise, when a favorable breeze sent us merrily up-stream.

During that day, we fell in with a *dahabia*, occupied by a nephew of the duke of Cleveland, whose physician came on board to see my young companion Dr. Flint, whose health was so fast failing, I feared I should be obliged to bury him on the banks of the Nile. The doctor having examined him, assured me privately, that it was impossible for my friend to recover; yet so deceitful is consumption, Dr. F. said, after the English physician had departed: "That man is a fool! He thinks my lungs are affected. I have, it is true, an inflammation of the bronchia which may, in time, become serious, but at present nothing else ails me (1)."

We also had a visit from two native boys, who came off in a canoe made of hides. They brought numerous trinkets and modern-manufactured scarabæi. Another swam to us with a cameleon in his hand, which the doctor purchased.

The day previous to our arrival at Wadee Halfa, we passed the ruins of the formidable fortress of Ibreem, crowning the lofty point of an adamantine-cliff that juts out picturesquely and boldly into the stream. Not far hence, there is a very small island

(1) I have heard, that on his way home, having reached New Orleans, this worthy young Baltimore gentleman had yielded his gentle spirit up to his Maker, and had gone to worship in the *sekos* of the great temple not made with hands.

occupied by one lone tree which almost entirely overshadows it. I was informed by my man 'Friday', that it produced the celebrated henna-leaf, so much used by the Arab girls in staining their fingernails pink, or rather a yellowish red ; the leaf being pounded up, made into a paste and held for some-time on the part to be colored.



## XII

Slaves at Wadee-Halfa. — Grinding doora. — Negro toilets. — Preparations for going to the second cataracts. — Equestrian-difficulties. Scenery. — The second cataracts. — View. — Sunset. — Return. — Our Nubian companions. — Departure from Wadee-Halfa. — Ferayg. — Aboo-Symbal. — The Great temple. — Amusements. — Grottos of Ibreem. — Roman fortress. — Primis. — Queen Candace. — Temple of Fourgee. — Derr. — Women and children. — Temple of Derr. — Industry of the women. — Temple of Amada. — The Sabbath. — Sabooa. — Domestic utensils. — Maharaka. — Dakkeh. — Ergamenes. — Remarks.

It so happened that on arriving at Wadee-Halfa, our boat lay along side of a *felookah* (a boat without any deck), loaded with slaves who were on their way to lower Egypt. They had just come down from Dongola, but were Abyssinians ; Dongola being the village at which the slave merchants and others generally stop, in their passage to and from, the upper countries. Their first cost, I am told, is about 25 *talери* or dollars, and that they fetch at Cairo from 150 to 200. My dragoman says that some of them

are *stolen* and sold very low at the former place ; that they are generally of a mixed breed, from the Bedouin and the slaves of the village, and are hence called *morlea*. This last statement, I consider, should hardly be credited ; and a strong argument against it, is the pure, unmixed type which they present, of the woolly-headed African. I perhaps should make a single exception in this group, — a female whose hair had been pulled out straight enough to braid ; whose features were less jumbled up than the other's ; whose form was less extravagant, and more classic in its contour, and whose face expressed some little intelligence ; in fact, the only one of the company who appeared to be profitably employed, or knew enough to be so : and she had begun at the beginning, to make some bread. I have seen in various parts of the East, women grinding corn between two circular stones ; but here was a more primitive mode still. This woman had a flat stone about two feet long by one wide, of which she made an inclined plane. Along the upper part was laid the *doora* or grain to be ground. In her right hand she had a small stone having one flat surface : these two composed the *tahoon* or mill. The stone in hand, she brought up to the grain, took some beneath it, as a painter does his paint when grinding it, and rubbed it up and down the long stone till sufficiently fine for use. This she repeated till the quantity required was produced.

Nearly all these slaves were young—say, from twelve to twenty years of age; and appeared (so far as their stupid, unmeaning faces, could express any emotion) to be happy: and I think were, *perfectly* contented, so long as they had *nothing to do* but to sit in the sunshine. Only two, were in any way occupied: the woman I have mentioned, and a boy who was endeavoring to repair his only garment, a very coarse tow shirt, taken off for the purpose. The entire *toilette* of the young creature who was preparing the flower (as well as that of several others), consisted of a piece of cloth about the hips, and two long strings of light blue beads about the neck: it was not expensive at least, and this was one of its principal merits.

One of the slave merchants whom we saw walking on the shore carried an ebony club, brought also from the interior of the country. It is an article of merchandise as well as of defence; is about two feet long, and tapers somewhat toward one end, where it is covered with thongs of leather to secure the handling.

As soon as our vessel had been made fast, a boy came on board with a beautiful Nubian spear to sell, — a long light reed, with a delicate, shining, highly polished blade. Another on the land, held up a bead bag, such as our Indians make, and some coin: these were all who troubled themselves about us.

Wadee Halfa is a place of very little interest. A

sandy beach scooped out among the hills, here and there a hut, a *felookah*, drawn up for repairs, piles of mats and dates, and two or three palms, is all that strikes the eye. A few merchants and town's people may be walking on the shore, but they will neither notice your arrival nor departure.

It was from hence, as I have already said, that we were to make our excursion to the heights commanding the second cataracts. Three donkeys were soon procured, and, in a few moments, donkeys and guides and attendants generally, were huddled together in a large open boat, to be conveyed to the other or western side of the river. When this was accomplished, several amusing scenes occurred. First, the poor beasts were unceremoniously pitched out, head-over-heels, utterly regardless of life or limb, or of the possibility that their feelings might be hurt by such undignified usage. The smallest one, in going over, fell into the water and disappeared entirely, and it was with difficulty he was saved from drowning. Then, there was the mounting, and the balancing one's self *after* being really seated; all of which required an acquaintance with gymnastics, none of us possessed. The saddle, *sui generis*, consisted of four pieces of wood, as ingeniously put together as possible, to make the thing uncomfortable; and it was without covering, cushions or stirrups; besides, these poor Nubian donkeys had never known the luxury of a bridle, so we had the use of our arms as



balance-poles. To retain our equilibrium, to guide our animals, was something to be learned when we should get under way. Besides some ridiculous contortions of body and some jesticulations not often witnessed in a circus, we succeeded admirably, and at once started for the cataracts. Ascending at first to a table-land (if such a word could be applied to such a substructure), formed of sand-stone and covered with a thin layer of sand, then rising gradually southward, till the river disappeared, we found ourselves looking away over the still, solemn, sterile deserts of Ethiopia.

Between the more elevated portion of the arid eminence we were approaching, and the plain we had traversed, the yellow carpet (into which the *camel's* foot had not sunk so deep as that of his bare-footed conductor) was so delicately soft, I sometimes feared that my "Nubian steed" would utterly disappear in it and leave me to my own 'propellers'; but, through it he waded with praiseworthy perseverance, slightly influenced by the repeated 'whacks' from an unmerciful bludgeon in the hands of a more unmerciful driver. Higher and higher we ascended, till finally we reached a point where we could no longer ride. There we dismounted, and, by the aid of our hands, clambered to the apex of the hill, — a semicircular rock whose eastern face is perpendicular, and said to rise six hundred feet above the cataracts.

The small unparapetted platform on which we then stood, was at too dizzy a height to permit our approaching its brink without much precaution ; so, we lay down and drew ourselves forward, till one of the strangest and most bewildering of scenes was literally beneath our gaze. There, Egypt's and Ethiopia's stream was dashing along, foaming around islands tufted with a green sward which the Nubian naiades may have haunted; pouring over thousands of black, glistening rocks, and sending its softened murmurs up to our ears. A shadowy expanse, a range of hills purpling in the declining day, overtopped by others, to which distance gave an azure hue, formed the fair prospect eastward; while the sun, with a crimson flood, bathed the vast, glowing sands of the West.

Thousands of wild pigeons, whose nests were in the crevices of the cliff below, were whirling away in flocks, far down between us and the Nile, and then returning to their homes to be again frightened away by the missiles which were sent among them. In our view southward, there still mingled the mysterious stream, around whose fountain-head Circe has drawn her sacred circle, and shut the source of this "heroine of geographical romance" from the vulgar eye. All that we looked on, was imposing, impressive, grandiose; and as we came down from our eagle's-perch, the sun sank into the desert; but the rose-tint which hung like a beautiful curtain over his

couch, repaid us for his absence. When we had descended to the plain, the whole heavens had become of a golden hue, which the desert itself took up, and, like a delicate mirage, rolled its saffron folds around us, till the day seemed again on the verge of dawning.

As there is hardly any twilight in these latitudes, darkness soon followed; then our attendants commenced a song in which I recognised the name of a favorite 'santo'. This was succeeded by another more lively, to which they danced and kept time by clapping their hands. Thus for some hours we continued our slow and pathless way over the plain, and not till late in the evening did we find ourselves again at Wadee Halfa.

The *second cataract*, which Wilkinson calls 'the ultima Thule of Egyptian travelers', we certainly left to the *southward* of us with regret. Only thirty-five miles above it, there are a third cataract and two ancient temples; but above that, is a *fourth*, and so on: so perhaps a traveler is never satisfied, till he can feel, as did the voyagers of old when reaching Gibraltar, or rather, the 'Pillars of Hercules', that "there is nothing more beyond."

The falls of Wadee Halfa are not so boisterous, so abrupt in their descent, nor are they so deep or free from stones as those at Asouan; but the former are more extensive, being a succession of rapids several miles in length. They are called by the Arabs *Bahn*

*el-Haggar*, 'the belly of stone.' Vesta (Unouké), Juno (Saté) and Kneph (1) were its triad deities.

During our absence, the sails and spars of our boat had been taken down and 'stowed away', and every arrangement made for a return-trip. At midnight, mid the cheerful chantings of our crew, we cast off from the shore and turned our boat down stream.

It is pleasant now to see our men reposing; for whether there is wind or not, we still float on. There is no more 'tracking' for them to do, and though they will often be put to the oar, their work will be easy, and during all the time we are visiting the ruins, they can sleep and smoke and lounge at their leisure. From this moment, we may be said to begin our enviable task of sight-seeing. The first things noted, were some caverns in the neighborhood of Farras, which are supposed to have been the

(1) Could the names of the mythological deities of the Greeks, Romans and others, to which these of Egypt correspond, be remembered, the latter, which must often be mentioned, would have an interest they must otherwise lose. It would greatly enhance their attractiveness also, to consider that they were never worshiped as *mere images*, but, like the Virgin Mary and the Cross in Catholic churches, were regarded as representatives of something *spirituelle*; of the celestial host: each one and all — or nearly so — being referable to sidereal signs; to the zodiacal constellations; to the 'bull', the 'bear', the 'serpent' ("held by Ophiucus or Serpentarius"), etc., which heralded, or accompanied in the march of the heavenly throng, the varying Seasons. See appendix C.

retreat of the early persecuted Christians; and two miles or so, below, numerous extraordinary mounds or conical rocks, that rise abruptly from a low, yellow savanna, and appear artificial like those in the Crimea on the heights of Kertch. Our first 'stopping-place' was Ferayg, where there is a temple cut in the face of a lofty cliff, and reached only with difficulty by the aid of ropes. Here we found a diminutive chamber (about 15 feet long and 12 broad) supported by four pillars, having small apartments on either side, an *adytum*, or sanctuary, with niches, perhaps for statues; and a square hole in the floor which probably served as a tomb (if the Egyptians buried their dead in temples) or to conceal treasures, as it was so constructed that it could be firmly secured by a trap-door, — there being places for the hinges and bolts. The main-hall was once adorned with figures in relief; but they have been much defaced by later religionists, who daubed over them crude images of distorted, suffering saints, and petticoated popes or bishops. From names found here, it is supposed to have been excavated 1400 years before our era.

An hour later, we were at the great temple of Aboo-Symbal; and though I had read much of this ancient monument, I had no correct idea of its position, or the general appearance of its exterior. The *interior*, however, had been most perfectly impressed upon my mind, by Satler's accurate and elegant

paintings, exhibited some years since in the United States.

There are, indeed, two temples at Aboo Symbal,—one, facing the river; the other, forming one side of a deep gorge, cut through a mountain of sandstone and opening on the desert. They are both of the time of Remeses the Great, which makes them now, 3200 years old; and, with the exception of those at Thebes, are considered the most interesting remains on the banks of the Nile; for, independent of their grandeur, the peculiarity of their structure, and their architectural beauties, their walls are covered with highly-finished sculptures which throw great light on the history of the above named conqueror, the supposed Sesostris.

Both of these temples are hewn in the solid rock. The small one (by comparison), was dedicated to *Athor*, the Egyptian Venus, who, in one place, is represented as receiving in her arms the setting sun. She is sometimes symbolised by a spotted cow,—regarded with much reverence by the Hindoos, some of whom, once passing through Egypt, are known to have prostrated themselves before this divinity. Her title in this temple is: “Lady of Aboshek”, which, being in the country of the Ethiopians, is followed in the hieroglyphics by the sign signifying “foreign land”. But I will proceed to the larger of these precious monuments.

Imagine the façade of a beetling cliff, one hundred

feet in height, carved out so as to leave an elaborate cornice supported by the *synocephalus* or ape, and four statues sixty feet in height, seated on thrones mounted on pedestals, between which is an elegant doorway, and you have a sketch of the front of Aboo Symbal. The faces of several of these wonderful colossi are well preserved, and "evince a beauty of expression," as Wilkinson remarks, "the more striking as it is unlooked for in statues of such dimensions." The fore finger of one of these is a yard in length. But this is not all there is to be seen on the exterior. Other works in relief, hieroglyphic tablets, and a Greek inscription, are worthy of note. The latter was made by the troops sent by the Egyptian king Psammaticus (2500 years ago), after the soldiers who had deserted his service. It seems that, having been kept on the Island of Elephantine for three years without being relieved, they went over and joined the Ethiopians, against whose incursions into the lower country they had been placed there in garrison.

The *great* temple of Aboo-Symbal, was formerly quite closed by the sand which pours in from the desert. It was first discovered by Burckhardt. In 1817, Belzoni and others, after two weeks' labor with numerous natives, cleared an entrance to it; but now, the evidence of their success, is fast disappearing; the passage way is being rapidly filled up, and it is only on your hands and knees that you can pass under

the cap-stone of the door; once, however, on 'all-fours', you slide easily down, and find yourself in a moment in the very midst of a long, gloomy hall, surrounded by the stately, stern, and solemn figures of the gods.

The first and grandest apartment is supported by eight osiride pillars; to it succeed a second, with four square pillars, a corridor, and the adytum with two side chambers. Eight more open on the grand hall. In the centre of the adytum is an altar, and at the upper end are four statues in *alto-relievo*. The height of the colossi attached to the pillars in the principal saloon is 17 feet 8 inches, independent of the cap and pedastal. Not the least important of the objects discovered here, are the sculptured and painted historical subjects, relating to the conquests of Remeses the Great. The total depth of this excavation from the door, without the colossi and the slope of the façade, is *two hundred* feet. On our second visit to this temple, when we brought our men to light it with their torches, we were more than ever impressed with the beauty, the antiquity, the design, the grandeur of all that we looked upon;— of the strange, mysterious imageries, the wonderful sanctuary enshrined.

Among the amusements on the Nile, that of stopping at the villages to purchase bread, milk, fowl, eggs, meat, and other necessaries of life, is not the least considerable. Below Aboo-Symbal, we came to



a place that had as dreamy and poetical an air as one could wish to see. We called it the paradise of poverty: a name suggested, perhaps, by the fact, that as we ascended the finely cultivated shore, a small, poisonous snake, glided across our path. The hamlet consisted of only a few, low, thatched cottages, built between the palm-grove and the desert, and had less the appearance of being made to shut up their female occupants and conceal their domestic habits, than those of larger towns. The women seemed to be exceedingly industrious and happy. They came out wholly unveiled, and were very naturally curious to know who we were. They sauntered about in their simplicity, spinning thread from distaffs or bobins, making butter in bladders, and nursing their babies. Leaning against a spreading *dom-tree*, stood a lovely girl, naked as Nubia. She was an emblem of Night — a beautiful Night, congealed, and chiseled by Praxiteles. Little boys, also, came without fear, gathered fruit from the dom-tree, and gave it to us freely. This fruit is eaten by all classes; has the taste of ginger-bread, and in color and shape is not unlike a dried pomegranate. The tree itself resembles a cluster of low palms. A little backsheesh, though unasked for, rewarded the gentle and kind-hearted children for their hospitality. We bought the butter, one of the young women was churning in a bladder by squeezing it together and keeping it in motion; and we set the girl who was

under the dom-tree, chasing the chickens,— of which our larder was in need.

Our next exploit, was climbing to the grottos of Ibreem; beneath which we landed on the third morning after leaving Wadec-Halfa. By means of a rope, which an Arab, with considerable difficulty, had secured above, we succeeded in reaching them; but were it not for their antiquity, which Champollion thinks is entitled to not less than fifteen and a half centuries before Christ, I believe they would not compensate the delay and trouble required in their exploration. Proceeding, however, round the majestic headland in which they are cavered, we came to a narrow, steep path, that led to its summit, where we found the ruins of an immense Roman fortress, which once commanded both the river, and the road by land to the interior and to the Red Sea.

If this is the *Primis* mentioned by Strabo, it is peculiarly interesting in a historical point of view. He says, speaking of the march of Petronius into Ethiopia, ‘he left there four hundred men with provisions for two years, to prevent the incursions of the Ethiopians;’ but it seems that as soon as Gallus withdrew a considerable number of troops to carry on a war in Arabia, ‘the Ethiopians descended upon Syene and other places; but Petronius forced them to retreat to Dakkeh. He then sent a herald to demand restitution of all they had taken, but as they did not comply

with his demand, he forced them to a battle. They were at once routed; some fled to the desert, some swam the river to an island. Among them were the generals of Queen Candace (1), a woman of masculine courage and who had lost one eye. Petronius took them prisoners, then advanced on Pselché, crossed the desert in which the army of Cambyses had been overwhelmed in the sands, and came to Primis (Ibraim), a place fortified by nature, and took it by assault; then advanced on Napata, the capital of Candace, where her son was living. Candace being in a neighboring place, sent proposals of peace, but Petronius took all the booty he could and rased the town; then returned, leaving the garrison at Primis, as above stated. Candace, in the mean time, at the head of many thousand men, descended on Primis; but, before she could invest it, it was strengthened by new troops sent by Petronius. She then sued for peace which Cæsar granted with a remittance of tribute.'

The view from the heights of Ibreen is extensive, imposing and picturesque, for it includes the far winding stream and its emerald borders, the distant desert and the purple hills.

(1) It is thought that the word *Candace* was a generic name among the Ethiopians, signifying queen, as Phrao (Phra, the sun) signified king among the Egyptians. The one referred to above reigned in the time of Augustus. There were other queens of the same name one of whom had a eunuch who was baptised by Philippe. Acts of the Apostles, viii, 27.

Descending by the path and through the same delapidated gates that admitted us to Ibream, we reached our boat and crossed over to the western shore, at a place called by our dragoman Enèbe; thence, after an hour's walk over the desert where there was little to be seen but sand, occasional footprints of wild animals, and some darkened rocks which lay like leaves of lava on the plain, we arrived at a pyramidal mountain of stone, called *el Fourgee*. In this, we found a small but extremely interesting excavation; a sanctuary or a tomb; probably the spot indicated on Scole's map; and as it contains many well-preserved, highly colored hieroglyphics, it is much to be regretted that Sir G. Wilkinson did not visit and describe it.

The person of the tomb was "Poëri, a royal son of Cush" (Ethiopia). The first room is quite small, with an oblong cavity in the floor, probably for the body of this princely personage. Another room further in the rock, has the head of a cow (Athor, Venus) in high-relief, while in the outer chamber, she is represented issuing from behind a mountain. On the left, on the inner door, is a lion guarding a pair of scales in which the deities are weighing the actions of the deceased against the feather of truth. On the other side of the scales, is a hawk-headed god (Osiris) with one hand raised as in surprise, while the other Thoth (Mercury) holds a roll of parchment. Below, is a procession of women with

blue hair (1), white drapery, and, tied round their heads, long ribbons whose ends hang down about their necks. Offerings are also here made to the Egyptian Pharaoh. There is a boat, with people in it using paddles, there are others sowing grain, ploughing, reaping with sickles, and many more painted objects, illustrative of Egyptian life three thousand years ago.

Having sent our boat down stream where we were to join it, we had a walk along the bank; sometimes, by groves of palms and acacia in which were nestled a few huts; then, through plats of bean-vines and the luxuriant, rich green and purple, castor-plant.

Derr, the capital of Nubia, was the next place at which we stopped. It is comparatively cleanly and well built, with many walled gardens, shaded by the ever beautiful palm. Its population, however, I judge to be rather idle; for as soon as we arrived, the shore was crowded. Scores of children followed us, and their numbers increased as we wound our way toward the temple. Women flocked to the doors to see us pass, which gave us a fine opportunity of observing them in their every-day garb; but I will not stop here to remark, *in extenso*, on *toilettes* of very little extent. I should say, however, that many had their

(1) Perhaps the vestals of Kneph who is sometimes represented with a blueish face.

beautiful black hair hanging to their shoulders in fine delicate braids, ornamented with rings and coins, but so attached as to relieve the massiveness of the tresses and not look gaudy. Some, however, wore a dozen bead necklaces. One, whom we met in the street, was very beautiful, — and she was conscious of it, — yet modestly curtained her finely sculptured features with her mantle, and turning her large, dark, melancholly eyes from our too rude gaze, strode majestically away without even deigning to look behind.

The temple of Derr is hewn in a rock to the depth of hundred and ten feet, but it is now in a ruinous condition. It is of the time of Remeses the Great, and a battle-scene represented on its wall in which a *lion* seizes one of the fallen captives, goes to sustain the account given by Diodorus of Osmandyas being followed to war by that animal “who aided him terribly in these combats, he having, some say, been tamed and nourished by the hand of the king himself, while others assert that, as the sovereign was excessively robust and valliant, he wished to make his own proper eulogium, and so indicated these qualities by the image of a lion” (1).

However idle and little inclined to labor the *men* may be in this country, the *women* are certainly industrious. They have not only all the lighter and

(1) Diod., i, 48.

more agreeable household duties to perform, and those imposed by their domestic relations as mothers (for most of them marry, as I have before said, when very young), but they often do what requires a great amount of physical strength and an endurance which their sex would hardly be considered capable of sustaining. The enormous jars of water which they are constantly carrying on their heads from the river to their dwellings, could not be raised from the ground by most of the American ladies; yet these slender Arabs often bear them for half a mile without resting. If, in our eyes, there can be any compensation for this arduous task, it is, in the fact, that they are indebted to it, in a great degree, for their fine, erect forms, and that inimitable goddess-like grace, and that proud, exultant elasticity which characterises their step and which fills every traveler with inexpressible admiration.

On our return, we found that a boat had arrived, loaded with grain, which the women were carrying away in baskets up to the village. These fragile, flexible, stately creatures, worked as though they were accustomed to it,—as though it were their privilege. They waded at once and without any hesitation into the water a little above their knees, received the large full baskets of grain upon their heads, and strode away as though they felt that they were bearing a precious boon from the gods.

This district abounds in date-trees; and between

Derr and Kroosky, there are, it is said, 20 000 on which taxes are paid.

Over the bright waters that grew more golden as evening approached, we floated down to the little temple of Amada, which already existed in the time of Thotmes III, and was probably founded before the death of Joseph. This sanctuary has many interesting hieroglyphics on which the colors have been finely preserved by the Christians; for, wishing to hide them from their sight, they covered them with mud and mortar, and thus did much more good by accident than they did by design.

On the following day, we visited the temple of Sabooa. It was a quiet and lovely Sabbath morning, but no village-bell sent its mellow notes over the desert; yet, he who wisely adores the Almighty, feels *always* his Sabbath in his heart. He knows that he is *always* in the great temple of his Maker and needs no bell to call him to that worship his soul is ever offering up to the Great Author of all the imperishable grandeur and deific beauty that everywhere meets his eye. And who is there, who, in whatever quarter of the globe he may have been, has not ever felt more humble, more devout, when looking up from the deserts and hills,—the uncircumscribed footstool of God—than when in our white-pine, brick-and-mortar ‘sanctuaries’,—one day dedicate to Jaho, the next to Bacchus; one day a church, the next a post-office or a theatre?



At this modern village of Sabooa, the Nooba language ends. The natives of this region are of Bedouin extraction, says Wilkinson, and speak Arabic.

I fear that we shall now get among a less simple, less artless people; for the Arabs are shrewd, cunning and crafty, while those whom we have seen south of us, seemed guileless as children: it will, however, make but little difference with us, except so far as agreeable or disagreeable impressions affect us; for traveling becomes irksome, and life is ever painful, when one *feels* that he is surrounded by those who are dishonest, or only watching an opportunity to entrap him.

A few sticks laid over mud walls and covered with palm-leaves, constituted the hamlet of Sabooa. Under one of these, was a numerous family, and a few goats contemplating a pile of dry straw. In the yard of another, were some grain-vats made of mud, about the size and shape of a New England churn, and an oven, made also of mud. It was about fifteen inches high and about twelve in diameter and looked like a small bee-hive. In its centre, was a floor forming the chamber in which the dough was put through a hole in the side, while by another hole below, the fuel was inserted. This oven ought to go with that *ta-hoon* or mill I saw at Wadee-Halfa. The children about the premises were very filthy, without any clothing, and covered with flies. The

mother's costume was something like that of her offspring, but her hair was finely braided and gave a pleasing effect to a face that was quite Hellenic.

The stones of the temple were laid in cement, which can still be seen. The propylon, or triumphal arch, is yet imposing, and the two colossi which once stood by the portal (and Cardalvane says are of Sesostris) now lie prostrate in the sand and give a melancholly interest to the scene.

On the same day, we reached Maharraka, the *Hierasycaminon* of ancient writers, where is a small but pretty temple, falling to ruins because of its bad foundations. It has one great object of curiosity, a stone, spiral staircase, built, in what is considered with us, the improved, strong, modern style, and supporting its own centre. Isis is here represented seated under a fig-tree, and it only lacks the serpent above, to remind one of our modern engravings of the garden of Eden.

Toward evening, we cast off from the shore, and floated down to the temple of Dakkeh. Ergamenes, who is supposed to have built a portion of this structure, is the king, previously referred to, who obtained so much notariety by the firm stand he took against the authority of the priesthood; for he did not mistake the *priests* for *religion*, nor did he suppose, says Diodorus, "that a belief in the priests, signified belief in the gods. These he failed not to honor with due respect."

The Ethiopians had been accustomed to pay the most blind obedience to the commands of the *pesta-phori*, who, finally, assuming the right, as before stated, to dictate to the sovereign himself the number of years he might live, brought about their own destruction.

“That any kings should blindly submit to the will of the priesthood to such an extent as to give up their bidding”, says Wilkinson, “may appear to us no less extraordinary than to the historian who relates it; but it is worthy of remark that a very similar custom still continues in Ethiopia; and the expedition sent by Mahommed Ali, to trace the course and discover the sources of the *Bahr el Abiad*, or White Nile, found a tribe of Ethiopians on its banks, whose kings, when they feel the approach of death, give notice to their ministers, and are strangled to prevent their dying in the ordinary vulgar way of nature, like the meanest of their subjects. The same expedition also found that a corps of Amazons formed the body-guard of a king of another tribe, whose palace, none but women were allowed to protect”.

A temple built by a man like Ergamenes, should be an imperishable monument to his memory; for he who in such an age had the temerity to investigate the sacred authority, so called, of the church; to expose the artifices of the priesthood, and defy their power, must have been an extraordinary personage;

for even mid all the boasted enlightenment, *religious liberty* and freedom of the present day, how many are there bold enough to call in *question* even (I do not go so far as to say, *deny* and *reject*) the dogmas of the 'faith' under which he was born? Enslavement to the priesthood has not yet passed away!


Dakkeh has some indented hieroglyphics of rare beauty. In a small side chamber is a medallion head with an exquisite oval face, another with hair curled in the Nubian fashion of the present day; many figures with contour of form, graceful arrangement of the limbs and drapery, that might compare favorably with the very best works of modern art. The 'oval' of the cruel, abhorred, Ptolemy Philopator (1), occurs here with that of his wife (his sister) Arsinoë, whom he put to death; and his father, and his mother Berenice.

Dakkeh was the *Pselché* of Strabo mentioned in a former letter as the place where Petronius defeated the generals of Candace, and from whence, after having taken the city, he marched to the capital of this Ethiopian queen, sacked it and carried off its treasures.

On our way back, we were surrounded by laughing, sprightly girls, and earnest, wicked-eyed boys,

(1) He was called Philo-pator (the friend of his father) in irony, as it was supposed that he hastened his father's death, by poison.

who strove to sell us beads and coin; the former, offering their scanty robes of leather thongs, when they were not successful with their other merchandise.



## XIII

New charms. — Season to visit Egypt. — A walk. — Temple of Gerf-Hossayn. — A Bedouin. — Children. — A native dandy. — Kalabshee. — Temple by torch-light. — Bad character of the people. — King Silco. — Quarries of Gartasse. — Method of cutting stone. — The bat. — Haunts of the bat. — Reflections. — The vampire. — A Nubian angel. — The evil eye. — Amulets.

Added to the charm of the scenery, the delicacy of the atmosphere, the mildness of the climate, which I so much loved to expatiate on, when *ascending* the Nile, we have now a daily feast for the mind, in the variety and beauty of the monuments, which hallow and adorn the banks of old Egypt's stream. But as a just idea of such things can only be conveyed by a comparison with known objects, and as these here are unlike any thing else, I may almost say, in the wide world, any attempt to describe them in detail or to give the effect they produce *en masse*, must be nearly useless. It would be easy to state the length, breadth, height of these painted and pictured cham-

bers, propylons and pillars, but to give a faint conception of the web woven about the memory by all the sculptured portraitures and imagery which everywhere greet the gaze; to define the emotions which crowd upon the heart, mid the grave grace, and grandeur, the classic symmetry and the unique *ordonnance* which reigns throughout these ancient structures, would be as difficult as to stay upon the earth the iris of a passing storm. Still, I must not neglect them altogether, since they constitute the *soul* of a voyage on the Nile; since they are the only reliable, *fidelle* and legible books left to us, in which to read the primal history of the human race and its progressive steps in the arts of peace and of war. I must at least attempt to portray some of their more prominent characteristics; and if my reader would persue the subject further, he has always at hand the works of Champollion, Lepsius, Wilkinson and others, which open a majestic field, whose flowery paths will beguile him of his lagging hours, from the early morning to the eve of life.

At certain seasons of the year, the country is so flooded that to reach many of the places to be visited, long and disagreeable detours have to be made, sometimes on natural ridges, sometimes on the dikes raised across the country to retain the water required to irrigate the soil. The last of January and the whole of February I should judge the best season in which to be in these regions, for then the river

is at a medium height, which enables you to ascend it and the *first* cataracts without difficulty with a good-sized boat, and avoid those round-about routes referred to above.

To visit Gerf-Hossayn, — where we were on the last of January, — we had to land several miles above it, and walk down. This, occasionally, is by no means objectionable, as you see the country, the mode of tilling the soil, etc., while with a gun on your shoulder (unless you happen to be a lady) you can find amusement which will considerably shorten the promenade.

After about an hour's walk, we came to an ancient burial place in the sand, above which, lay some skulls and other remnants of the dead. We passed also a few huts and Santo's tombs, and over several fields from which the grain had already been gathered : this in one place, was piled up into a large open basin, about twenty feet in diameter, made of sun-baked clay; in another of the same kind, five donkeys and cows were treading it out. The animals were driven abreast, all tied to a line, one end of which was fastened to a stake in the centre. This method of treading out the corn is not and was not peculiar to this country; the Jews probably learnt it of the Egyptians, and it is referred to in Deuteronomy.

Gerf Hossayn is a large temple hewn in the rock like that of Aboo-Symbal. It is also of the time of the Great Remeses; has its grand hall and osiride



columns, its dark and gloomy adytum or sanctuary whence oracles were given and about whose altar hangs the noisome bat. On each side of the grand hall, in the wall behind the pillars, are four niches. In each of these, sit three figures in high relief; one of whom on one hand, being a woman, and probably the queen, has her right arm round the personage in the centre. This is a mode of ornamenting these sacred chambers I had not previously seen. In front of the temple is a lofty platform cut also out of the rock. This was formerly surmounted by a colonnade; and as the whole is considerably above the plain, commands a view both novel and picturesque.

Descending from these sombre and sepulchral caverns, smoked and heated by the fires that had been lighted within the *naos*, to give us the full effect of the whimsical conceits by which men had tried to honor God or impose on their fellow creatures, we strode away over the burning and dusty plain in search of our boat. We walked several miles to reach a point where we expected she would halt, but we did not find her. Down stream she was not to be seen, and palms shut out the view in the other direction. We however were not alone and we sat down on the bank to take sketches of the people about us and their costumes; but the individual who most interested us on the way—having joined us soon after we left the temple—had now taken his

departure. He was a Bedouin mounted on a dromedary and armed with a handsome spear and a round shield of hide. He was of a light and slender build, and rode with a careless grace that won our constant admiration. When he cast his vivid eyes upon me, I had a wish to be topped with a lightening-rod to shelter myself from their flashings. Our dragoman could not learn to what tribe he belonged nor whither he was going.

A little boy and his sister, had not been less admired for their fine proportions, and the lofty, elastic, and *gracieuse* air, with which they preceded us to the river. One of them was quite naked, the other wore the Nubian costume, — short fine strings or thongs of leather, dangling about the hips.

A negro, whom our dragoman also called a Nubian, added to the oddity of our group. He wore no cap, turban, or covering of any kind to his head save his hair, which was so thick and long, and so widely spread out, that it really sheltered him from the sun's rays. He appeared to be exceedingly proud of it, and to think that it served all the requirements of the fashionable world, so far as any personal decoration was concerned. Our diminutive captain, who for a wonder accompanied us on this occasion, had donned an enormous white turban, which contrasted finely with the negro's mop.

As we finished our sketches, an old man with long flowing robes, who, leaning on his staff, had regarded

us for some time in silence, pointed out our boat then doubling a point of land ; and, seemingly satisfied that the 'infidel' would soon depart from his borders, went his way.

That same evening, we reached Kalabshee, and arranged one of those scenes, it is impossible for the pen to describe. Climbing a steep ascent, crossing acres of ruins and broken pottery, we first visited a *small* temple with curious polygonal columns ; then, going along the edge of a rocky eminence for about an eighth of mile, came to the *grand* temple which is of Ptolemaic date. The stately pillars of the court, the massive architraves which lifted their pondrous proportions above our heads, the deep shadows and gloom with which the night seemed haunting this venerable pile, were at this hour strangely impressive. We were, however, to have an affect of a different kind, — more curious, more rare, — for we had sent to the village for torches : in the mean time, passing through the cumbered and sculptured-strewn area, over vast piles of Cyclopean rocks, we had gained the inner sanctuary. Soon, up the staircase by the river, along the broad stone platform, and between the pyramidal towers, came the torch bearers, surrounded by a motley multitude, eager with curiosity and interest. Some brought native arms and young monkeys, of both of which our dragoman made purchases ; others brought coins and beads, and several women brought their babies. On they

came, up through the great portal, then spread themselves in all directions over the ruins, till every peak of these gigantic masses, every shattered column, every elevated portion of frieze or cornice that cumbered the ground, was occupied. The light then fell beautifully among these wild groups,—the living, and the chiseled gilden ones upon the walls, while the granite leaves of the gorgeous capitals above, seemed waving to its flickering glare. At one point stood the Nubian with his gleaming spear; at another, some swarthy half clad vagabonds with knives tied to the arm above the elbow; at another, naked boys, whose nudity was less objectionable than the flaunting rags of others, and timid girls with long strings of gaudy beads; while by the entrance, old men and women, whose age or modesty prevented their clambering to less steady eminences, gave one the impression that the mummied of the sepulchres had come up from their long homes to stand sentinels in the desecrated temples of their exiled gods.

Returning to our boat, we had a kind of military escort: our torchmen and the spearsmen preceding us, while the rabble made up the rear: they finally crowded into the water to look at us and vend their monkeys and other merchandise. We lay under a dark cliff crowned by a beautiful tree, over which the evening star was rising, when we cast off from the shore.

Kalabshee, at the present time, has a bad reputa-

tion. Our dragoman warned us to be constantly on our guard. The people are said to be dissolute, and void alike of religious faith, morality and honesty : perhaps the following fact would be an argument against them. — One of them brought for sale a valise and handkerchief, evidently English : articles that had been used by some traveler. I tried to find a name upon them, but could not.

*Talmis* was the ancient name of Kalabshee, and *Malouli* was its deity, and many of the *ex votos* in the temple were inscribed in his honor. The following curious and amusing one written in Greek by “Silco, king of the Nubadæ and of all the Ethiopians” is thus translated by Wilkinson, who prefaces his translation with : “To judge from his own account, Silco neither spared the vanquished nor was scrupulous in celebrating his exploits... his Greek is not very pure nor very intelligible”.

“I Silco, king of Nubadæ and all the Ethiopians, have come to Talmis and Taphis; once! two (twice?) I fought with the Blemyes, and the deity gave me the victory with the three; once I conquered again and took their cities; I sat down (reposed) with my people at first; once I conquered them and they did me honor, and I made peace with them, and they swore to me by their idols, and I believed their oath that they were good men : I went away to my upper regions where I became ruler : I was not at all behind the other kings, but even before them : for

as to those who contend with me, I do not cease to sit down in (occupy) their country, until they have honored me and besought me, for I am a lion to the lower districts, and to the upper a citadel. I fought with the Blemyes from Primis (1) and Lelis (?) once, and the other of the Upper Nubadæ : I laid waste their country since they will contend with me : the lords of the other nations who contend with me, I do not suffer them to sit down in the shade, and only in the sun, and I have not allowed water (to be taken) into their houses, for my servants carry off their women and children”.

This document points to several interesting facts : — that the kings of the “upper regions” had considerable work to keep in subjection lower Ethiopia ; that the position of the “Blemyes” is to some extent defined, and that in olden times as at present, women and children were the carriers of water for domestic purposes.

At Gartasse, which we reached the following day, we visited the quarries from which the stones were taken for the great temple of Isis at the Island of Philæ. As the Egyptians were in the habit of placing their quarries under the protection of the gods, there were generally dedicatory inscriptions in some conspicuous situation on the smooth face of the cliff where the rock had been cut away, and sometimes

(1) The *Ibreem* mentioned above.

a niche in which was enshrined the figure of the deity to whose particular guardianship the works had been allotted. Here are one enchorial (1) and upward of fifty Greek exvotos; most of them in honor of Isis. There are yet traces of the road by which the stones were removed from the quarry.

This quarry is not so extensive, so ancient, or so interesting as those of Toora, Tehneh, or Hagar Silsileh; nor does it show so clearly as some others, how the Egyptian workmen cut the stone. In the mountains near Cairo this is at once seen and is well described in the guide-books. In the first place, they chiseled out a groove or canal round a quadrangular smooth space on the perpendicular face of a rock, then pierced a horizontal shaft to any required distance by cutting out the square designated. Making afterward a succession of shafts or tunnels on the same level, they continued the work downward in the form of steps, removing each tier of stone in succession till they arrived at the base of the quarry. When they worked on the surface of a rock which had nothing on its side to hinder a block's being split off, they sunk a line of holes into which *wooden* wedges were driven. Along this line a trough or canal was cut and filled with water, which, on gradually and uniformly expanding the wedges, accom-

(1) Applied particularly to the most abridged mode of writing formed from the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and used by the people.

plished perfectly, unassisted and unattended, the desired object. Blocks, which the labores had prepared to split off in this manner, may be seen back of the village of Asouan. In the mountains of Masarah, "the lines traced on the roof, marking the division of each set of blocks, were probably intended to show the number hewn by particular workmen... and when men were condemned as a punishment to the quarries, it was in like manner a record of the progress of their task; criminals being obliged to hew a fixed number of stones according to their offence (1)." The peculiar mode of getting out square blocks, is seen on the top of the hill at Tehneh. They leveled first the surface, then cut paralel trenches along its entire length, seven or eight feet apart, and others at right angles to them, until the whole was divided into squares. The blocks were then cut off according to their required thickness. This portion of the quarry is 126 feet long and 32 broad. At Hagar (or Gebel) Silsileh the "stone", or "mountain of the chain", below the cataracts, are extensive sandstone quarries from which a greater part of the Egyptian temples borrowed their majesty. When one stands in their vast roofless chambers and looks up and along the solid walls which tower almost to the clouds and stretch away

(1) Sir G. Wilkinson.



in every direction, he is apt to wonder where the world-of-stone that has been removed hence, can have been deposited.

The temples built above ground, though they may not be so curious as those cavered in the rocks, have seldom any of that oppressive, mephitic atmosphere, which in the latter is often quite intolerable. The tombs too, in their deeper chambers, have the same cause of disgust. This by no means arises from the dead, but from the living — the bat, that animal the French call the ‘bald mouse’, and the Arabs the *wat-wat*, “derived probably from the word *watee*, common.”

There are eight distinct species of bat in Egypt, but those which haunt these subterranean sanctuaries and sepulchres and make them noisome, seem to be the kind with which we are familiar in North America, though they may be slightly larger and of a darker color. They are not, however, *entirely* without their use; they serve to inform you when you have reached the innermost room or recess of these strange excavations : and this is of no little moment; for oftentimes the galleries and apartments are so numerous, so varied, so unequal in form and character, that you are bewildered, and experience a conscious relief on hearing (when once accustomed to it) that humming, roaring noise, which these animals make when disturbed by the flaming torches brought into their seemingly-secure retreats — the

very *deepest* and *gloomiest* of all which your curiosity has induced you to penetrate.

Every boat ascending the Nile, takes along two or three circular iron frames, about six inches high and six in diameter, so constructed as to hold a quantity of resinous wood and allow the light, when the wood is ignited for use in these dark places, to escape on all sides. This frame has underneath it a hollow handle into which a long stick is inserted for the purpose of raising it to such lofty portions of the wall or ceiling as one may wish to examine.

On entering these mysterious abodes of the bat and the jackal, how instantaneously the mind reverts to the time, when a rich, a proud, a splendid people thronged their portals! How quickly the imagination gathers in their echoing aisles, the pomp and pageantry of imperial obsequies or rites of the Church! You fancy you hear the soft sound of harps, the solemn chanting of choirs; that you see the procession of priests, the flaunting of banners, the glare of flambeaus; while the beautifully colored walls daguerreotype the moving throng and make the scene eternal. You look about you: the columns, the capitals, the ceilings so teem with the sculptor's skill, they appear as if draped with lace. Apartments on the right hand and on the left claim your attention: you read there an epitome of old Egyptian life. You proceed, you descend: royal feasts, religious festivals accompany you. Deeper, more

gloomy, yet more vast, are the halls beyond, and there, are pictured the 'judgment', the 'resurrection', the souls of good men among the stars, the headless forms of the wicked chained to pillars under the great sea in which swims the 'serpent', and over which were wafted the virtuous to the shores of the blessed. More sombre, more solemn grows the way: your step is more cautious, your respiration more difficult, an indefinable melancholy seizes upon you. Presently, a strange and indistinct sound is heard in the still darker distance, and sends a cold chill through your frame. — Are the serpents hissing at you from the drear vaults below? You proceed, and the noise increases: is it some rushing stream into which you may plunge headlong? The sound becomes louder as you advance, till earth's pent-up thunder seems rolling under your feet, over your head and round about you; the atmosphere is in motion, and you think of a tempest roaring through a forest: you are in the *ultimate* excavation of these wonderful works; millions of bats have been startled by your approach, and when you enter their domicile, this caverned world is filled with the dull rumbling noise their myriad wings drum out upon the air in their wild flight for safety. If the traceried roof had not already been blackened by smoke, it would not now appear less like a netted pall waving in the wind from the murky clouds of *wata-weet* floating above you. Dashing hither and thither, still loth to

abandon their haunts, they strike the torch-frame and fall at your feet, or, whirling madly about, rest for an instant expecting you to depart, then speed off through the long galleries, followed by a fainter and fainter-growing sound like that of the receding sea.

This is more particularly applicable, it is true, to the vast tombs in the Libyan hills, than to the Nubian temples; still, in the latter, the *animo manendi* of this night-bird is the same, and the effect on the mind of the visitor not dissimilar, though in a less degree. The dark vaults for the dead seem a more natural, a more appropriate place for him, than even these long-deserted sanctuaries; but it is sufficiently saddening and impressive to see him clinging to the marble brows of the old deities, and defiling the altars from which, for so many ages, the fragrance of pure sacrifices and sanctified incense ascended to the gods of Ethiopia.

How glaring have become here the misconceptions of man! how fallacious his attempts to consecrate to Divinity the meagre works of his own feeble hands! Did the God of Egypt require the temple of Karnak? Did the God of Israel require the temple of Solomon? If so, would he have allowed a Mahomedan mosque to rise over the ruins of the one and the bat alone to abide in the other?

A species of bat which is abundant in Egypt and found in numbers in the chambers of the great pyr-

amid, is called the *rousette*. It has been remarked, as having a face resembling that of a dog; that it is susceptible of education; that it attaches itself to the person who takes care of it, becomes affectionate, and licks like a dog the hand that caresses it: it will also defend its master from the attack of strangers, and show as much ferocity in such cases as any canine pet.

To this subject of the *wat-wat*, our attention was particularly called by our dragoman when landing at Dabod. 'There', exclaimed he, 'is a flock of bats!' and he pointed to the western horizon, from which there was rapidly rising and stretching southward, what appeared to us an ordinary cloud. I paid little heed to his remark, for I conjectured that it was about time for him to start some new subject of wonder, with which he thought it best, occasionally, to tax his brain. I may, however, have done him injustice, as there is, it is said, the vampire, or Ternate bat, which inhabits Africa and Oriental islands, and moves in vast flocks from place to place. It is the *vespertilio spectrum*, and is dreaded here on account of its habit of attacking and sucking the blood of persons and animals when asleep. "But the truth", says Cuvier, in his *Règne animal*, "appears to be, that it inflicts only small wounds, which may probably become inflammatory and gangrenous from the influence of the climate." One writer says, they are about the size of a magpie; another, that their

wings when extended measure five or six feet. They live on fruits. From their sucking the blood of persons when asleep, it is very probable they gave origin to the fable of the harpies.

Perhaps, however, our neglect of the vampires, and harpies, and all such spooky things, could find a solution in the fact, that a being without wings though much more of a sylphid than the preceding, was hard-by us upon the shore engaged in the landable, and here peculiarly praiseworthy business of washing garments, — but not her own. She, in fact, was a wild, unwedded child of semi-civilization, and had never known any of the savagisms and discomforts of fashionable clothing. She wore only the friil of leather thongs, which a foot in length fell from a girdle about the hips, and she stood before us and walked and worked with such poetry in her repose, with such a witching natural ease and gentleness in her gait, such seeming soft luxurient harmony and music in her motions, that every one was subdued by their magic influence; every one felt the ravishing power of this free, native grace; every one was fascinated and spell bound by this slender, artless, delicately-moulded, daughter of the Nile. But would it be believed that strangers as we were, and as hideously attractive as we must have been, each in the peculiar costume of his own country, she never, but in a single instance, lifted upon us her dark dreamy eyes? She sat on the trunk of a palm-tree

which had fallen into the stream, washed carefully, and as if with thoughts intent upon her occupation, the article in hand, then went a few steps from the shore and spread it on a rock. When her slight task was finished, she left the garments where she had placed them to dry, and with the same unrestrained air, the same inimitable queenly bearing, walked off unconcernedly toward her home. Never was the step of any actress upon the stage, one half so winning!

For a moment, our dragoman seemed pleased with our admiration of the young Dabodian, and claimed her to be of pure Arabian blood; saying, that he would take us to her house, where we could see her parents, as he was going there to buy some provisions. Later, however, the Mahommedan's unqualified detestation of all foreign dogs (ourselves included), his belief that their gaze contaminates and influences evilly the child upon which it falls, got the better of his judgment. He, apparently, became annoyed at our persistence in laudatory phrases concerning this faultless creature, and was disposed to believe that some malign and pernicious *afreet* would thenceforth accompany her. Accordingly, when we were examining the temple, he went alone for his fowl and eggs, and when we returned, the boat was ready to proceed.

That the influence of the *evil eye*, which strangers are supposed to possess, is much feared by this over-

superstitious people, I have often had occasion to remark. Little children, from being taught to dread it, almost instinctively hide their heads in the bosom of their parents; and when approaching them, I have often seen parents cover their infants with some portion of their dress, so as entirely to conceal them from my sight. Children and young persons scrupulously avoid coming in contact with you: a precaution oftentimes very agreeable to the traveler, in view of the dirty condition in which many of these little *nudities* exist. When pretending to touch their offspring, with the tip of my finger, I have known mothers to dart off in afright as though their 'young hope' had been breathed on by a basilisk. Let it be said, however, that they never refuse to approach near enough to you, to take from your hand any quantity of *backsheesh* you may be pleased to offer them.

Belief in the *evil eye* has been a prevalent superstition in almost every age and country. The Greeks and Romans, with all their learning, were not free from it. Theocritus wished that an old woman might be with him to avert the ill by spitting. — And *spitting* seems in modern times to be supposed to have some unaccountable power in it, since Hobhouse remarks that "not only a Greek but a Turkish woman, on seeing a stranger look eagerly at her child, will spit in its face, and sometimes, if the look is directed at herself, in her own bosom."



I saw this done once to an infant, by a *fellaheen*, but I did not then divine the object.

Virgil refers to the *evil eye*, and Pliny mentions a people among whom there are persons who can kill those on whom they look steadily for a length of time. One of the Roman deities was Fascinus, the celebration of whose rites was entrusted solely to vestal virgins.

Besides spittle, as a preventative of the effects of fascination, sprinkling with certain decoctions has been adopted, and necklaces of sapphire or carbunkle; garlic, or pronouncing the Greek word *skodron*, which signifies that herb, has been considered also sovereign remedies. In Egypt, it appears to be much more common for the men to wear amulets than either women or children, though it is said that when a child is born to some of the more superstitious, it is instantly loaded with these spell-repellants, while a small bit of mud, carefully prepared under the direction of an expert, is stuck upon the infant's forehead. I hope scientific men will fully investigate this *last* application, in view of having it extensively adopted in America and elsewhere, provided they ascertain that it has ever been efficacious in a single instance in exorcising of the devil its tender recipients.

If Mahomedan women have no souls, it may fully account for their not wearing amulets (?); and I really do not remember to have seen any about their persons, unless they consisted in rings, bracelets, or

chains of beads. One little girl, who wore a very pretty greenish scarabeus suspended by a double string around her neck, and which was all the toilet she could boast, very readily parted with it for the sum of six cents, though, when I asked its price, I had little expectation of becoming its possessor, supposing it to be to her a talisman of great value.

All our seamen wore talismans or amulets (1) affixed to some portion of the body. The latter consisted of a leather bag about an inch square, strongly sewed all around, and said to contain scraps of the Koran which the priests had particularly selected on account of their great virtue, and were generally tied, by a string, to the arm above the elbow; the former was like those used by the Samothracians — a piece of iron formed into some rude image and set in a ring. Of the latter, I saw one taken from a mummy's finger, but I did not procure it, because of the extravagant price set upon it by its owner.

(1) Amulets, from the Arabic *hamail*.



## XIV

An inscription. — Kerdisk. — A modern cemetery. — A ramble. — A negro. — Carrying arms. — People of Kerdish. — Costume and colour. — A silver-voiced heroine. — Dragomen. — Dabod. — Custom of marrying one's sister. — A sarcophagus. — A story about Cleopatra. — Descend to Philæ. — Philæ. — Beauties of Philæ. — French inscriptions. — Temples and pylons of Philæ. — A Greek inscription. — A wiley priest. — A lunch.

*“ For the welfare of king Ptolemy  
and Queen Cleopatra (the sister) and wife, gods Philometores,  
to Isis and the contemplar gods. . . . (†). ”*

When ever I left the boat, I took my gun and ammunition along with me; and frequently in our rambles, I made detours alone in search of game. On our way down to Dabod, we were forced to stop

(†) An inscription in Greek found in the temple of Dabod. The temple was dedicated to Isis, who with her son Horus and Osiris was worshiped here. It was probably founded by a monarch of Ethiopia, an immediate successor of Ergamun, the contemporary of Ptolemy Philadelphus. — *Wilkinson*.

on account of a head wind. We landed, ascended the bank and found ourselves near Kerdish. As there was nothing interesting in its aspect, I sauntered to the southward, and came to the village cemetery.

My mind was growing weary of the task of meditating on the antiquity, majesty, grandeur, beauty of the monuments that I daily visited; and here was now a relief for it. No stately obelisk, no turbaned and gilded headstone, not even the unpretending slab that marks a Jewish grave, called for my regard where the dead were sleeping. Half under the shade of a group of acacias and palm, half on a sunny slope, their narrow beds had been made, and the spot where each one reposed was designated by a covering of white pebbles. There was an unostentatious oddity and a childish simplicity in this which to me was vastly pleasing: it seemed indicative of the nature of those emotions with which we recur to the virtues of the departed; it seemed in keeping with taste devoid of duplicity; with social, chaste and home-bred sentiments; with that existence *intime*, upon which the shadowy messenger from the other world, had only set a momentary seal. These little pebbles, rounded along the road of time, did they not symbolise those daily attritions on the soul of man which take away its roughness and make it ready for a better and more stable setting? was not their colour too, indicative of the purity with which we

love to invest our no-longer-present friends? — the expression of a faith in which we seek to forestall the judgement of the skies? But they were not all of a perfect whiteness, nor of equal size; and I thought I could read in this difference, the diversity of the sleepers. On little graves the pebbles were small and seemed to have been selected with a regard to their freedom from all imperfections. When I came to one where the pebbles were beautifully white and highly polished, I felt sure that some lovely girl had been laid there. When the stones were larger, of a less regular form, of a more dingy hue, I fancied they covered the remains of a being whose age had become unattractive — the decaying casket of whose spirit was no longer a *dainty* prison-house. On one, where the pebbles were the freshest, the fairest, the purest, I imagined I could trace in their arrangement some Arabic characters, — perhaps a fond name or a word of love. At the head of another there were a few withered stems, which looked as though they had never known any moisture save tears, which the parched soil had taken to itself. On several, jars, or hollow pieces of earthen ware had been placed and filled with water to attract the birds who, coming there to regale themselves, might perchance sing some song, grateful to the shades of the silent forms below.

I went thence on my way, without any game; — I left the turtle-doves cooing through *that* grove for

it was invested with a sanctity no stately mausoleum could have imparted to it.

Half a mile or so from the river, and back of the village, rises a bold abrupt cliff, which commands one of the finest of views. I reached its summit by its southern slope and was well repaid for my trouble; but the wild animals I was in search of along its rugged sides, did not make their appearance: I confess, however, I did not expect to meet either lions or tigers.

Winding about the base of the hill, I encountered a negro, wild, foolish or crazy. He threw himself in my path and with shoutings and jesticulations endeavoured to intercept my further progress. He seemed in rather good humor, so I allowed him for a few moments to triumph, but when he became annoying, I gave him with my open hand, a gentle slap on the side of his face. Never did I see a 'darky' more astonished! He leaped up like a cat, feigned to spring upon me, then darted off full speed down the road, and I think did not look behind him till he reached the town.

The people of this country, I believe to be almost universally harmless and inoffensive; yet there is no doubt, and it is admitted by the best travelers, that a person well armed is more respected, and is much less likely to require the use of any weapons of defence, than though he were without them. One well armed has a consciousness of security which an

Arab will instantaneously recognise ; and this self-possessed air may sometimes be ones safeguard, while weakness might beget insecurity. I had my gun in my hand and a good dirk in my breast pocket when I fell in with this black man ; and though his physical strength was much superior to my own, I had no fear in giving him such a lesson as he richly merited. I have reason to think, in fact, that at Ombos, and other places, my weapons had possibly saved me from some annoyances.

Scarcely had I reached the chief object of my stroll and taken a long gaze at the valley, our barque on the glowing river, and the gray desert, before a signal was fired from the boat for my return. I responded to it, in like manner, from a peak of the cliff, and the report rang though the clear air and brought out the villagers below. Soon there were scores of women and children gazing at the odd apparition ; but when I descended among them, the children fled to their homes and the women huddled together partly in fear, partly for observation ; for, as it was a place where European travelers seldom stop, a Northerner was a curiosity, — perhaps, one of the pale faced monsters who form the terrible heroes of their nursery tales.

The *coifure* of the women of this place was neat, and somewhat different from any thing previously brought to my notice ; while their ear rings, resembling those worn by the Tuscan peasantry, were so

heavy, in some instances they were supported by strings. The manner of wearing the hair, I have said, was peculiar. It was in fine braids as usual, but after being brought rather low down on the temples, was carried back over the ears and retained by a handkerchief, tastefully turned around the head. Down the centre of the forehead hung a little gold plate, a star, or crescent, that had a particularly Oriental effect. Numberless chains of beads, with which were mixed little gold plates of the size of a Turkish para, adorned their bosoms ; but here, all evidences of coquettish intent stopped, and thence began the ungraceful long blue robe, made rather with a view, it would seem, to prevent the possible supposition that any thing like beauty of symmetry could exist beneath it, than to reveal the faultlessness of contour, indicated by the carriage of the wearer; for no one can walk well who is not well made, and the gait as surely reveals the character of the form, as a delicate hand, the luxurious life of a lady ; as the expression of the face, the training to which the mind has been subjected.

Where the male portion of the community of Kerdish was, I could not imagine : I saw no man in the town, and none came to the shore, though it was thronged by the other sex, when it became generally known that a strange craft was there. If, however, this gathering was amusing to the most of us, it was in no way beneficial to a crop of beans which we



were rather too freely trampling under our feet ; nor was it at all satisfactory to the owner —a rather stout fine looking woman, who came to expostulate with us on our recklessness. Natives and foreigners gathered about her instead of dispersing ; for there was something musical and sweet in the tones of her voice, that attracted every one to her side. Seeming suddenly to suspect the cause of her ill success, she changed her notes, and with a frightfully shrill cry, proclaimed her utter ruin in the demolition of her beans : “Save me from starvation, neighbors, pearls of my bosom ! save me from the wrath of my lord, ye gems of a far-off sea !” and she threw up her arms as though invoking the mercy of heaven. Could such appeals be resisted ? The women ascended the bank and sat down under the palms, we went on board of our boat and sailed for Dabod and Philæ. Not one of the females attempted to conceal her face. All were free and frank, and when the baby of the *prettiest* one, received backsheesh, she laughed heartily at her less fortunate companions.

Let me here remark, that it is very important to have an *intelligent* dragoman in ascending the Nile ; for every day, yes, almost every hour, one is forced to appeal to him for information which no guide-book contains. My Abdalla replied, when I asked him where the *men* of Kerdish were, that they had all been drafted for the army. This was partially true, without doubt, as the Pacha was getting recruits for

the Sultan ; but from other sources I had cause to believe, that many were 'boating' on the Nile, and as many more were quietly smoking their pipes, stretched out in their dirty domiciles, while their wives were gadding and gossiping and doing their work. The entire work, however, of such a village cannot be much, where a house consists of one room, a wardrobe of one garment, the kitchen utensils of one pot, a bed of a reed mat, and hunger is satisfied with a few dry dates.

We stopped awhile at Dabod to examine its temple, which, like all others of the kind, has its own particular interest. I will, however, mention only *en passant* a few things connected with it. The Greek inscription over the central pylon,—for it has three pylons (1),—shows that the wife of Ptolemy was his own sister. It may be doubted by some, even in presence of the strongest proofs, whether the marriage of parties of such intimate consanguinity, was permitted by the Egyptian laws, which

(1) Perhaps it should be particularly noted, that the 'pylon' or 'pro-pylon' so often mentioned, is a kind of triumphal-arch. One of these may form the grand portal in the wall that surrounds the court before a temple; another, or others (for sometimes there are two or three) may stand alone at a greater or less distance or distances in front of said portal. I doubt not that our idea of triumphal-arches was borrowed from the Egyptian's, but there are few in Europe that can rival in graceful proportions and grandeur the best in this country. In size, the *Arc de triomphe de l'Étoile*; in effect, the *Arc de triomphe Saint-Denis*, Paris, may be presented as objects of comparison.

are considered to have been of the very highest order for the well-being, —social, religious, political—of the people at large ; but, as I shall, probably, have occasion to refer to this subject again, I will now pass it over by only adding a single statement of Sir Gardner Wilkinson : “On the death of the elder Ptolemy, the Egyptians obliged Cleopatra to marry her younger brother, as the Egyptians were not favorable to female government, though formerly on the death of their husbands they became regents ; but their names do not appear on the lists of sovereigns found at Thebes and Abydos.”

In the small hall in front of the adytum is a granite sarcophagus, not usually found in these places, and worthy of particular attention. It is handsomely sculptured. At the head, are two winged globes, and at the foot, two female figures, sitting, crowned with the lotus. It may have something to do with the following story, for which, I believe, there is no good foundation.

Soon after the death of Ptolemy, Cleopatra made an excursion to the Island of Philæ. The ostensible purpose seems to have been, to obtain relief from that melancholy into which the sad event had thrown her ; but, in reality, by the display of her beauty and the splendor of her court, was intended to subdue and overcome those who held in their hands her future destiny ; for she had been apprised that her brother had been named as her future husband,

while her heart was already secretly affianced to another.

On a special mission to her court, there had been sent a son of the reigning prince of Ethiopia, a priest of Dabod, who, by his extraordinary endowments and great personal attractions, had captivated the queen. He was ambitious, wiley, unscrupulous, and at once, on the decease of Egypt's ruler, entertained the project of uniting in himself the sovereignty of the two kingdoms. This project, several circumstances favored, — the lady's admiration of himself, her aversion to the design of the Egyptians, and his being permitted to join the retinue of the queen in her excursion to Philæ, on the borders of his own country, whither he was returning.

Surrounded as the queen constantly was by her own people, the prince had no opportunity of making any advances, and less than all, any definite arrangements with her that would be satisfactory to himself. Accordingly, at the first moment of arrival he secreted himself in the temple of Isis, and when she came to pay her vows, proclaimed, as the oracle might be supposed to do, that she must, at midnight, appear alone at the temple of Dabod, and that she would there learn how her future happiness could be secured.

At an early hour in the evening, disguised and unaccompanied except by a single slave, she secretly left the island in a boat, and ascended the stream, till

within a short distance of the appointed place ; then, landed and proceeded on foot, till she stood under the temple walls. Finding that she had considerably anticipated the hour, she threw off her garments and bathed in the Nile. A brother of the prince, who had been apprised of all his nefarious designs, and who had been set to watch and announce the arrival of Her Majesty, was so captivated by her beauty that he resolved to save her. Creeping, cautiously from his hiding-place and along the sandy beach, till near enough to announce to her, without being overheard, the danger that awaited her, he said :

“ Your boat has been dismissed and you will soon be in the power of one who only seeks in a bride, the sovereignty of Egypt — and your death. Make all delay possible : I will try and save you.”

Cleopatra was overwhelmed with astonishment. She could not comprehend, she had not yet learnt, that ambition could be so base. Her love, too, of the priest, made her almost heedless of the warning. At last, however, fear triumphed. A white and petted bull was standing upon the shore : she put her bracelets upon his horns, threw about them her scarf — wrapping in it a stone on which she had scratched, “ Dabod and Rescue ” — then led the gentle, intelligent creature forth and committed him, with trembling faith, to the sacred stream. Presently, she saw the light flame up from the altar within the

temple, send its glare through columned portals and pylons and along the glistening waters : but midnight had not yet come. In the mean time, aided by Isis, the white bull landed at Philæ. A moment after, the alarm was given ; a hundred barges were on their way to Dabod, and armed men were not wanting in the company. When they arrived, the ceremonies preparatory of a cruel sacrifice had commenced ; but the cry of “Rescue !” rang through the temple : the altar found new and unexpected victims : Cleopatra was free. The brother of the prince revealed the plan of his fiendish relative. Dabod was no longer permitted to have a priest, and Ethiopia, through trebled taxes, paid dear for her temerity. The bull was, thenceforth, more particularly worshiped by Cleopatra, and she built, as has already been noticed, a temple to him at Hermonthis.

There came a soul-absorbing bloom with the early light of that morning, when our boatmen, with glad songs, fastened their feathery oars in the row-locks, pushed off from Dabod and turned the prow of the “Asfoor” toward Philæ (1).

We were almost bidding adieu to Nubia ; the palm-crowned sunny land, that seemed to us now, like some fresh flower, woven with its undying fragrance, into our memories. One spot, however, yet re-

(1) In greek Philai ; in egyptian Pilak or Allak and Ma-n-lak, “the place of the frontier.”

mained, — the loveliest, the most picturesque, the most poetic of all, — and two hours sufficed to bring us to its sacred borders.

If Solon, Thales, Pythagoras, Herodotus and Plato had not sanctified it to the scholar; if the queenly Cleopatra had not walked its lofty terraces and filled its halls with the imperishable perfume of her beauty and her melancholy fate, Philæ would still have its attraction as the fabled burial place of Osiris.— Were it not a richly enamelled and illuminated page in the religious and political history of Egypt and Ethiopia, no traveler would pass it without pausing a moment to repose in its dream-haunted shadows and gather to his heart the incense of its scenery. It lies in the midst of the Hemaceuta hills. — They are called golden mountains, and they curve up about the island, and form an indented edging to the shell-like basin.

Philæ is said to be the spot where the wrath of the fair Isis was appeased for the violence offered by Typhon to her husband. What means he took to tranquilize the storm in the breast of the indignant goddess, I do not now remember. It is said that Typhon aspired to the sovereignty of Egypt, but that his design was for a long time frustrated by Isis. Finally, her husband, who was king, returning from a journey, was waylaid and killed by Typhon, who was subsequently overcome by Horus, son of Isis, and sent bound to his mother. That there was some-

thing peculiarly fascinating in his Typhonian majesty is quite problematical, for, notwithstanding he was the murderer of her husband, Isis gave him his liberty. The war was renewed, Horus defeated him a second time, and he only escaped by turning himself into a crocodile : that is, Horus (Day) overcomes Typhon (Night) or the principle of sterility or evil.

Philæ, the *Joziret el Birba* of the Arabs, is oblong and eight acres larger than Boston Common. Where there was no native rock to protect it from the action of the stream, solid walls were built, which remain to the present day in all their original perfection. This is particularly the case on the southern end of the island, which receives the first caresses of the descending waters. Here, a vast body of solid masonry rises to a great height, stretches away eastwardly along its western border, on a level with the great propylons and temple, and forms a broad and massive platform on which there is an avenue of majestic columns. At one end, a stately stairway has been constructed down to the river, and Cleopatra's royal robes have doubtless swept its steps ; but do not imagine that this was an arrangement of stones for mere convenience, — for the simple purpose of ascending or descending : on either hand were statues, and obelisks, and richly capited pillars ; and when you reach its upper platform, you find it to be the splendid entrance — between imposing colonnades — to the princely saloons of the gods. It was like a brilliant



overture to an opera! like a glowing introduction to a book of poetry!

The beauties of Philæ are not all on the surface: there are under ground rooms and arched galleries; and from about the centre of the northern corridor, is an opening which leads by steps, for some little distance, to a narrow passage-way, thence, at right angles by an inclined plane of the same width, down to a little door opening on the shore, close to the water, at the base of the wall. This was probably for the servants, or a secret way of escape in time of danger, and may have played a role in some interesting intrigues.

Proceeding northward from the grand stairway, you pass, on the left, a covered gallery supported by a row of twenty-nine pillars; on the right, piles of shattered cornices and columns, and reach one of those immense structures, the triumphal arch or pylon, heretofore described. On the wall of its passage-way or portal, is cut the following interesting, though modern inscription:

L'an vi de la République, le 42 messidor, une armée française commandée par Bonaparte est descendue à Alexandrie. L'armée ayant mis, vingt jours après, les Mamelouks (1) en fuite aux Pyra-

(1) From an Arabic word meaning *slave*, as the militia, composing the body called *Memlouks*, was made up principally of Circassians and Mingrellians subjugated and carried into captivity by the Mongols in

mides, Desaix, commandant la première division, les a poursuivis au delà des Cataractes, où il est arrivé le 43 ventôse de l'an VII.

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Les généraux de brigade : DAVOUST, FRIANT et BELLIARD, — DOUZELOT, chef de l'état-major, — LATOURNERIE, commandant l'artillerie, — EPPLER, chef de la 24<sup>e</sup> légère. — Le 43 ventôse, an VII de la République (3 mars, an de J.-C. 1799.)

In a longitudinal gallery in front of the *naos*, is a list of the names of the persons composing the *scientific* corps of the same expedition, with the latitude and longitude of Philæ. The record is as follows :

R. F.

AN. VII.

BALZAC, COQUEBERT, CORABOEUF, COSTAZ, COUTELLE, LACIPIERRE, RIPAUT, LEPÈRE, MECHAIN, NOUET, LENGIR, NECTOUX, SAINT-GENIS, VINCENT, DUTERTRE, SAVIGNY.

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Longitude depuis Paris. . . . 30° 15' 22''

Latitude boréale. . . . . 24° 3' 45''

the time of Genghis-Khan. About A.D. 1230, the sultans of Egypt bought many of these and created said militia, which became so formidable that, in 1254, they placed one of their number on the throne and ruled for near 300 years. In 1517, Sultan Selim (the Ottoman) overcame them; in 1811, Mahommed-Ali extinguished them.

After passing through the first propylon, you come to a large space with a temple on the left, which is *surrounded* by a colonnade; on the right, another, somewhat different in form, with pillars on this court *only*. In front of you, is a second lofty propylon, which opens on a splendid hypethal court encircled by a colonnade of inimitable beauty; — the columns exquisitely wrought, with capitals and entablature so richly carved, so tastefully and delicately colored, you can easily fancy it the principal approach to a saloon, pictured in a palace of the ‘Arabian Nights’. Beyond this, is the naos or more sacred portion of the temple, — three rooms diminishing in size as you advance, the last, being the *secos* or sanctuary, containing a granite monolithic shrine, bearing the ‘ovals’ of Euergetes I., and his wife Berenice, who reigned about two hundred and fifty years before our era.

From these apartments, there are passages leading off, through the thick, dark walls, to others. In the floor of one, is an opening (perhaps formerly closed by a stone), conducting by a stairway to rooms under ground, which Wilkinson suggests may have been intended either for concealing the sacred treasures of the temple, or for some artifice connected with superstition, and perhaps with the punishment of those who offended the majesty of the priesthood. In a chamber over the western ‘adytum’, are some sculptures representing the death and resurrection

of Osiris; in another, they relate to the birth of Horus.

This vast creation of Egyptian genius which I have thus rough-sketched, constitutes the temple of Isis, and is that line of sculpture surmounting the terrace, which first greets the eye of the voyager as he emerges from the gorge of the Hemaceuta hills and floats out on the placid waters which encircle Philæ. It was commenced by Ptolemy Philadelphus (1) and Arsinoë. Subsequent monarchs and queens added to it; among them the two Cleopatras, and Ptolemy, the elder son of Euletes, who has recorded his name on one of the towers. There are also to be found here the names, Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Domitian, Nerva and Trajan.

On a lofty platform, on the eastern side of the island, is an hypæthral building, which, from the loftiness and beauty of its columns and its position, is supposed to have been designed, principally, to produce a fine effect when seen from the river;—and its object has been fully realised; for it was one of those that riveted our attention, when we sailed by it on our way up the Nile. It seems, indeed, only for show, — for to what use would they be likely to put a collection of pillars, that support only an imposing entablature and no roof? But it is sad to observe that it has *begun* to become a ruin. The massive

(1) Ptol. Philadelphus ascended the throne 285 B. C.

architrave over the western entrance is broken and seems ready to fall; and when it *does* descend from its aerial post, it will carry with it a portion of a splendid capital, which now rolls out richly beneath it, and perhaps a piece of the shaft itself. Assuredly, were I a wealthy man and visiting the Nile annually, as are some of the Alexandrians, I would take measures to secure that stone in its place : — as I would also, for the same reason, restore those that have been removed from the base of Pompey's pillar. And the expense would not be great. In the former instance, it would be necessary to make some previous preparations, then bring along one or two skillful men, and the work might be done in a few hours.

Near the commencement of the eastern corridor, in front of the great temple, stands a small Esculapian chapel. It was consecrated to the Egyptian Aphrodite, by Physcon, of the Ptolemaic dynasty, who did much to beautify Philæ. I will not describe the temple, but give in full an interesting Greek inscription found here on the pedestal of an obelisk, and carried to England by Mr. Banks. It shows that the priests were somewhat burdened by the number of important personages who visited the island and did not pay their hotel-bills :

“To King Ptolemy, and Queen Cleopatra, his sister, and Queen Cleopatra, his wife, gods Euergetes, welfare. We the priests of Isis, the very great

goddess (worshiped) in Abaton and Philæ, seeing that those who visit Philæ, generals, chiefs, governors of districts in the Thebiad, royal scribes, chiefs of police, and all other functionaries, as well as their soldiers and other attendants, oblige us to provide for them during their stay; the consequence of which is that the temple is impoverished, and we run the risk of not having enough for the customary sacrifices and libations offered for you and your children; do therefore pray you, O great gods, if it seems right to you, to order Numenius, your cousin and secretary, to write to Lochus, your cousin, and governor of the Thebaïd, not to disturb us in this manner, and not to allow any other person to do so, and to give us authority to this effect; that we may put up a *stela* with an inscription commemorating your beneficence towards us on this occasion, so that your gracious favour may be recorded for ever; which being done, we, and the temple of Isis shall be indebted to you for this, among other favors. Hail."

These priests were evidently wily fellows. The *lever* to raise the load, is very slyly slipped under it in the shape of a *stela* to be erected to the king in the temple of the gods; while, as a sort of necessary accompaniment, they are to obtain authority to allow no one to disturb them, — consequently becoming the autocrats of the island.

It appears that the sovereign, was blinded, as usual, and that the priests obtained their wishes; for on the

same pedestal is recorded an answer (only a part of which now exists), probably in gilt letters, of which the following is a translation, as restored by M. Le-tronne : —

“To the priests of Isis in Abaton and Philæ, Numenius, cousin and secretary, and priests of the god Alexander, and of the gods Solers, of the gods Adelphi, of the gods Euergetes, of the gods Philopatores, of the gods Epiphanes, of the god Eupator, of the god Philometor, and of the gods *Euergetes* (1) greeting. Of the letter written to Lochus, the cousin and general, we place the copy here below; and we give you the permission you ask, of erecting a *stela*. Fare ye well. In the year... of Panemus,... of Pachon 26.”

“King Ptolemy, and Queen Cleopatra the sister, and Queen Cleopatra the wife, to Lochus our brother, greeting: of the petition addressed to us by the priests of Isis in Abaton and Philæ, we place a copy below; and you will do well to order that, on no account, they be molested in those matters which they have detailed to us. Hail.”

And now, turning up our modern noses at all the

(1) *Benefactors* : a name given to a small nation, called Arimaspi, in the persian province of Drangiana, because they saved the elder Cyrus with his army in the desert, when in great distress for want of provisions. They had a good government and Alexander left them their constitution and liberty and gave them new grants of land. Several of the Ptolemies assumed this title.

gods who assisted the scoundrel Physcon, and at all the divinities who favored the flirtations of Cleopatra, we will lay aside our pens for a while, to go and lunch in the boudoir of Isis.





## XV

Opinions regarding Philæ. — The effect of color in architecture. — Stairway of the great propylon. — View from the great propylon. — Religious rites and festivities as viewed from the great propylon. — Philæ as one must fancy it. — Abaton. — Pass the wall between Ethiopia and Egypt. — Girshee. — A Nubian merchant. — A tent-scene. — The tambourine. — Native boats. — Arnouts. — A story. — Descent of the Cataracts. — Syene. — Arab conquest of Syene. — An inscription.

“It would be an endless task”, says my guide-book, “to enter into a detailed account of all that Philæ offers to the curious traveler, or to the Egyptian antiquary” : — in such chapters as these, therefore, it would be quite preposterous, though I confess, I am loth to part with so interesting a subject.

It is probable, there were in this island, edifices more ancient than the present ones; that these which we now admire, stand upon their site : indeed, if no evidences of it existed, one might very reasonably conclude, that a people who had exhibited the high-

est order of talent, taste, and refinement in their works, and discretion and judgment in the places assigned to them, would not have neglected so pleasing, so charming a situation for a temple — particularly to a goddess. In fact, the name of Nactanebo (1) occurring on the principal pylon of these structures erected after the accession of the Ptolemies, is a pretty sure proof that some older one had preceded them. At the extremity of the corridor, mentioned in the preceding chapter, there is a chapel dedicated to the Athor (the Egyptian Venus), the capitals of whose pillars bear the head of this divinity. It, or its predecessor, was founded by the above named sovereign of the dynasty of Sebennyte kings, who ruled Egypt a short time previous to its final reduction by the Persian Ochus.

To get a good idea of the effect of colour combined with the details of architecture, one should visit Philæ. It is true, that the main feature of Egyptian architecture, is *solidity*; but on the surface of all this massive composition, is an amount of minute work and tasteful decoration, that is beyond belief: and it admits of this kind of adornment, without losing its characteristic grandeur. For instance, some of the elaborately wrought capitals in the hypethral hall of the temple of Isis, represent the palm.

(1) There were two Egyptian kings of this name, reigning from 375 to 350 B. C.

Its leaves, in all their filiform uniformity, are delicately cut, and painted a fresh apple-green; between them is let in a clear cerulean blue, which makes it appear as though they were floating against the sky; while a bright vermillion, running in life-veins through the work, gives great distinctness and richness to the whole. But it is not on the capitals nor the architraves merely, that this sort of lace-work is lavished, and to which they are so much indebted for their effectiveness. An infinity of fine lines, artistically arranged; myriads of hieroglyphic figures, fancifully and meaningly interwoven; circles and curves, combining to give the lightness or solidity required, leave nothing to be desired by the most vivid imagination, sketching to itself the golden canopy of a colonnade, under which all the fairy-footed goddesses, from Isis to Cleopatra, might be proud to promenade.

In the court, at the base of the eastern tower of the great propylon, is a small door (not easily found, and when found, of difficult access on account of the ruins around it) which leads by easy stages of ascent, to the summit of that imposing structure. Once having overcome the heat and suffocating dust of these narrow passages by which you make your way, you issue forth on a broad, granite platform,—reminding one of that of the pyramid of Cheops,—and find yourself entranced by the beauty of the scene. Below, around you, lies a broad field over-

loaded with the grand and graceful monuments of the Alexandrian kings, and bordered here and there by green sward and shrubs, and shaded by acacias. But every thing is in repose : you are away from the wild tumult of the world, and the pulsations of its great throbbing heart are neither seen nor felt along the tranquil bosom of this desolate spot. It seems too lovely, too noiseless, perhaps too hallowed, even for the wild birds haunt : there is not one of the feathered tribe among its ruins. The waters themselves sweep on silently and dreamily by its sacred shores, and only break into their wild and merry roarings when they have passed the barrier of the Hemaceuta hills and are hid from sight.

To see Philæ by moonlight, no better place could be chosen than this height of the propylon-tower. The lofty pillars of that beautiful hypethral building, which crowns the eastern bank, lie their clear lines like a group of petrified palms against the illuminated stream ; northward, more solid structures rise up majestically and spread themselves out like the wings of some giant form, overshadowing the land ; southward upon the terrace runs the Isisian colonnade terminated by the chapel of Venus, the obelisks and sculptured ornaments that cluster around the gate-way which once opened toward Nubia and let in her luscious light upon the polished pavement of the temple.

Here too, best of all, one can conceive of the im-

posing character of those ceremonies pertaining to the rites of the Egyptian religion, and the captivating splendors and pageantry of those courtly reunions, which gave such renown to this island, during the reign of the Lagidæ.

When the purple-dyed sails of Cleopatra's barges came swelling through the gorge of the "golden mountains"; when her silver-oared fleet with joyous pennons fluttering to the breeze, defiled along under the sombre cliffs, then shot out into the shining river and swept round to the great stairway that led up to the terrace and the temple; when her hundred musicians sent the peals of their pondrous music far panting through the valleys, and gave a sweet voice to every sullen crag; when her gay train in jewelled garb or glittering armour clustered upon the shore, and the proud priests with no less princely trappings came down to welcome them; when through the grand avenue, where on every hand the sculptor had lavished all the riches of his art, the royal procession moved on, headed by the fairest of vestal virgins, whose long robes swept the marble floor; when through columned courts and triumphal arches and sumptuous saloons, with measured step to the chanting of a thousand *pestaphori*, the throng went up to the 'holy of holies'; when before the altar of Isis, the queen, the pontiff, the people knelt and bowed their heads, and received in their hearts the silent benediction of the great goddess; when thence,

through every gilded gallery, and fragrant garden, and shaded walk, and cool retreat this multitude dispersed, and rock and templed-roof and pebbly beach clothed in the gorgeous atmosphere of Egypt, rang with the laugh of merry glistening groups, the sight from the top of this propylon-tower, from which we have seen the moonlight fall upon Philæ, would be to the memory as imperishable a thing, as a clear vision of the celestial band bathing in the rivers of paradise.

After all, Philæ does not look like a place ever inhabited by men; it does not seem suited to their rough natures, their unideal minds. Indeed, I can only fancy it the abode of some Indian princess, virtuous, refined, gentle, with faultless charms, with a love of luxury that is second nature, — luxury for the eyes and the heart as well as the more material form, — with attendants, all women, all full of loveliness, without vanity and without any wish or ambitious desire to be gratified. I can select here her boudoir, her apartment for repose, her library; I know where her dainty feet would take their morning walk, what stately staircase her costly robes would sweep in the early evening; and I know that the windows which overlook the water in the lofty colonnade by the stream, would be her souls watch-tower every moonlight night. It is not even difficult to imagine that you hear the rustling of her garments down yonder pavement, and see the shadow of her slight form as

she emerges from the chapel of Venus, and seats herself by the obelisk of Euergete's queen : but it is difficult to imagine that man has made this superb sanctuary echo to his rude tread ; that his coarse limbs have reposed under such fine and regal canopies ; that his mundane soul has dwelt here unconscious of the halo that enveloped it ; that he has contemplated the strange, the fanciful, the dreamy, the august scenery about him, the great mysterious stream which

“ — Flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands  
Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream,”

and yet has been but a mere material thing, without one lofty aspiration, without one longing for celestial actualities of which these here seem a sweet human hieroglyphic : living for mere place and power, and the fat of beasts to feed his beastly appetite. — I say it is difficult to imagine — to reconcile the mind to such incongruities ; yet they have had existence ; and such only are the blemishes that come to mar my memory of this seemingly golden dream, this real vision of the famed and fabled burial place of the ever living, the god Osiris.

Adieu, Philæ !

Passing over the western branch of the stream, you come to the island of Biggeh, called in hiero-

glyphics Senmout or Snem (1), among whose mounds an interesting *stela* of red granite was found, bearing the name of Amasis, surnamed Neitsi, the son of Minerva. If this Amasis was he of the dynasty of Saïtes, it is probable he erected a temple here about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Some suppose, from a granite statue found behind the present small Ptolemaic structure, that an edifice existed on its site fifteen hundred years before our era.

There is some doubt about this being the ancient *Abaton*, though Wilkinson seems to infer it from an inscription here, mentioning “the gods in Abaton and Philæ;” while Plutarch says, “The island of Abaton is inaccessible and unapproachable... except when the priests go to crown the tomb of Osiris”—thus making Philæ and Abaton the same.

There are said to be on the rocks of this island, numerous inscriptions of the early times of the Pharaohs, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth dynasty; mentioning the pure and holy motives with which the writers came to adore the gods—and probably the goddesses, as the temple was dedicated to Athor

(1) I do not wish it to be understood that I am able to read these hieroglyphics: the interpretation of them, I obtain from the books I have at hand; still, one very soon recognises the different gods and goddesses, and understands the import of many of the pictures he sees upon tomb and temple. The longer therefore one can remain in Egypt, the more interesting become these beautiful pages of history every where laid open before him.



—of this region ; but I did not see any of them ;—perhaps, because I did not look for them.

From this picturesque *endroit*, no one will turn away without regret, and no one will pass the rugged barrier which stands between Ethiopia and Egypt, without feeling an oppression of spirits, which not even the silvery voice of the cataracts he is now approaching, can dispell. The poetry of Ossian will sing itself to him : “Farewell, ye rocks of Ardden ! ye deer ! and ye streams of the hill ! We shall return no more. Our homes are distant far.”

The boat sweeps into the swift current ; strange, bold, statue-like stones, shooting up into the clear air, are towering around on every hand ; shadows deepen ; the water blackens ; our course is changed ; in a moment, we are under the cliff which closes upon us all that is southward, and only *Egypt* remains.

But the night is approaching and it is impossible to descend the cataracts till the following day ; so we halt in the little bay of Girshee. And here, had we not already been favorably impressed with the Nubian character, we should have been so by a Nubian merchant and his family, who were detained by some accident to their boat. The merchandise it brought, consisting of sacks of dates, had been removed and laid in a long row upon the beach some little distance from the water ;—the owner being careful

not to have the packages *piled up*, as the fruit would thus be disfigured by being pressed too much together. The vessel was 'hailed up' for repairs, and several indifferent mechanics, with more indifferent tools, had been set to work at it; and though they had manifested some skill, considering the implements they used, they evidently depended for their success, more upon *tar* than talents. Close by the merchandise, a large and handsome tent had been spread, rather for the females of the party, than the master, who smoked outside. When the heat of the day and the *siesta* of the inmates were over, one broad side of this canvass dwelling was thrown up to the evening breeze. From the neat appearance of things exteriorly, and certain signs of wealth, we had reason to suppose that there was something of it *within* the tent; but we by no means anticipated any scene, with which to adorn a page in our journals. On the ground were spread the nicest and whitest of mats; about the wall hung all the paraphranalia of a splendid *toilette*—gold embroidered scarfs, richly tasselled caps, costly jackets, short silken skirts, large crimson trowsers with here and there an amber pipe, gay slippers, strings of coral and musical instruments; while upon some rugs sat a beautiful odalisque and two slaves. On our approach, a mat was spread in front of the tent and we were motioned to a seat. As our dragoman had gone in search of the cataract-captain, we were without an interpreter

and consequently our host could give no expression to his hospitable intent, but by signs ; but as there are certain indefinable characteristics (superior to all conventional forms) which in every clime and in every costume, distinguish the gentleman, we had no hesitation in accepting the kind invitation made to us, and no fear of being intrusive. Pipes, of course, were ordered, which, for a while, supplied the place of conversation. Some girls and boys from the neighborhood, gathered about us ; one of whom I recognised as the charming, oval-faced creature, who came down to the shore when we arrived here on our way up. By and by, the master addressed the young woman within the tent, and probably requested her to sing ; for, immediately, the negress handed her a tambourine — a common instrument of the country — and she commenced a slow, plaintive air, full of pathos, and perhaps of sentiment with which her heart may have been overflowing. At the close of each stanza was a chorus, in which the slaves joined with their voices and by clapping their hands ; added to which, was the clatter of the sea-shell bracelets they wore upon their wrists. The singing, however, was too nasal to be captivating, though, like an opera, it became more and more interesting, as we became familiar with its beauties.

A scene like this, I have said, we could not have expected here ; but I forgot that we were in the

vicinity of the *Almehs* : it was, at least, difficult to fancy, how so much sadness as we here saw could dwell in the bosom of so much loveliness. Our heroine was such a being as poets have painted in their Eastern stories ; but, over her fine classic features, melancholy fell like a veil. Though there was a strangely tranquilizing langour in her large humid eyes, they were rather oppressive than fascinating : there was in them the strange mistiness of the desert—a meaning I could not fathom. I took leave of her with the same feeling I did of that evening's gorgeous twilight of which she was a beautiful type ; but she subsequently recurred to my memory as one of those gleaming, poisonous, wild-flowers, that hang along the dusky banks of lives fitful and unfathomed current.

What I had seen in the tent caused me to remark, that the *tambourine*, for displaying all the perfections of the *arm*, far surpasses the *harp*. How easy here to show its whole length, its roundness, its whiteness, its dainty dimples and its flexibility ! How dazzlingly it strikes upon the sight when raising the instrument above the head to throw the sound abroad, the full sleeve floats away and leaves its fair and polished surface exposed to view ! How graceful is its curve, when, the fairy-like fingers roll over the trembling surface of this, sort of Oriental primer, then pause as if enchanted with their own perfections ! I have no doubt that when Herodias' daugh-

ter danced off the head of John the Baptist, she danced to the sound of her own tambourine (1), and that it was not the mere lightness of her step, the voluptuousness of her motions and the flush of her youthfulness that captivated the old heathen Herod, but rather her snowy arms, which twined themselves about the heart of Judah's graceless king till all its virtue was crushed out.

We slept within the sound of the cataracts, and in the morning found the shore lined with the men who were to take us down to Asouan.

Before leaving Girshee, we had a view of a curious little boat made of palm-leaf mats, which, being sewed together at the bottom and ends, lined with a slight frame of bamboo sticks and covered outside with tar, formed one of the lightest vessels imaginable. It must have been, I think, in a craft something like this, that little Moses was put, when he first went navigating the Nile. It is said, they will even descend the cataracts in safety; and as a proof of it, a story is told of the wonderful escape of a Greek soldier and his mistress, by this dangerous route, in one of these egg-shells.

There has long been in Egypt a class of military men called *Arnouts*. They are, to this day, seen

(1) The tambourine was known to the Jews, and was a favorite instrument with the ladies. Exod., xv, 20; Judg., xi, 34, and xxi, 21; and 1 Sam., xviii, 6.

strutting about the villages in their picturesque costume, and armed to the teeth. One, who was once stationed at some fortress in Nubia, fell in love with a gay inmate of the governor's *hareem*. In due time, their *hearts* were prepared for flight, but to transport their bodies, no means were at hand, for the boat of the garrison was always under guard. It finally occurred to him, that, as palm-leaf has an exceedingly strong fibre, he might construct something with it which would answer his purpose. He, accordingly, proceeded each day to the palm-grove, braided two mats of the desired shape, sewed them together and placed a frame within, to make it firm. He then bought some bees-wax, melted it, spread it over the mats till they were tightly sealed, and daubed the inside with a coating of clay, which, when dried, gave the whole a consistency that betokened success. Having transported his boat to a place of safety, he was a few evenings afterward, afloat with his fair prize. Hardly, however, had he left the shore before the signal-gun for a deserter was fired; and he doubtless thought that, by this time, the other *gentle* deserter might have also been the cause of some little excitement. By and by, he heard the roar of the cataracts. To stop at Girshee would expose the means, the route by which he had escaped, and himself to arrest. He consulted the jeweled houri. She gave him her hand and told him to trust in God. He understood it; — the boat swept on : darkness en-

veloped them. Down through the foaming rapids plugged the fragile craft; crags, black and frightful, were on every hand; and when the boat seemed rushing upon them to be dashed in pieces, the water that eddied around them bore it off and sent it once more into the wild and stormy current. Down headlong it dove again, and all hope was lost; but, like a bubble, it rose to the surface, bounded on as though proud of its freight, illumined only by the froth the raging stream threw from the cumbering rocks. A gloomier, a narrower gorge was yet to be passed; a fiercer whirl-pool to be encountered; a more tempestuous leap to be taken; but wild and fearful and foaming as was the way, there was no escape when once the voyage had been begun. Onward went the little skiff, and when all skill and earthly power seemed worthless and the very jaws of Tartarus appeared to be opening before them and bleak chaos coming again, trembling through the boiling flood it flew, surged up over the last, mad, hissing crest of the last cascade, and sprang out into a broad, open, basin, as peaceful and placid as the hopes which now encircled these lovers: but, what was the astonishment of the Greek, when folding his fair-one to his bosom, he found that her raven locks had been turned to snowy white, by the terrors of that terrible night.

I need not now give my reader any minute detail of our *own* descent. With sixteen picked men at the oars, — not for the purpose of increasing the boat's

speed, for that was quite enough, but to steady her on her way, — we were, for a short time, in an exciting and somewhat perilous scene. We shot like an arrow down the first foaming cataract and by the threatening rocks, while our mariners chanted an invocation to Allah. In less than twenty minutes, we had passed three of the principal rapids. Then the captain, who had conducted the affair with consummate skill, came and shook each one heartily by the hand as though some great danger had been escaped; proclaiming his own triumph by saying: *Tyeb! tyeb!* which had an undercurrent, signifying in the end, *backsheesh! backsheesh!* Within the space of two hours, our boat was at Asouan.

Asouan is the *Syene* referred to by Ezekiel (1): “Behold, therefore, I am against thee and against the rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia.” But there is some mistake in this, for Syene is on the borders of Ethiopia. Again the same prophet declares: “They also that uphold Egypt shall fall; and the pride of her power shall come down: from the tower of Syene shall they fall in it by the sword.”

This last seems indeed prophetic, if the former does not; for her people have often fallen by the sword, though Egypt has never been utterly

(1) Ezek., xxix, 10; do, xxx, 6.



waste and desolate. — But it was very natural, of course, for the *Jews*, who must have hated the Egyptians, to wish them all sorts of evil. Josephus, also, lets off some of his spleen against them. “The Egyptians,” says he, “are a delicate, lazy, peevish set of people, abandoned to their pleasures, and their very souls set upon profit, let it come which way it will (1).”

About 250 years B. C., Syene, it is said, was celebrated for an attempt made here by the astronomer Eratosthenes to measure the height of the sun by means of a well. Syene being supposed to lie directly under the tropic, he thought the rays of a vertical sun falling in the water at the bottom of such an excavation, would mark the moment of the summer solstice. This contrivance, discredited by many, has been studiously sought after; though there is no doubt that the Egyptians understood astronomy sufficiently, long before the time of Eratosthenes, to know that Syene lay considerably to the north of the tropics ( $24^{\circ} 5' 30''$ ).

Southward of the old town, are to be seen the remains of a Saracenic wall, which bears the date of the invasion of the Arabs, who, having swept like a besom of destruction over Persia and Syria, poured

(1) Antiq., II, 9. He also says of the Jews at this *time* (it must be *facetiously*) “they were become eminent already in plenty of wealth which they had acquired by their virtue and *natural love of labor*.”

their wild hordes upon this enfeebled land. On the borders of the cemetary (mentioned in a former chapter) east of Asouan, are some of their monuments with Cufic (1) inscriptions; — the present Arabic character not having been employed till the time of El Munsoor Ismail, of the dynasty of the Fatemites, or about the year 945 of our era. As a translation of one of the epitaphs (and they all express the same religious faith) of the earlier Mahommedan inhabitants of Asouan, might be gratifying to some of my Christian friends, I give the following from my guide-book: “In the name of God, the clement and merciful, I” (mentioning the name and parentage of the deceased) “bear witness that there is no deity but God alone; he has no partner; and that Mahommed is the servant and apostle of God.” This I think quite as appropriate and impressive as the following more modern:


“Here sleeps our baby Polly Jane,  
Who died of measles pills and pain :  
But we her parents don't complain,  
For she now rests on Abram's arm,  
Where no more pills can do her harm.”

Asouan, that is to say, *the sad*, was formerly inhabited by the Hedjazien Arabs of the tribes of Rab-

(1) One of the first towns founded by the Mahommedans.

iah, Mondarides, and part of the Beni-Kahtan, Arabs of the Yémen (1). In 815 of the hegira, the place was ruined by wars and its fortifications destroyed. Since then, it has made but little progress toward the recovery of its former grandeur and importance.

(1) S. W. of Arabia; a part of the ancient Arabia *heureuse*, bordered by the Red Sea. It produces the *moka* coffee.



## XVI

**Dancing among the ancients. — Wanton conduct at Egyptian festivals. — A fresco at Thebes. — Almés or Gowadzecs. — A native dance. — Another visit to Elephantine. — Sketches of Count le Battis. — Quarries of Hagar-Silsileh. — An artificial grotto. — An Arab Leather Stocking. — Edfoo. — Wailing women. — El-Kab. — Sepulchres in the cliffs. — Painted agricultural and domestic scenes. — Temples unvisited.**

The earliest records of the most ancient nations show, that with them, music and dancing were favorite amusements; that they were admitted to the sanctuaries of the gods as well as to the social circle; that they pertained to the ceremonials of their religion as well as to their more familiar festivals : it is so, still, in India.

In Hindoo mythology, Ganesa is the god of wisdom (1). Dancing girls and female musicians are

(1) *India*, by Caleb Wright. Ganesa is represented with the head of an elephant — symbol of discernment and sagacity. Bouillet.

bought to please him. These belong to the temple and are called the wives of the gods. Girls dance too, morning and evening, in the great temple of Juggernaut. They are of course the handsomest of their class, and finely moulded (a good form being an essential requisite for a dancer in the East) and they also become wealthy through the numerous costly presents made to them by their friends. In a temple at Banarès on the Ganges, a dancing girl was murdered for her jewels.

David danced before the Lord (1). Miriam and all the women of the camp of Israel went out with timbrels (which they probably stole from the Egyptians, as they did their jewelry under the name *borrowing*), and danced as an expression of gratitude or joy for their deliverance from the Red Sea (2). “Let them praise his name in the dance; let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp,” says David (3). He also says: “They have seen thy goings, O God, in the sanctuary. The singers went before, the players on instruments followed; among them were the damsels playing with timbrels” (4). They also sang as they danced; and it appears that the Jewish women were in the habit, on feast days, of collecting together and dancing out of doors; for it was on such

(1) 2 Sam., vi, 14.

(2) Exod., xv, 20.

(3) Ps. CXLIX, 3.

(4) Ps. LXVIII, 25.

an occasion that the Benjamites were guilty of the disreputable act of carrying off as many as they could catch (1). Those who performed in the temples were generally daughters of the Levites. All the better features of the religious and domestic life of the Israelites as well as their customs, bear the stamp of Egyptian origin, as we shall have occasion frequently to observe; and I doubt not this custom of females dancing on sacred occasions, as well as in times of mere merriment, was borrowed from their old oppressors.

Women performed in the Theban temples; they were of the royal family or daughters of priests. In the coffin of a female taken from one of the Egyptian tombs, was found a pair of cymbals: the hieroglyphics on the outside of the mummy-case represented her as a minstrel of the deity. Women beating tambourines and daraboorkas and dancing and singing as they proceed to the tomb of a deceased friend, are also represented in the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Three thousand five hundred years ago, dancing appears to have been carried to great perfection in Egypt; and so national was this pastime, so mixed up with the more important affairs of life, much pains were taken to perpetuate a memorial of it. In the very ancient tombs of Beni-Hassan, mid a hundred

(1) Judg., xxi, 23.

other interesting subjects, there are expressive drawings of the various postures assumed by those practicing this pleasing art, and even of the pirouette. Their dress was the simple *zaaboot*, a long garment of the finest texture possible, “showing by its transparent quality the form and movements of the limbs”. This robe was sometimes fastened at the waist, while around the hips was a narrow girdle handsomely ornamented. In some instances, the dancing figures appear to be without any dress whatever, unless their long curls, their bracelets, and a girdle, as above mentioned, be considered such. The domestics of a family, waiting upon visitors, I have also seen represented in the same way : this may arise, however, from the outlines of their costume having been destroyed.

There is no doubt, that during their principal feasts, the Egyptians indulged in a degree of licence not countenanced at any other time. Then, a great quantity of wine was consumed; the passions were excited; the animal spirits aroused, and the sense of propriety and delicacy benumbed. Herodotus’ account of the *fête* at Bubastis in honor of Diana (*Pasht*) is truly astonishing; and shows, that wild and wanton conduct took, on such occasions, the place of quiet grace and gentle refinement. “They go by water”, he says, “men and women pell-mell and confounded one with another; in each boat there are a great number of persons of both sexes. So long as the

voyage lasts, some women play the castanets and some men the flute; the rest, men and women, sing and clap their hands. When passing near a village, they make the boat approach the shore. Among the women, some continue to sing and play the castanets, others cry with all their force and say abusive things, against the villagers; these here commencing to dance, those there tucking up their garments in a most indecent manner. The same thing is observed at every village encountered along the river. When they arrive at Bubastis, they celebrate the feast of Diana, in immolating an immense number of victims; and at this *fête* they consume a greater quantity of wine than in all the rest of the year; for the inhabitants say, that on this occasion, there come here seven hundred thousand persons — men and women, without counting the children” (1).

It is probable that, in those times as at present, their dancing consisted more in elegant postures, than a display of agility; more in a succession of rather quiet figures, than startling feats; more in the physical articulation of vulgar realities, than an expression of the graces of poetic thought; more in difficult and extravagant attitudes, than in surprising dexterity.

In tomb n° 16 (2) at Thebes, there is painted in fres-

(1) Herod., II, 60.

(2) Wilkinson placed conspicuous numbers over the doors of these



co the scene of an entertainment in the house of the royal scribe ; “who, seated with his mother, caresses on his knee the youthful daughter of his sovereign, to whom he had probably been tutor. Women dance to the sound of the Egyptian guitar in their presence, or place before them vases of flowers and precious ointment ; and the guests, seated on handsome chairs, are attended by servants, who offer them wine in ‘golden goblets’... On the opposite wall, are some buffoons who dance to the sound of a drum.” In the lower part of the former picture, which is in the outer chamber, “a minstrel, seated *cross-legged* according to the custom of the East, plays on a harp of seven strings, accompanied by a guitar and the chorus of a vocal performer, the words of whose song appear to be contained in eight lines of hieroglyphics, which relate to Amun, and to the person of the tomb, beginning, ‘Incense, drink-offerings and sacrifices of oxen’, and concluding with an address to the basilicogrammat ” (1).

On arriving at Asouan, we had a great desire to see the *Almehs* : a class of people more perfectly representing the ones referred to above, of the times of the Pharaohs, than any other now existing in Egypt : a class, who, though degenerated, and fallen from

tombs, so that travelers might readily find those described in his (Murray’s) guide-book.

(1) Murray’s (Wilkinson’s), Guide-book, p. 382.

what they once were, still have around them many of the social characteristics of European civilization; in fact, the only class of the native population with whom there lingers a semblance of intelligence combined with luxurious tastes. It is true, that among the wealthy Turks and Egyptians, there is a sufficiency of voluptuous habits; but, it is said, there are hardly a *dozen* women in the whole country who can read and write, or make any pretensions to an education.

“And why”, the father and husband demand, “should women receive an education? Is there any walk in life to which we wish to expose them, where their learning would be of any service? We are not like the Franks, who put their wives and daughters into their shops, to be stared at by every passing stranger. Butter they say will melt, when exposed to the sun — we prefer keeping our females from temptation. Besides,

“We want them for home consumption.”

“When they are old, and no longer fit for domestic purposes; when their ugliness serves as a veil, and they consequently have no need of concealing their faces, they may become traders and so, lessen the burden of their relations; but to sell bread in the market does not require an education. In other

countries, where the women's brains are full of foreign ideas, they can no longer be domestic. Their babies are nursed by strangers, their bread is baked by those who may poison it; their homes are prisons for their bodies, while their minds are every where but there, where most required."

The name *Almeh* is derived from the Turkish *ulema*, which is applied to any body of learned men. Those girls in Hindostan as well as in Egypt, whose profession it was to dance, play, sing, tell stories, compose ballads — *improvisatrices* — were considered more learned than any other and peculiarly endowed by the gods, and hence received the above title. They were as necessary to towns and villages as theatres and circuses are at the present day; and it is to be presumed that they were quite as edifying and amusing.

As the Asiatics are extremely fond of story-telling, there is no doubt that women with their glib tongues become as proficient in that art, as with their flexible limbs they are in the dance. It is said that the accomplishment of *improvisatrice* is not, with them, a difficult acquisition, and that slaves are taught it for the purpose of enhancing their value.

The Almés, of today, have evidently descended from the lofty position they once occupied: they have of late years almost lost the fascinating prestige of their name. Their *learning* is nominal, though they acquire considerable information by their intercourse

with foreigners. Their poetic lore consists of bachanalian rhapsodies; their stories are, the scandal of the village: yet, they have beauty; their voices have not lost their sweetness; they have abandoned none of the arts of coquetry; the graces of the *toilette* are still studiously studied; they have the air of people accustomed to the world—an expression of intelligence and sympathy — and their *forms* are faultless.

At the close of the first days negotiation respecting these Almés, our dragoman informed us that an exhibition of the *best* dancers could not be obtained for less than twenty-five dollars. We demurred at his conclusions and were inclined to think that he himself intended to share a portion of the above named sum. On the following day, the amount was reduced to ten dollars, but, on our part, were to be furnished a few bottles of *arrack*;—a circumstance, I confess, that did not give me a very favorable impression to start with. The proposition, however, was accepted. The party was to consist of three, at least, of the best dancers, and celebrated belles of the village, including the famed Sophia who had danced for Warburton, and who had formerly been a bright particular star, the *Nourmahal*, the light of the *hareem*, of Abbas Pacha.

When the evening came, we proceeded to a cluster of indifferent dwellings nestling in a palm-grove at the south of the town; and after passing through a short sandy avenue and a court-yard, entered the

*ball-room*. The apartment was probably the largest in the house; — the reception, and evidently, the sleeping room of one of the fair Almés; for at the extreme end, was a bed. Along the whole length of the side opposite to the door ran a divan, and opposite to it were a dressing table and mirror. It was, however, but dimly lighted, and a few more candles were required to dispell the gloom and any doubt we might have had in regard to the beauty of the hostess.

When we had crossed the threshold of the door (which was quite small), a young woman rose from the divan, and saluted us with a humility and modesty vastly prepossessing; then seated herself, *à la Turke*, on the floor in front of her bed, and awaited the arrival of her sister-Gowadzees for whom she at once dispatched her negro servant. Soon, in came three enormous pairs of trousers with six very little feet (apparently) peeping out beneath; and above, six very round arms holding veils around six very dark eyes. They were followed by two male musicians, one of whom was to play on the drum, the other a sort of violin. The latter instrument had two strings; its body was only three inches in diameter, with a handle extending below it so as to sustain it on the ground, when the player sat down to his work.

Presently, the man of the violin of two strings, had his instrument tuned, the man of the tom-tom

ditto ; so they squatted themselves down in the corner. One of the girls took also a *Daraboorka* : there was a flourish of drums, and trousers No. 1, stood upon the floor. She appeared the personification of all that is passionate in the poetry of the East. Her dark tresses being braided from the forehead, were carried back, with the folds of a slight turban, then left to fall wavily about the throat and bosom. A long muslin shawl, worn over the head, served as a sort of 'envelope' for the whole person ; but was soon laid aside. Her embroidered jacket, with large flowing sleeves, revealed a silken tunic that was open down to the girdle, displaying in its turn a pink crape, tight undervest. A scarf encircling her hips or waist, but passing below the abdomen, served to hide the top of the trousers which hung richly about the ankles where it was natural to suppose they were fastened. Delicate stockings and slippers completed this Oriental picture. But the difficulty now would be, to give an idea of the expression of her almond-eyes ; those richly fringed, those languid, yet far flashing eyes, so full of sunny thought and dreamy feeling ; to give an idea of the flexibility of her limbs — of all the strange muscular excitement which made her body tremble like a leaf ; but to say that she danced would be preposterous : it was but a vulgar pantomime such as I have previously described. Trousers No. 2 and 3 followed, and went through the same motions, only with a little more extrava-

gance ; then, trousers No. 4—a tall, slender, agile creature—who won many expressions of admiration from her *companions*. Through these performances, *all* sang and clapped their hands, while the dancer herself, with little brass timbrels fastened to the thumb and finger, kept time as with castanets.

But we were really to have a *dance*,—a kind of Mazourka; and trousers No. 1, the youngest and most exquisitely formed of the party, and trousers No. 4, were to execute it. It was the *Nahel*, or hive-bee-dance; a great favorite with the Eastern people, and said to be one of the very few of purely national character, which now remain among them. In this, there is much more motion given to the *feet* and *arms*, and less to the body. The party advance, retreat, turn round each other, and feign to be flooded with joy, while the music is lively and cheering; and as an ancient poet well expresses it :

“O ! how they bend their backs and fingers tirl !  
Moving their quivering heads, their brains do whirl  
With divers moods ; and as with uncouth rapture  
Transported, so do shake their bodies’ structure ;  
Their eyes do reele, heads, arms, and shoulders move ;  
Feet, legs, and hands, and all parts approve  
That heavenlie harmonie. ” —

They wave aloft their handkerchiefs, which I fancy to be a sign of defiance, and a proclamation, at first,

of the triumph of beauty; — the voluptuous movements of the body, to be the natural expression of developed material loveliness, but which, in the fulness of its extacy, finds itself overcome and tormented by its own sweets, and most subdued when most subduing; for, as the dancers proceed, two *bees* are attracted to them as to honey-laden flowers and bury themselves in the bosoms of these mundane houries. What is to be done? They take off their jackets, but do not find the tormentors : — the dance goes on. They throw off their tunics : the bees sting more sharply; the music grows wilder and the sufferers tearf off the delicate under-vests ; — but with no better success, for the little *bêtes* have escaped to the stockings, which, with a grace peculiar to themselves, the fair damsels as quickly remove (and it was observed that the trousers instead of being drawn about the *ankle*, had been pieced with some ordinary stuff so as to make them long enough to be carried up and fasten about the knee, which gave them the rich and graceful flow they could not have had, if they had been confined so near the foot). Their agonies, however, increase; their girdles are thrown aside; their rich silken trousers are loosened : — the bee has no *further* chance to conceal himself; — but, the *Gowadzee's* are still *women* ! and pure unaffected modesty, the most fascinating of all their charms, the sweetest of all their excellence, encompasses them as a beautiful cloud, and they run and hide them-



selves under the piles of shawls, and jackets, and silken stuffs they had tossed into a corner of the apartment. Thus ended the far-famed *nah'el* or native bee-dance of the celebrated Gowadzees of Upper Egypt.

During these performances, the *arrack* had flowed freely, but it had no effect except to enliven the company in a proper degree. Previous to the last dance, it was amusing to see how the women insisted on having the eyes of the musicians bandaged; — which was finally done.

“Evil to him who evil thinks!” — The Pope has had some of the finest sculptured figures in ‘St.-Peters’ enveloped in sheet-iron chemises! When the Almés drew about them the drapery of their native delicacy of feeling, they stood as chastely veiled before us as any statue chiseled from a rock — *without* the Pope’s addition. Indeed, every one knows the effect of an elegant and appropriate *toilette*, and I need not here add, that the charming Almés gained in attractiveness as they regained their costly and captivating costume. I may also say :

’Tis not the *bold* Egyptian eye,  
That wins the heart with its wild flashes,  
But that where night and dreams are veíl’d,  
’Neath the rich drap’ry of its lashes.

The Almés, or *Gowadzees* as they are now, some-

what contemptuously, called, receive from government the same pay as soldiers — 35 *paras* per day. The soldiers, however, get three loaves of bread in lieu of 15 of the *paras*; but the *Almés* choose to have it all in money. They were *imprisoned* three weeks in Cairo previous to being banished to Esne, — whence they were finally sent to this village.

The palm-fringed “Isle of Flowers” (Elephantine) was so invitingly fair when the sun came to lie warmly on the syenite slopes of Asouan, I could not resist the temptation of visiting it again, though to return to its ruins was no part of my design. I simply wished to stroll quietly about its cool and fertile borders, observe what the *fellahs* had done with its soil, and how they lived, and listen to the laugh of those merry children I had seen on a former occasion; for children are ever beautiful, grateful to my sight and welcome to my heart, as are the fragrant lilies, and corrolling birds by the way side. I, accordingly, took a small boat, with two Arabs and went over, and spent the morning among its happy people, its groves and its green fields. When I returned, I found my companion *de voyage*, the Count Le B., as I left him, busy sketching costumes.

How infinitely a traveler’s pleasure is enhanced, when he can carry away with him, visible images of what his eyes have seen and his soul admired! and how immeasurably more distinct and clear are the impressions of those objects, when he has penciled

them on paper! Next to possessing a knowledge of the French language, it seems of the utmost importance, if the voyager would have the full fruition of his undertaking, that he should know how to sketch with facility and correctness.

Being an amateur artist, the Count, during our voyage, had filled a large portfolio with rare and curious subjects : an untold treasure to which he can refer with satisfaction to the latest day of his life — one that will well repay all the trouble of the voyage even if nothing else has been obtained by it. That day, he had added to his collection the graceful Gowadzee — trousers n° 4 — who had been promenading the beach; and he had limned to perfection her wide flowing sleeves, her *gentille* Grecian cap and braided tresses, and even the very air with which she seemed wading, with a sort of luxurious langour, through the enormous folds of her pantaloons. He had made, too, a poetic little picture of the Gowadzee village, where date-trees,

“ Bending

Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,  
Like youthful maids, when sleep, descending  
Warns them to their silken beds.”

Two days afterward, we reached the great quarries of Hagar-Sil-Sileh, mentioned in a former chapter,

and proceeded thence on foot to a curious grotto or corridor, said to be one of the oldest of Egyptian monuments. It is cut in the face of the rock, and its façade consists of an entablature supported by four massive square pillars. It was commenced about 1400 B. C., by Horus (1), the successor of the third Amunoph, who has here recorded his defeat of the Ethiopians. The "splendid shrine" in which this sovereign is borne after his victory, is still distinctly to be seen; also, the wakeful lions, which form, as it were, the arms of his royal seat. Some tablets of the time of Remeses II, Wilkinson remarks, are "exceedingly interesting in a historical point of view, as they mention assemblies held in the thirtieth, thirty-fourth, thirty-seventh, and forty-fourth years of Remeses the Great; and the name of Isinofri, the queen of Pthamen, being the same as that of his mother, the second wife of Remeses." During the reign of the father of the latter monarch, another of these chapels was excavated in that region, having columns with capitals in the form of the water-plant and surmounted by an elegant Egyptian cornice. Some of the figures on the walls of these chambers are finely executed and show a high regard for anatomical proportions. One, which has a very short frock, reveals limbs of great

(1) This cannot, of course, be the Horus before mentioned. Amunoph III, one of the Pharaohs of the 18th dynasty, is the Memnon of the Greeks, and reigned, according to Bouillet, from 1692 to 1661 B. C.

delicacy; a goddess, naked to the waist, nursing a child, is no less skilfully drawn: the child, however, is 'large enough to go to school', and both are standing bolt upright.

On returning to our boat, we met a noble-looking huntsman, — a real 'Leather-Stocking' of the desert. He was a Bedouin; he had a long gun in one hand and a rabbit in the other; and when we first caught sight of him standing on an eminence above the quarries, it was not difficult to fancy him the guardian 'genius' of the place. He soon descended to us and we bought of him his game; he much preferred, however, having powder and shot for his pay, than money; but as my supply of these articles was nearly exhausted, I was obliged to disappoint him. He became our guide in some further explorations, and as I then rewarded him with a little of the desired ammunition, his expressions of gratitude were unbounded. With a smile and a cheerful heart he bade us adieu, to commence again his precarious career. He disappeared among the rocks and sands of Silsileh.

On the following day, we reached Edfoo and El-Kab. As the former temple stands some distance from the shore, we had to traverse extensive doora-fields to reach it. It was constructed on a 'grand scale'—as we often expressively but perhaps vulgarly say—so lofty, so majestic, that it still defies the attempts of the villagers to conceal it by their hovels

and their dirt; though, extraordinary as it may appear, a portion of the town is built on the roof or terrace of the temple itself. We ascended, by an inner stairway, to the summit of the *vast* pylon-towers, and were well repaid for our trouble in the extent and beauty of the view. Westward, lay a range of the Libyan mountains, near whose base, many acres of the plain was still covered with the water of the late inundation.

When we were making the circuit of the finely finished and finely preserved wall which surrounds the temple, our ears were assailed by a frightful noise, not unlike a melange of the howl of hounds and the scream of jackals. It proceeded from some twenty or thirty women who were collected together just outside of the town and were wailing for the dead. They were covered with dirt as though they had been throwing ashes upon their heads, and were altogether, in appearance, like the mourners represented on Egyptian monuments, — with this exception : *these* did not indecently expose themselves.

It appears that, in olden times, when a king died, a general mourning was instituted by authority. It was to last seventy-two days (1); during which period no sacrifices were offered, no festivals celebrated; the people walked in processions twice a

(1) Jacob was mourned for, three score and ten days.

day, tore their garments, covered their heads with dust and disfigured their faces with mud. The women, by their *abandon* in manners, represented the desolateless of their hearts. They left the right arm and breast exposed, and often with less modesty, their extremities; for they drew their dresses up to the middle of their waists to form sacks in which to carry their children; and thus, they marched on their mournful errand.

From this ancient custom of visiting, at stated times, the tomb of a departed sovereign, may be traced, some suppose, the present one among the peasantry, of going every Friday to the cemetery where their relatives are buried.

The expressions of grief, used now by the people here on the decease of certain members of the family, are as often ludicrous as poetical. — “Light of mine eye! core of my heart! pearl of my bosom! bloom of my soul!” are sufficiently chaste and unequivocal, but, “Oh my jackass!” sounds ambiguous, as Warburton remarks, until the addition of, “bearer of my burdens” turns it to eloquence. “Oh my camel!” is also of doubtful import, when it is remembered what a grumbler this animal is, if very slightly overladen.

The women we saw in the suburbs of Edfoo, soon finished their cries and returned to town. As they passed by, I was reminded of a group of lean and

hungry dogs I had once seen on the heights of Pera.

Edfoo is the ancient *Apollinopolis*. The god Hor-Hat, the deity of the place, is the same as Agathodæmon, so frequently represented by the winged globe. He is the one who was, with the Greeks, according to my guide-book, a beneficent spirit, opposed to *Cacodæmon*, an evil spirit. This name was also applied to a kind of serpent, said to be revered by the Egyptians. This appears probable, — allowing the serpent to symbolise eternity; — for in one of the tombs at Thebes, is the figure of the child Harpocrates (1), seated on a winged globe; and as this is *beyond* the sarcophagus, which was the abode of death, it would seem to have reference to the *great Future* : i. e. a new birth into the eternal world.

In the afternoon, we arrived at El Kab, the ancient *Eilethyas*, city of Lucina (2). A temple stood here, founded anterior to the reign of Remeses the Great, but there are now only a few remains, and I will not attempt to describe them. Passing over some ruins

(1) Symbol of the sun coming forth from winter — the feeble sun (or infant), of February. Har-Pokrat signifies *en égyptien*, *Haroeri* or weak-footed — infancy that could not speak, or silence. — *Bouillet*.

(2) Lucina, a surname of Juno (some say Diana, others, a daughter of Jupiter and Juno), is derived either from *lucus* (grove, because her temple stood in a grove), or *lux* (light), or from *luceo* (I shine, as denoting the moon). — *Enc.*



near the shore, we descended into a basin, several acres in extent, surrounded by a broad and lofty wall of sundried brick. Within this great inclosure, lay a camel and a boy; but there was a cheerlessness in the scene, in no degree relieved, when we reached the plain beyond; nor, when we had passed it, and climbed up to those countless caverns honey-combing the rocky escarpment that forms alike a barrier to the eastern desert and overflowing Nile. There, however, we found eloquent portraiture of that prosperous industry and hearty labor which once gave a cheerful echo to these sepulchral cliffs.

Above the third sculptured tomb (to the eastward, as you approach from the river) which contains the names of a number of monarchs who reigned between the years 1575 and 1450 B. C., is a chamber whose walls are covered with colored drawings hardly surpassed in interest (considering their antiquity) by any thing to be seen in Egypt. As works of art, however, they do not compare with those in the tombs at Thebes, nor in extent and age with those of Beni Hassan.

In one compartment, people are catching birds with a spring-net (such as is used in America for alike purposes), tearing off their feathers, cleansing them preparatory to potting, while another is putting them in jars — taking them from a shelf, where they are laid up with perfect neatness and order. In one place, fish are being caught, and a man carries them

in buckets swung to a pole over his shoulder, to one who takes off the scales. Two persons kneeling under a grape-vine are picking grapes and putting them into baskets, which are carried away and poured into a large shallow vat, where several laborers, with hands on a horizontal pole above them, tread out the wine, which, as it runs out, a little fellow removes into some stationary jars close by. In the first line of the agricultural scene, peasants are ploughing with an instrument made of two sticks, much like that in vogue among the Egyptians and Spaniards of our own time. One is sowing grain, and as a car is seen in the field, it is supposed that the owner has come to inspect the work. In another compartment, they are reaping wheat, barley, and doora; "the distinction being pointed out by their respective heights." For reaping, they have sickles of the modern form, like our own; and, precisely as I have seen men in American fields, one here, having placed the sickle under his arm, is holding with both hands, a bottle to his lips, and evidently taking a pretty long 'swigg'. Some do up the grain in bundles, oxen are treading it out, then it is transported and housed, and a scribe writes down the quantity. The doora is plucked up by the roots, and to thresh it, it is drawn through a sort of frame, or hatchel. They are also winnowing grain by the wind, holding up the basket at arms length and letting the grain fall out. Indeed, a New-England farmer examining these,

would be highly amused at seeing himself sketched here 'to the life', three thousand years ago.

The seaman would also find here objects of interest. Drawings, of several richly coloured boats of considerable size with sails and twelve or fourteen oars, adorn these walls. One has, besides a spacious cabin, room enough for a chariot and pair of horses, which occupy the deck. It was these *painted* boats, says our 'guide', that surprised the Arabs, when they invaded the country.

A man using a pair of bellows; another a pick; a woman holding a child as though instructing it; and the individual of the tomb, seated in an arm chair to which a monkey is tied, entertaining his friends, are depicted in neighboring compartments. The men and women are seated apart. Here, as was customary on such occasions, music is introduced. One person is playing on a reed pipe (*zumarrah*), another on a *harp of ten strings*, while a young person, between the two, appears to be dancing.

We examined many other tombs, but found no one so deeply interesting as the above. In several places, the rock had given way, and the artificial caverns, here and there piled with painted ruins, were inaccessible. In some, square pits had been dug to a great depth, and the exploration of any *dark* room was in no little degree dangerous.

Farther up the valley are the remains of temples, but we did not visit them: we were fully satisfied

with that splendid page of history we had been pouring over; records of manners and customs, written in glowing colors by an artist whose pencil may have painted a portrait of the mother of Moses.



## XVII

Esne again. — A storm. — Erment again. — The gods of Erment. — Key to Egyptian mythology. — Thebes. — Riches of Thebes. — Cause of Thebes' decline. — First visit to Karnak. — Size of temple of Karnak. — Karnak exteriorly. — Karnak interiorly. — Effect of the temple. — Character of its hieroglyphics. — Loss and return of Monsieur Le Vesque. — A female among the ruins.

Thebes. On our way hither from El Kab, I saw that our boat, as I had previously surmised, could not get past *Esné* without stopping. Whether it did so from mere habit, or whether the little-slippered foot of some Esnian damsel had stepped into the heart of our gallant dragoman, and thus directed the prow of our craft, I cannot say; but there was a convenient head wind, and “we must halt”: — so said the pilot. A strong breeze had really sprung up from the north, which, during the night, increased to a terrific gale, and when the morning came, the sun rose with a portentous and lurid glow upon the desert over which a storm was sweeping with frightful

fury. On the opposite side of the river, clouds of sand were whirled up in dense and columnar masses, then spread their crimson folds over the earth as if to envelope in gloom the desolation they heralded. A small native boat, occupied by several persons — apparently a family — was on the river striving to reach Esne, which, owing to a curve here in the stream, northward, was somewhat sheltered from the force of the tempest; the rowers, however, appeared to be exhausted, and were soon compelled to abandon their oars and trust to fate. Had they cut away the mast, that supported a heavy spar to which an enormous sail was furled, they would doubtless have been quite successful in their efforts, but these now helped to hurry them along, and in five minutes the keel struck the bottom and the boat was at once capsized. What became of the men, women and children, we could not see, owing to the distance, and to the water and the sand in which they all seemed in an instant mingled and lost: and if they uttered any screams for help, any cries of despair, they were also drowned in the louder voice of the hurricane. When night came, the wind died away and we went down toward Erment, where we arrived the next morning.

Erment has a gem-of-a-temple, built by Cleopatra, and is supposed to have been the *mammeisi*, or “lying-in-house” connected with a larger structure now in ruins. Cleopatra is here accompanied by Neo-Cæsar, or Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar.

She is represented adoring Basis, the bull of Hermonthis. Ptolemy Neocæsar and his mother have both the titles ‘gods Philometores, Philopatores’. Strabo says, that Apollo and Jupiter were worshiped at Hermonthis, but Wilkinson remarks: ‘By Apollo he doubtless means Mandoo’ (1), (Reto, the second member of the triad of the place, gave birth here to Horpi-re, the infant child of that goddess and of Mandoo), ‘who was the principal deity of the place; and Jupiter was the Amun (2) of the Thebaïd.’

The walls of this toy-temple are entirely covered with small delicately-cut hieroglyphics or “picture-writing”. On the back one, of the inner chamber, the scene above referred to — the birth of Horpi-re — is fully portrayed. The patient is on her knees, supported by an attendant who stands behind her. The goddess Reto represents here, I fancy, Cleopatra; and the whole to be commemorative of her *accouchement* of the little Cæsar.

To reach Hermonthis, we had to cross a rich tract of land, intersected by a broad, deep canal. We also passed over large mounds formed of the bricks, pot-

(1) *Mandou*, one of the eight principal gods of Egypt, is represented by a goat with the head of a ram. This god, whom the Greeks compared to Pan, is like him the symbol of the universal fecundating principle. — *Bouillet*.

(2) *Amon* or *Hamon*, a title of Jupiter, or rather of the sun; in Arabic, Hebrew and Chaldean, *Ham* or *Camah*, which, as a verb, signifies to heat or warm, and, as a noun, heat or the sun, and in Arabic, the supreme God. — *N. Webster*.

tery and rubbish of an ancient town. In one excavation, about thirty feet deep, appeared the substructures of two temples which were, perhaps, destroyed to build a Christian church; for when Christianity was prevalent in the country, it had here one of its most flourishing establishments.

It is only when we consider attentively what Apis represented in the mythology of the land, that we are able to reconcile ourselves to the idea, that one of its most grateful worshipers was Egypt's beautiful queen. Some remarks and notes, in the foregoing pages, concerning this deity, have given the reader, who was not already acquainted with the subject, a knowledge of the principal attributes of this god; still, at the risk of some tautology, I will quote a few paragraphs from the learned work of the French savant, Vincent, and others treating of the mythology of the ancients. The former says: "In the theology of the Egyptians, that which had the most influence on the religious opinions of the people of the West, was founded, principally, on their astronomical knowledge. Their religion concerning sacred animals was relative to that of the constellations, modified by the differences of celestial aspects... The *Taureau céleste* was honored among all people as the generative force of Nature, and the principle of its fecundity. It divides the homage rendered to *l'Astre vivifiant*, illuminator of the Earth."

Diodorus hints at the peculiar light in which Apis



was regarded at Memphis by the women, who indecently exposed themselves before him in the temple of Vulcan (1). Some declare that Apis was the product of a cow "by a beam of light from heaven, coming particularly from the moon." His birth-day was celebrated every year when the Nile began to rise (2). (This reference to the light, and the rise of the Nile, are explicative points worthy of being remembered.) Others explain this worship of Apis by the tradition that the soul of Osiris passed into a bull. Others again say, that when Osiris was killed, Isis collected his scattered limbs and enclosed them in a wooden cow (3). The following is found in Strabo, when speaking of Memphis: "It has a temple of Apis who is the same as Osiris."

Cheremon and the most learned priests of Egypt, says Porphery (4), avow that the 'divinities' correspond to the stars whose names are contained in their astrological books. These are the gods, arbiters of fate, whom they honor by sacrifices, and whom they represent under symbolical forms. "They observe",

(1) " . . . . Ils le conduisent ainsi à Memphis, et le font entrer comme une divinité dans le temple de Vulcain. Pendant les quarante jours indiqués, le taureau sacré n'est visible qu'aux femmes : elles se placent en face de lui et découvrent leurs parties génitales ; dans tout autre moment, il leur est défendu de se montrer devant lui." — *Diodore de Sicile*, par M. F. Hoeffler, I, 85.

(2) Enc.

(3) Diod., I, 85.

(4) *Let. à Annebunte*.

adds he, "that the Egyptians, making of the sun the great God, architect and governor of the world, explained not only the fable of Osiris and of Isis, but their fables generally, by the stars; by their apparition, or their occultation, by their ascension; by the phases of the moon, and the increase or diminution of its light; by the march of the sun; by the division of time and of the heavens into two parts; the one pertaining to night, the other to day," etc. (1).

Volney, in explaining these things, remarks, that if you "take a celestial sphere designed in the manner of the ancients and divide it by the circle of the horizon into two parts, the superior one will be the heaven of Summer, of light, of heat, of abundance, the kingdom of Osiris, god of all good; the other will be the inferior heaven (*infernus*), the heaven of Winter, of clouds, of privations and sufferings, the kingdom of Typhon" (2).

"Mankind, of whom Egypt is the cradle, contemplating the universe and admiring its order and its beauty, were seized with veneration at the aspect of the sun and the moon. They regarded these two planets as two divinities *principales et éternelles*; they named the one Osiris and the other Isis, two names

(1) This attestation of Porphery is conformable to the testimony of the Bible (Deut., iv, 19; 2 Kings, xvii, 16, and xxi, 3); of the Jews Josephus and Philon; of Lucien, Diodorus, Plutarch, Pliny, Eusebius, Clement of Alex., etc. — *De l'Idolâtrie*, 40.

(2) Volney, 1, chap. xvi. Froment, Ed.

justified by their etymology. Osiris, in Greek, signifies *one who has many eyes*; in fact, the rays of the sun are as so many eyes, with which he regards the earth and the sea... The name of Isis signifies *ancient*, recalling also the ancient origin of this goddess. The Egyptians represent her with horns, to express the form she takes in her monthly revolution. These two 'divinities' contribute largely to the *génération* of all being: Osiris by his fire and spirit, Isis by the earth and water; and both by the air. Thus, all is comprised under the influence of the Sun and the Moon " (1).

As the theology of the Egyptians was essentially allied with the science of astronomy, one must look heavenward for a solution of its mysteries and its meaning; it is to the celestial regions one must constantly turn for an explanation of those enigmas which, like the Sphinx on the Lybian desert, have for ages, darkling and defyant, bounded the horizon of the religion of this strange people; it is in the planetary system one finds the key that unlocks this great pantheon of granite gods, rends the veil of the temple that encloses the 'holy of holies' and reveals many a sublime truth of which these solemn and silent images have so long been the misunderstood interpreters.

That the first impulse of the human mind would be

(1) Diod., I, XI.

to worship the sun, there can hardly be a question. Man, starting into existence, enveloped in the darkness of ignorance, seeing that luminary seemingly rising in all its splendor and rolling in its car of light high up in its trackless way; pouring out warmth and imparting life to the very sand under his feet, would involuntarily bow down and adore it; and if it be true that Osiris and Apis represented some of its attributes or elements, is it a wonder that they should have temples dedicated to them? Is it strange that they, as the dispensers of happiness and prosperity, should receive the homage of the grateful in heart? If it be true, as would appear from what has already been said (and there are to be further proofs of it), that the earthly divinity, Osiris, was a material personification of that immaterial force, wisdom, *esprit* — the life, the revivifying influence — of Summer, *le ciel supérieur*, is it surprising that the favor of this sun-crowned *theos* should be particularly sought, his smiles assiduously courted? Is it marvelous that Cleopatra should wish herself figured in the temple of Hermonthis as a devotee, presenting offerings to his bullship as Catholics pay their vows to the Virgin Mary?

When we have discovered his origin, his relative position in the Egyptian pantheon, his value astronomically, his power to introduce and his manner of cultivating civilized life in the world, the peculiarity of his office and his character as 'judge of the

dead', we have yet open before us an interesting field referred to by Plutarch and well worthy of exploration ; a field which may yield many a fascinating flower, many an invaluable vein, whose ramifications run into all those curious celebrations, which once seemed the mad effusions of brains intoxicated with ignorance. Is it not interesting to know that the allegorical festival of the delivery of Isis was celebrated immediately after the vernal equinox, to commemorate the beginning of harvest ? "and", says the historian, "what can the burial of Osiris more aptly signify than the first covering of the seed in the ground ? or his reviving and reappearing, than its first beginning to shoot up and reappear ? and why is Isis said, upon perceiving herself *enceinte*, to have hung an amulet about her neck on the 6th of the month Phaophi, soon after sowing time, but in allusion to this allegory ? and who is Harpocrates but the weak and slender plants brought forth about this time of winter *tropic* ?"

The progress of their ideas in regard to their deities, would seem, by some examples, to be in keeping with that which regulated their language ; marching from the simple hieroglyphic to the enchorial or demotic, and thence to the phonetic : making strides, as it were, from constrained, severe, angular figures, to those which had all the vastness, freedom, and beauty, of ideality : every thing in Nature, becoming the expression of a divine sentiment.

Perhaps I had better close these extracts, with what Volney further says in regard to Osiris and Isis in connection with the paragraph previously quoted : “In the west and toward the autumnal equinox, the scene presents you a constellation figured by a *man* holding a sickle (1), a *labourer* who each evening descends more and more into the heaven *inférieur*, and seems to be expelled from the heaven of light; after him comes a *woman*, holding a branch of fruit, *good to look on and good to eat* : she descends also every evening and seems to *push* the man, and *cause his fall* : with them is the great serpent, constellation characteristic of mud and winter, the *Python* of the Greeks, the *Ahriman* of the Persians, which bears the epithet of *Aroum* in the Hebrew. Near, is the ark, attributed alike to Isis, to Jason; to Noah, etc.; at their side is found *Persée*, a winged genius, who has in his hand in a menacing manner a flaming sword : behold all the personages of the drama of Adam and Eve, who were common to the Egyptians, to the Chaldeans, to the Persians, but who received modifications according to times and circumstances. Among the Egyptians, this woman (the *Virgin* of the Zodiac) was Isis, mother of *little Horus*, that is to say of the winter sun who, languishing and feeble, as an *infant*, passes six months in

(1) See in the *Bibliothèque royale* the Sphere of Coronelli made in Venice, in 1683. Volney refers to the *zodiac* before mentioned.

the sphere *inférieure*, to reappear at the spring equinox, *vanquisher* of Typhon and his giants. It is remarkable that in the history of Isis, it is the Bull which figures as the equinoxial sign, whilst among the Persians it is the *Ram* or *Lamb*, under which emblem the god Sun comes to redeem the world from evil (*réparer les maux du monde*) : from that springs the induction that the version of the Persians is posterior to the twenty-first century before our era, in which the Ram became the equinoxial sign (1); whilst the Egyptian version can and ought to go back nearly 4200 years, epoch when the Bull became the sign of the spring equinox (2)."

Composing many of my chapters from familiar epistles addressed to friends, I find the following page of my manuscript beginning thus :

'In my last letter, I intended to say something of this place (Thebes), but on investigating the history of the hero of Hermonthis, I found myself in possession of so many valuable and interesting extracts, it was difficult to refrain from quoting some of them. Indeed, having mounted the famous bull and taken him by the horns, the flight was altogether agreeable. Do you not remember that to such an animal the island of Crete was indebted for one of the love-

(1) As to the change of the signs of the Zodiac by the precession of the equinoxes 2,130 years are estimated to a sign, at the rate of 71 years for each degree, and 50 seconds per year.

(2) See Dupuis, *Apocalypse et Religion chrétienne*.

liest prises the world ever saw? and that Minos, Sarpedon and Rhadamanthus owed to it their parentage? that it was no less than Jupiter himself who assumed his form to captivate the fair daughter of Agenor and the nymph Mella? But I am aware that few of the modern world, except the Spanish *mata-dor*, appreciate the qualities of this noble beast, though, if I may judge from a *copie d'un tableau du palais d'Uladdin*, one *artist* has recently done him full justice.'

Quelle cité jadis a couvert ces collines ?

— Thèbes, répond mon guide. — Eh quoi ! ces murs déserts,  
Quelques pierres sans nom, des tombeaux et des ruines,  
Voilà Thèbes !... et sa gloire a rempli l'univers !

(CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.)

“According to tradition,” says Herodotus, “Osiris and his companions founded in the Thebiade of Egypt a city with a hundred gates, which they called by his mother’s name, Herapolis; but their descendants have named it Diospolis, and others Thebes;” but its origin, like almost every thing else thus ancient, is involved in impenetrable obscurity; and what is somewhat remarkable, though it is often mentioned as the ‘hundred-gated’ city, there is no evidence of its ever having been surrounded by a wall. If a wall had ever existed, though it were of mere sundried brick, traces of it would now be found; but as such is not



the case, it has been supposed to refer to the 'pylons' the gates of the temples, which, being enormous, costly, conspicuous, structures and the things first seen and undoubtedly first visited and passed through by every stranger, would be more particularly noted than any thing else. This is Sir Gardner Wilkinson's opinion.

That the riches of Thebes were almost incalculable, there is sufficient evidence. By commerce, by conquests, by contributions, she accumulated an amount of wealth that astonished the world : her treasures, in fact, by arousing the jealousy and exciting the cupidity of other nations, were doubtless one of the main causes of her downfall.

Some of the early historians report that she had temples which were entirely of gold. On the summit of the great temple-tomb of Osymandias (supposed to be the one now called the Memnonium) was an astronomical circle of gold about 500 feet in circumference. The spoils carried away by the Persians, and the amount of silver and gold gathered from the ashes of the burned city, fully sustain the reputation she had acquired ; whilst the 20 000 armed chariots she could furnish in time of war, was no slight evidence of her power and prosperity. Indeed, if the authority of ancient writers were wanting, we have enough in the immensity of her monuments, still existing, to set at rest all doubts respecting her supremacy and the dignity of her position in the eyes of

the world. Thebes was celebrated by Homer, and was, in his time, the first of cities. "Thebes, overturned by so many revolutions", says M. de Rozière (1), "Thebes, now deserted, still fills with astonishment those who have seen the marvelous antiquities of Rome and of Athens. Thebes, at the aspect of which our armies, victorious in so many countries celebrated in the arts, stopped spontaneously and uttered a unanimous cry of surprise and of admiration; Thebes, after twenty-four centuries of devastation, still fills the mind with astonishment! One believes himself in a dream, when he contemplates the vastness of her ruins, the grandeur and the majesty of her edifices and the innumerable remains of her ancient magnificence."

To the *situation* of Thebes, however, there was, it appears to me, an objection. It was too far south to be the key of the Nile, and it was not far enough south to be a barrier to Ethiopia. Its position was good, as regarded the India trade *via* Berenice or Kossayr, but another further north, say near Cairo, would be equally so, by lengthening a little the navigation on the Arabian gulf. These things seem to have been comprehended by Uchoreus (2), who founded Memphis and gave the first blow to the great capital of the The-

(1) Engineer in chief of mines, and member of the "Commission" to Egypt.

(2) He is mentioned only by Diodorus; and is placed in the 22nd siècle B. C. Herodotus says, that Menes founded Memphis.

biade. When the seat of government was removed thence, its decline was more perceptible and sure; and little less fatal to it was this change, than the Persian invasion.

“The name Thebes is corrupted from Tapé of the Copts”, says Sir Gardner. “In hieroglyphics it is written Ap, or Ape, or with the feminine article Tapé, the meaning of which appears to be ‘*the head*’. Others say that the Thebes of the Greeks is perhaps derived from the Egyptian *Thbaki* (the city); and that No-Ammon of the Hebrews and Diospolis of the Greeks are translations of the Egyptian *Thbaki-antepi-Amoun* (city of the Most High).”

That it was an important and well known place in the time of the prophets, is evident from their numerous denunciations of it. — “I will execute judgments in No. I will pour my fury upon Sin, the strength of Egypt, and I will cut off the multitude of No (1).” And Jeremiah, after complimenting Egypt by saying, “She is like a very fair heifer”, adds: “The God of Israel will punish the multitude of No, and Pharaoh, and Egypt with their gods, and their kings (2).” If these were just and the threats were executed, we have reason to infer that the No-Ammonites (or Thebans) were no better than they should have been.

(1) Ezek., xxx, 14, 15, 16.

(2) Jer., xlv, 20, 25.

Whether the fall of a great capital, the destruction of a flourishing people is predicted or not, it matters little. It is in the order of things that cities and nations, like man, should have their periods of infancy, of glory and strength, of decrepitude, decay and death. The splendor of Athens and Rome departed like that of Babylon and Thebes ; and there is no doubt that Moscow, Vienna, London, Paris, will find in their turn a similar fate : and all without the honor of having it pre-recorded in any very sacred book.

As we neared Thebes, our two flags were saluted from the American and French boats, lying at the beach. On landing, several persons congratulated us on our safe return, and we were earnestly interrogated by others, who were in doubt as to their further progress southward. It was early in the afternoon, and Karnak was only a mile and a quarter distant : — could we resist the temptation of visiting it at once, though all our guide-books recommended that it should be seen *last* of all, on account of its detracting by its beauty and grandeur from the effect of the other monuments around us? And should we take donkeys and be troubled with donkey-boys? or guides to be annoyed by endless verbiage and hints at back-sheesh? We shouldered our guns and started alone, and after proceeding about a quarter of mile in a northeasterly direction and doubling the point of an Arab village, now occupying part of the site of the

grand Sphinx-avenue which led from Luxor to Karnak, we came to a road that conducted us through partially-cultivated fields, with here and there shrubs and trees, and were soon gazing at the greatest marvel of the world.

When you stand before St.-Peters or the Pantheon, you can form some judgment respecting their dimensions, but when you remember that if the temple of Solomon had covered the *whole city* of Jerusalem, it would have been only *two-fifths* larger than the temple of Karnak, you will at once perceive how difficult it is to give an idea of the latter by any one *coup d'œil*. Besides, from any exterior view, where solid walls sometimes 80 or 100 feet in height present themselves, no one can conceive of the form or beauty of the apartments within : every thing has to be examined in detail, and every thing repays you for that attention ; yet, owing to the harmonious massiveness of the whole, it is difficult at first to admit how entirely worthy of our admiration is each stone, each shaft, each lintel, each capital, each architrave, and how much this sacred edifice surpasses all our former conceptions of the grand in art. Pondrous pylons or triumphal arches which stand in advance of some of the portals, first fix the attention of the visitor,—a long line of sphinxes having previously impressed him with the dignity of the object, he was approaching. Two noble colossal statues of hard silecious limestone, but ap-

pearing at a distance like white marble, guard the entrance to an imperial gateway. In front of another and parallel with the façade repose some sphinxes, fascinating the regard as much by the contrast of their colours as by the majesty of their mein, — two of rose-granite on either hand, flanked by other two of greenish black granite, which, in their turn, have others at their sides of a blueish-gray. The effect produced by this arrangement is pleasing and tasteful in the extreme, as one may imagine, and shows that the fancies of the eye were consulted as well as the graces of the mind. By a ruined stairway, sit a colossal male and female figure in an open chamber: the wonder of the thing is, the whole is hewn out of a single block of white stone, while the well formed limbs and gentle bearing of these royal personages, stamp the sculptor as one of no ordinary skill.

I will not, however, attempt to conduct you round a mile and a half of ruins, but take you at once to the principal entrance which is on the northwest side, or that facing the river. You approach it from a stone platform by an avenue of Criosphinxes. The great propyla is before you, but one of its towers is in ruins, and, if you are fond of clambering, will give you an opportunity of examining the peculiarity of its structure.

Passing through this, “you arrive at an open court (or area) 275 feet by 329, with a covered corridor on either side, a double line of columns down the centre”,

and a great granite statue at the end. “Other propyla terminate the area, and form the front of that gorgeous hall of assembly to which no pen can do justice, — the lintel stones of whose door-way were 40 feet 10 inches in length. The hall measures 170 feet by 329, supported by a central avenue of 12 massive columns 62 feet high (without the plinth), and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter (nearly three yards through); besides a hundred and twenty-two of smaller, or (rather) less gigantic proportions, 41 feet 9 inches in height and 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, distributed in 7 lines on either side of the former(1).” These are all covered with hieroglyphics from top to base, and their capitals curve out majestically over your path, adorned still with those brilliant tints no time can tarnish. Passing on, you come to two more of the largest columns, attached to a door-way, beyond which are two obelisks.

“Similar but smaller propyla succeed to this court, of which they form the inner side. The next court contains two obelisks of larger dimensions; the one now standing being 92 feet high and 8 square”: and I think it the most delicate, the most perfect work of art existing in Egypt; it being of a fine-grained, blueish granite, with a line of hieroglyphics down its centre, and as clean and fresh as though cut yesterday in steel — its color contrasting finely with the other

(1) Wilkinson's (Murrays) guide-book.

stones around it. This space is inclosed by a peristyle of Osiride figures.

“Passing between two dilapidated propyla, you enter *another*, smaller area, ornamented in a similar manner and succeeded by a vestibule, in front of the granite gateway of the towers that form the façade of the court before the sanctuary.

“This sanctuary is of *red* granite, divided into two apartments and surrounded by numerous chambers of small dimensions.

“A few polygonal columns of the early date of Osirtasen I. (1740 B.C.), appear behind the sanctuary, in the midst of fallen architraves; and beyond are two pedestals of red granite”, which may have been surmounted by obelisks, or more probably, statues.

“After this, you come to the columnar edifice of the third Thotmes (1495 B. C.). Its exterior walls are destroyed except on one side. Within, are 52 square pillars running in lines parallel with the walls. Adjoining the southwestern angle, is a room called the ‘Chamber of Kings’, and a series of small halls and rooms occupy the extremity of the temple. The dimensions of this part of the temple, behind the inner propyla of the grand hall, are 600 feet.” Diodorus says, the walls are twenty-five feet in thickness; but they probably vary in different portions of the structure; and Wilkinson, from whom I have taken the above measurements on account of their



great accuracy, states that the grand hall is not less than eighty feet in height.

From what I had read about the temples of Egypt, I had received the impression that they were universally gloomy, and saddening in their aspect; but who could look on the brilliant colors which light into vivid life the varied figures that cover every cornice, capital, architrave, hypertherion; who could see upon every wall, every shaft, every obelisk, forms which seem full of earnest action — warriors careering to battle, people thronging the way of triumphal processions, priests with their offerings before the gods, goddesses nursing their offspring, sportsmen persueing their game, damsels receiving visitors, festive scenes of every kind; — who could see these gay and animated portraitures and not be *agreeably* influenced by them?

The most interesting sculptures here, however, are historical, and relate to the wars of Sesostris and his father, between the years 1385 and 1300 B.C. In one compartment, after a fearful battle in the open plain, the king is seen returning in triumph, having the fettered captives led before his car. These, with vases, silver and gold, which he has plundered from the conquered country, he offers to Amunree, the god of Thebes. The soldiers use the shield, spear, arrow and bow, and with the string of the latter, the chief, in one instance, is strangling his enemy. The Egyptians appear to have had fights often, with a people

called Retenno (or Rot-n-no), who, by their color and costume, which the painters and sculptors were very particular to sketch and paint with accuracy, are judged to be inhabitants of a latitude much further north than Egypt. They are here shown as again battling with the Egyptians and routed. By the battle axes, coats of mail, and short dress of another people, accompanied by the name Kanana, it is thought that the Canaanites are referred to; for their land was invaded by Osirei, a half a century or so after it had been taken possession of by the Hebrews under Joshua. The hilly and woody country, seen in another compartment, is supposed to represent the Lebanon mountains, to which the Egyptian soldiers were not strangers. On the inner wall, toward the base of the 'S. - E. propylon - tower, an enormous boat, or ark, is sculptured, which reminds one of that mentioned by Diodorus (1) as having been constructed by Sesooisis (Sesostris or Remeses II) and consecrated to the divinity particularly revered at Thebes. 'It was,' says he, 'two hundred and eighty *coudées* (2) or cubits long; having its outside covered with gold and its inside with silver.' On the southwest wall of the main building, are the captives taken by Sheshonk (Shishak) in his expedition against Jerusalem (3).

(1) Diod., I, LVII.

(2) About 129 metres or 400 feet.

(3) 971 B. C. 1 Kings, XIV, 25.

When the shadows of evening began to deepen in the temple, we went out into the suburbs. We found an artificial lake, by which some wild birds were stalking, and we sat down to watch them and wait for our young companion, M. Le V., who still lingered among the ruins. Becoming impatient, we retraced our steps to seek him, and it was only then that there came upon us a full conviction of the vastness of what we had been contemplating. We wandered about in every direction and hallooed till we were hoarse, but our voices were lost in that great forest of pillars and pylons, and no sound came back to us; the sanctuaries were silent, the halls were echoless; no oracle, ancient or modern, opened his lips; no hawk-headed god flapped his wings; Osiris was mum, and the synocephali (or apes) themselves, looked serious. Night was approaching, and we had been told it was dangerous to remain here after dark, on account of the robber-Arabs who had chosen this for their haunt — often making the deserted apartments their place of repose and *sortie*; yet, to return without our friend would have seemed barbarous, and any effort to find him in these interminable fields of fallen and falling monuments was apparently preposterous. My gun was then put in requisition, but with no better success. The wild birds, indeed, flew away from the sacred waters of the lake, and descended calmly down into the gloom of the western part of the temple : that was all.

“Monsieur Le V. is not there,” said the Count de B., pointing in the direction the birds had taken.

“Why do you think so?” I inquired.

“Because, like Arab women, those feathered creatures are too much afraid of foreigners, to light anywhere near where they are.”

I thought there was a little irony and a tinge of disappointment in the tone of his voice, but I only remarked that we had better turn our steps in the opposite direction, and mount some conspicuous part of the ruin where we might possibly be seen, if not heard. In five minutes, we had reached the summit of a wall, where our forms, to a person below or on the plain, must have appeared in clear relief against the sky. The gun was again fired, and an Arab woman having a basket on her head and a child by the hand, fled from the temple of Osirtasen. She reminded me of “the stranger” hastening from Abraham’s inhospitable tent. But where was our companion? Looking northward, we saw a white handkerchief waving above the entablature of a structure we had not previously noticed, and in about ten minutes, recognised a form gliding out from among the columns below us, and beckoning us to descend. We with much pleasure joined M. Le V., and then learned that his enthusiasm, instead of the Arabs, had robbed him — of his discretion; but he declared he had not heard either the report of the gun or our voices, though the smoke of the former caught his

eye at the moment he had determined to return to the boat alone (supposing that we had already preceded him);— and by the route on which he had already started. Had he, however, put this resolution into effect, there is no knowing where he would have come out; for, being completely turned round, as we say, he would have gone in exactly the wrong direction, and found out his mistake, only when it would have been too late at night, to make an agreeable retreat.



## XVIII

**The Libyan shore. — An Arab boy and his pet. — Koorneh. — Libyan hills. — A priest's tomb. — The sculptures. — Cross the mountains. — A view. — Belzoni's (King's) tomb. — Tomb of the Harp. — Representations of a future state. — The two colossi. — The vocal Memnon. An early ride. — Exhumed mummies. — Tombs of the queens. — Riflers of the tombs. — Queries.**

While we were visiting Karnak, our dragoman sent over to the other side of the river and engaged horses for the following day; so, the next morning, when we reached the western shore, every thing was in readiness for our excursion along the Libyan suburbs of Thebes. Water, luncheon, guides, good horses and saddles had been provided, and as the weather was invariably fair in Egypt, we had nothing to anticipate but pleasure.

Among our attendants was a little Arab boy, four or five years of age, who claimed the ownership of the handsome white mare that had been assigned to me; and never were two beings, apparently, more

sincerely attached to each other. The boy's father, who also accompanied us, said that he had really given the animal to his son, because of the great friendship that existed between them: and we were pleased with the fact, for the child, by his beauty, his benevolent countenance, earnestness and sprightliness, and more particularly for his devotion to his rather manly toy, won the esteem and admiration of each individual of our party. The mare traveled well, but always less reluctantly when the child was in advance of her, and when they stopped, the boy clung about her legs, and the beast put down her head low enough to be caressed. When the boy did not appear, the mare would hunt for him in the crowd, among the people, among the other horses, and be quiet only when she had found him.

Our course was northerly for a mile or two and over an irregular sandy plain; we then turned to the westward, and passing a rather picturesque spot which appeared to be the terminus of the cultivated land in that direction, arrived at the temple-palace of Koorneh. Thence, a short distance, to a smaller one of sandstone, quite in ruins, but surrounded by a crude brick wall with large towers. This temple is supposed to have been built in the time of Moses, as the name of his contemporary, Thotmes III, is stamped upon the bricks. We descended into some of its (now) underground rooms. One is scientifically *arched* with blocks of stone, and painted a rich ceru-

lian blue and dotted over with stars. The walls are covered with highly finished sculptured figures; among which, is that of a handsome oval-faced woman, with a lotus in her right hand and the fore-finger of the left hand on her lips; both indicative of silence, and referring, perhaps, to the unrevealed secrets of that “bourne from which no traveler returns”.

Directly behind this ancient and interesting monument, rise the abrupt and threatening cliffs of those famed Libyan hills, out of which are hewn the wondrous tombs of the kings and queens of Thebes, and of those whose princely wealth or priestly power could command the sinew and genius of the land to make them a sumptuous home after the body's death. As we gazed up on these apparently inaccessible heights, our attention was attracted to a dark figure moving along the face of the cream-colored escarpment, where it seemed, from below, no human being would be likely to risk life or limb; but it proved to be a man, the outlines of whose form were distinctly visible, as he passed through a notch on the loftiest verge of the acclivity that rose clearly against the blue of heaven. The very staff of the traveler, in fact, could be seen, and it was with considerable interest we watched his further ascent till he was lost to sight. By that same path, we had subsequently to pass, to reach those places of sepulture, — the *Biban el Molook* of the western valley — mentioned above.



From the temple of Thotmes, we proceeded first to the tombs of Assaseef; but to describe them — to give their dimensions and all there is interesting on their walls — would occupy a volume. The largest of the Assaseef probably belonged, says Wilkinson, to “a distinguished functionary of the priestly order; a person who possessed apparently unusual affluence and consequence, since the granite gateway added by his order to the small temple of Medeenet Haboo, bears the name of Petamunap alone, amidst buildings on which kings were proud to inscribe their own.”

One who has never seen these strange excavations can have no idea of their vastness, their beauty, their novelty, the amount of labor, ingenuity and taste expended upon them, nor of the skill which has sometimes been displayed in concealing important galleries and making others that would be likely to mislead the too curious visitor. The area of the outer court of this priest's tomb is 103 feet by 76, and is approached by a broad flight of steps; to this succeeds another court about 60 feet square, with a peristyle of pillars on the right and left, behind which, are closed corridors. Beyond, is a hall 53 feet by 37, once supported by columns, and beyond this again other halls and chambers almost without end and number; some, reached by ascending, others by descending passages, communicating with each other by elegantly-arched, cornice-crowned doorways. It

one of the rooms is a large square pit, frightful to look into. It is 45 feet deep, having an opening in its side, part way down, leading to a room intended, perhaps, for a sarcophagus. In another remote passage, is a similar pit, communicating with other subterranean passages and pits, out of which one is not likely to find his way, very readily, without an experienced conductor. This, the reader will more easily understand when he has carefully considered the following statement taken from my guide-book.

“From the entrance of the outer area to the first deviation from the original right line, is 320 feet. The total of the next range of passages to the chamber of the great pit is 177 feet. The third passage at right angles to this last, is 60 feet; that passing over the second pit is 125; and adding to these, three of the sides of the isolated square, the total is 862 feet, *independent of the lateral chambers*. The area of the actual excavation is 22217 square feet; and with the chambers and the pits, 23809; though, from the nature of its plan, the ground it occupies is nearly *one acre and a quarter*.”

The reader, doubtless, supposes that one hurries on through these halls, *tombs* — dark, gloomy, sultry, dingy, silent, spiritless *sepulchres*; — but such is not the case. They are hot, it is true, and would be dark as night, were it not for the torches which attendants carry; but every moment there is something interesting in the architecture and in the sculptures to

arrest the attention and make one loiter on his way. There is nothing rude or unfinished (except one chamber — fortunately so — which I shall mention hereafter) anywhere. The walls have received the highest possible polish. There is architectural grace, above, below and on every hand, and the whole is teeming, as it were, with old Egyptian thought and feeling. Were the Thebans a religious people? Behold how constantly they are worshiping the gods! see here and there, how they are bringing the first fruits of the earth, the first of their flocks, their gold and silver and jewels! Were they a poetic people? It is said that where there is music there is poetry (for these are twin-sisters); and here, in almost every assembly, sacred or profane, the minstrels occupy a conspicuous position! Were they just and law-abiding? Thoth with the ‘sacred book’ and the ‘balance’ in which men’s actions were weighed, are too frequently represented to doubt that they had great respect for the laws and the rights of others! Were they a cheerful and happy people? Amusements of a passive and active character — field-sports and public exhibitions — are prominent features in the pictures they have painted of themselves! Were they industrious and frugal? If we wanted other evidence than the known wealth and prosperity of the land, we should find it in the solicitude there is evinced to portray the farmer in his thriving field, the manufacturer at his loom, the mechanic in his

shop! In fact, in these abodes of the dead, we learn more of the living of their times, than from all the other monuments the dry sand and the dry atmosphere of Egypt have preserved to us! They were merely made to entomb lifeless forms, but they *breathe* and *speak* as if instinct with soul and human impulses! They tell us what the proud Theban did three thousand years ago! Youth and mature age, the nursery and the camp, — the whole career of man is here spread out in a clear, glowing, vivid, enchanting, elegant epitome! *May no profane hand ever deface it.*

It was not, however, till I had visited the tombs of the kings and queens, that I fully comprehended how deeply we were indebted to these subterranean wonders, for our knowledge of an age and a people so long since passed away. We turned to them from the Assaseef, with renewed interest and admiration; but it was not a trifling affair to reach them by the route we took. We ascended the mountains with our horses as far as they could proceed with safety, then dismounted, climbed to the summit and went over into the opposite valley on foot. We were fatigued, but the heat was far less oppressive than we anticipated, for a fine refreshing breeze blew over these limestone cliffs: the view too, from those imposing heights, exceeded much our expectations.

A vast plain, skirted by temples, lay below us. Near its centre sat the great Memnonian statues.

Farther eastward was the river ; and Luxor in relief against the 'Arabian hills'. Two months earlier, the Nile had spread itself over this scene like a silver mantle, and the wild water-birds were floating where now the herdsman builds his temporary hut and makes his home, where his children now play, and his cattle crop the rank grass.

We soon reached the bottom of the deep, narrow, desolate gorge, in which the kings are buried, and proceeded at once to the tomb known as Belsoni's; it having been named after this distinguished scholar who discovered it. And what, thought I when emerging from its dainty walls, must have been the pride and pleasure of this *savant*, as chamber after chamber, gallery after gallery unfolded to him their gay and glittering treasures ! when, by glaring torches, page after page of this illuminated book were turned over to his admiring gaze !

After descending a stairway 24 feet in perpendicular depth, then passing through a passage way of 18 1/2 feet, descending another staircase and reaching the extremity of another passage 29 feet in length, he came to a small chamber, with a pit, which seemed to be the terminus of the tomb. This pit was doubtless intended to receive the water which must necessarily pour furiously down these passages in any rainy season, and was at the same time "admirably calculated", says the guide, "to mislead the curious and check the search of the spoiler." The

hollow sound of the wall of masonry, built up here and covered with stucco like the rest of the interior, caused Belsoni to suspect something beyond it. He applied the trunk of a palm-tree, and the barrier soon gave way, making a breach which “displayed the splendor of the succeeding hall, at once astonishing and delighting its discoverer, whose labors were so gratefully repaid.” This hall is 26 feet square and supported by four pillars all covered with highly finished and richly coloured sculptures. By other staircases, inclined planes and galleries, he reached another hall 27 feet square, supported by six pillars. The upper end of this apartment, terminates in a vaulted saloon, in the centre of which was an alabaster sarcophagus. Behind this, he also forced the wall, and found a masked staircase leading to a gallery about 200 feet in length. Here was one of those unfinished rooms referred to above : the draughtsman had completed in it the *outlines* of his figures, after an artist had first traced them roughly with a red colour, but the sculptor had not yet touched them with his chisel.

The next tomb we visited in the same ravine, was Bruce's, or the Harper's,—called by the latter name on account of the beauty of the harp sculptured upon the wall of one of the side rooms of the second passage. These apartments contain also drawings of elegant arm chairs, divans, beds, coats of mail, knives, quivers, arrows, spears, etc. The harp has

ten strings and is being played on by a person in a long, white, ungirdled robe, striped with red. In some, all the utensils and performances pertaining to a kitchen are represented; in others, such agricultural scenes as have heretofore been mentioned.

Wilkinson, supposes that "all parts of these catacombs refer to different states through which the deceased passed, and the various mansions of Hades or Amenti." It is very evident, on close inspection that nothing is thrown in here carelessly, or without some special significance; nothing is added merely to fill up a space; but the whole is the completion of a design, well studied and full of meaning,—at least to the initiated.

In one passage are the boats of Kneph carrying the souls of the deceased over the Styx or the Archerusian lake; and descending planes on which the valves of doors are placed to indicate the way to the 'lower regions', where in one compartment men are seen headless and chained to pillars. On another wall, at the apex of two ascending planes, is an arched door represented, which doubtless signifies the 'gate of heaven,' since by it there is the 'emblem of life', and the scarabeus the symbol of the soul. The ends of the great 'vaulted saloon' are covered with paintings of an intensely interesting character, but have not as yet, as I am aware, been fully interpreted. There appear to be angels ascending and descending, as it were on rays of light, in the midst

of which is the god Generator. Higher up, are the stars and a female figure, and a mummycase sustained by a serpent. Opposite, and high up also among the stars, is the scarabeus or soul of the deceased, whose cartouch or 'oval' is beneath, at the base of an inclosure, in which the god 'Generator' is watering some plants.

In viewing these wonderfully preserved and finely executed works of art, there is one conclusion, I think, every individual must come to ; which is, that even at that early period, when it is supposed that the whole world must have been groping about in profound ignorance,—ignorance at least of celestial things—there was a clear perception of a *future state* : such as is generally entertained among Christians at the present day. The dead did not go unjudged : he was weighed in the balance, and if found wanting there was an *amenti* for him ; but if good, he ascended among the stars ; he was, as it were, regenerated, for the god *Générateur* appears to precede the entrance to the celestial world. In fact, in taking a glance at modern theology, I do not perceive that it has advanced in any measure whatever, or deviated at any important point, from that laid down by the Egyptians three thousand years ago, and which can now be as distinctly read as the 'Acts of Apostles.'

The two colossi, which, from the summit of the mountain, we had seen so majestically seated on the Theban plain, have an interest peculiar to them-



selves. Their enormous size has made them the wonder of the world ; their isolated position has excited the attention of the curious. There is no doubt, however, that the city once extended thus far westward, and that a paved way led hence from the statues to the river, and up to one of the temples on the opposite shore ; though, and I was surprised to discover it, the statues do not quite face either Karnak or Luxor.

The height of the colossi with the pedestal, is *sixty feet* ; but the base of the latter is about seven feet below the surface of the soil, that has accumulated about them since they were erected. They are of a very hard, reddish, gritstone, and though they must have been sculptured with about as much difficulty as there was labour required to transport them to their present positions, one of them was once shattered to pieces and overthrown as though it had been of plaster. Strabo says he was told that this “was the effect of an earthquake”, but it may be safely conjectured that the fury of a Cambyses or some other conqueror was vastly more instrumental in its dethronement than any convulsion of nature. Be it as it may, it was restored in a clumsy manner by blocks of sandstone—five layers now forming the upper part of the body.

It is much to be regretted that it is the southernmost colossus which received such discourteous treatment, for it was he who sang to the morning

sun. The historian referred to above, who visited it with Ælius Gallus, the governor of Egypt, declares that he heard the sound, but did not know whence it proceeded. The Emperor Hadrian and the Empress Sabine also, heard it, *three* times one day; which leads people to suppose that it was some priestly trick : and as there is in the lap of the statue a stone which, when struck, emits a sound resembling the breaking of a harp-string or a blow on brass, and as there is behind it a space cut as if to admit the body of a person who might wish to lie there concealed, the supposition becomes a conviction.

Were it otherwise, however—and I can easily believe that the ingenious Egyptians could have invented something, which, placed in the mouth of the statue, would have expanded with the first warmth of day so as to set in motion the machinery necessary for the required sound—were it otherwise, I say, or were it even so, how thrilling must have been the effect, when gazing up on the majestic figure, one heard from its half open lips a note of greeting, as the sun descended upon them from the eastern hills !

Perhaps this speaking rock was intended as a lesson to the listener : perhaps it said, “If into this adamantine bosom the light falls so joyously; if the blush which breaks over the desert from the darkness of night can breathe such harmony into a heart of stone; if this mighty being, towering over Thebes,

praises the bright beams which bathe his brow, how ought you to welcome him,—the rich restorer of the day, of the heat that gives growth to your grain ; this attribute of the ever living, the just, the good Osiris ?

If, as Pliny asserts, this statue of Memnon was erected before the temple of Sarapis (1), the salutation it gave to the rising sun may have had some significance as regards the worship of this foreign deity ; for Sarapis, among the Egyptians, answered to Pluto, to whom, on the partition of the world, fell the kingdom of the Shades. Perhaps it was a signal that the sacrifices within the temple should cease,—the reign of Sarapis being ended, when Memnon proclaimed from his proud eminence, that the god of Light was approaching the Earth : and I fancy that I can see the fire, at that moment burning dimly upon the altar ; that silken curtains drop their heavy folds about the sanctuary ; that I hear the departing footsteps of the priests, and the sound of the doors that swing in the portals of the *sekos*.

We should have laughed at any one who could suppose that *we* expected that old Memnon would wake up from his sleep of centuries, to give any expression of approbation or disapprobation at our arrival, or even at that of those glittering rays, which

(1) A strange mistake, for Macrobius says, the temple of that deity was never admitted within the precincts of an city, and the worship of Sarapis was unknown in Egypt at the epoch of its foundation. — *Wilkinson*.

pouring over the Arabian plains, told him that his repose had been long and deep enough; yet, we were anxious that on some occasion the sun should not get the start of us.

Strabo, Hadrian, Madam Sabine, Juvenal, had been there with their ears upon the stretch,— why should not the Count Le B., Monsieur le V., Dr. F. and your humble servant have the same privilege?

After our first excursion in the Libyan suburbs, we had our boat brought over to that side of the stream, so that we could be early in the saddle, on future occasions. On the following day, we were speeding toward the two colossi, sure that we should reach them before Phœbus had fairly taken the reins for his morning drive; but the distance was deceptive, and as the heads of these monsters were more than fifty feet above our own, they had the sun-light full in their faces ere we were near enough to announce our approach. For aught we know, Memnon had taken off his night-cap, bowed, and sang a whole psalm-tune previous to our arrival; but we can all assert that he appeared perfectly unmoved, when our horses, foaming and dusty, halted before him.

Our route, however, was by no means cheerless or uninteresting, for this being the season when the crops were advancing, and the cows, sheep and goats, had to be limited in their rambles, entire families had come out here to devote themselves to this particular business. Each had inclosed a square spot

of ground with the long, dry, stalks of the *doorra*; and by laying some of the same article over an angle of the inclosure, formed all the habitation, required in this mildest of climates. Other barriers of alike character restrained the flocks at night; and from these, the sheep with their shepherdesses came trooping, as we cantered over the wide-spread savanna, toward the colossi and the catacombs.

Leaving the land which is covered by water in the flood-season of the Nile, we went up over sand-mounds and mummy-pits into the valleys of the mountains. Proceeding to the 'Tombs of the Queens', we passed piles of rags that had been torn from exhumed bodies by seekers after papyrus, scarabæ, and jewels. The horses' feet trampled the bones of unclothed mummies, which, from long bleaching in the sun, crackled and crumbled like the dry sticks of a forest. We were, indeed, in a forest of the dead, and these were the white and sapless trunks and branches; and they elicited the most humiliating and melancholy of reflections. They had been laid here with all that tender care and gentle interest a bereaved heart alone knows how bounteously, how richly to bestow; they had been brought here mid sounds of lamentation; friendly footsteps had once fallen lightly on the borders of their burial places, now carelessly trod by the stranger, now desecrated by the crafty.

We at once went to the tomb of Taia, wife of the third Amunoph, and of the favorite daughter of King Remeses the Second, and we found them more like a succession of beautiful boudoirs, more like a series of elegant dressing and sleeping apartments of modern times, than the drear domiciles of death. Fancy to yourself a long, wide passage or chamber, with the walls covered with a hard stucco and so highly polished as to reflect the light almost like a mirror; then fancy these walls tinted a delicate straw color and bordered with a deep, elaborate, scroll-border of exactly such a pattern as you will find in some of our fashionable mansions; then fancy, portrayed upon those walls, in alike richly encircled compartments, scenes which display the wealth, station and beauty of the noble occupant, — all chastely sculptured and touched by a master pencil in colors of unequalled brilliancy and as fresh as though that moment from the artist's hand; add to this, almost an indefinite number, and illuminate the whole with torches, and you have the sepulchres of an illustrious princess and of an Egyptian queen, as we saw them.

One here is very far from being reminded of the lone, silent, grave. Every thing seems expressly designed to make one forget it. You see at an open door the dancers entering. — They come with such lightness of step, such Attic grace, that she who stands with her finger upon her lips, seems but to symbolise the stillness into which so much loveliness

has awed the assembly. We are at a feast, not a funeral. — The mistress is receiving her guests in an elegant apartment, where the tables are loaded with fruits and flowers; the furniture is covered with costly stuffs; a birdcage hangs by the window; the hostess is in full *toilette*; upon her head she wears a coquetish cap of blue, and around it, a royal band of pink tied in a knot behind.

One fancies, as he traverses these gay saloons, that a servant will soon appear to receive his card and announce his arrival; or perhaps, when he has proceeded a little farther, and he finds that quiet, and a dreamy midnight silence pervade the dwelling, he begins to think that he may possibly become an intruder on some occupied chamber, — that he may inadvertently disturb the repose of some fair sleeper.

It is sad, however, to know that these royal sepulchres, as well as those in the valley of Dayr el Medeeneh, were rifled long ago by foreign conquerors, and the mummies for which they were excavated, burned; and it is said that “the bodies of inferior persons, of Greeks, less carefully embalmed, have occupied at a subsequent period, the vacant burial places.” Wilkinson thinks it not improbable that these were the tombs of the Pallacides, or Pellices Jovis, mentioned by Strabo and Diodorus.

We again passed over those lofty hills which separate Thebes from the Libyan desert, and visited

many more tombs in the *Biban el Molook*; and though each one of them might make an Egyptologist or an antiquarian crazy with delight, I will not weary my readers with further details.

With our servants and torchbearers, grooms and guides, our party was sufficiently large, yet we generally had it increased by one or two Arab merchants — sharp-dealers in *antiquities* they had just manufactured, — or dingy, half-starved, half-clad women and men, — dwellers in the caves of the earth, — who had veritable antiques their own hands had torn from the bosoms of mummies whose drapery had been undisturbed, perhaps, for thirty centuries. That *woman* can thus be found rifleing the dead, seems almost incredible; yet, I believe it to be true, that they seek with marvelous avidity, and are exceedingly elated at the discovery of any new pit of these dusty deposits; and if they are so fortunate as to hit upon a place where there are numbers of bodies, they abide among them night and day, till every one has been carefully unrolled and searched, and all that is thought salable, secreted : for, were they to abandon their discovery another might step in, in their absence, and deprive them of precious rings, papyrus-books, scarabæ, etc. Thus, an Arab dame, making her bed of the winding sheets she has taken from the silent forms around her, lays down perchance by some Theban damsel deserted when alive, and breathes upon the lips of the child Hagar may have wept over



in the tent of Abraham. She sleeps soundly, at least, mid the ghastly and uncouth group; and if the noise of an unbandaged carcass crumbling beneath its own weight, the fall of a coffin, badly secured in the haste of despoilment, or the stealthy step of a hungry hyena, rouses her for a moment with the thought that some thief has invaded her horrific abode, she returns to her rest with her wonted composure and zest, — she divests herself of all anxiety, save that the lottery on which she has entered, may turn out a prise.

At early morning, on the route from Old Koorneh to the Remesum, men, women and children, and troops of sheep, tumble upon the traveler from the way-side tombs. The children hover around in hopes of a few sous, but their mothers are going to the fields with their flocks. Such of these excavations as are of easy access and not too far removed from the Theban plain, are pretty sure to be occupied as a cote, a cow-pen, or a kitchen. Some of the most valuable and interesting of Old Egypt's records, are being daily more and more defaced, by the fires built beneath them for the purpose of cooking.

One naturally asks, why so much labor was expended upon these sepulchres, if they were to be hermetically sealed to the world? Independent of the supposition that the souls of the departed were to wander here, I fancy, that for a certain length of time, they were open to the public; though, what Herodotus says in regard to his not examining per-

sonally the underground chambers of the Labyrinth at Memphis, is somewhat opposed to this idea. At any rate, they could not have been made and closed in a day; and the body must either have lain several years in some other place, or here, for a length of time, exposed to the gaze of the workmen employed in decorating the apartments. In the latter instance, and particularly if royalty was in state, with costly ornaments about it, guards were probably in constant attendance.

When, however, these catacombs and other places of sepulture were finally closed, it was doubtless with a determination that they should never be rifled: this is especially manifest in the great pyramids. The Alabaster sarcophagus (1) found in Belzoni's tomb, is supposed to be only a *cenotaph* of the deceased monarch — a mere *ruse* to arrest the profane hand. One discovering this, would naturally say: "Ah! some person has preceded us, carried off the *body* and stripped it of its jewels!" Whereas, the real and perhaps more regal sarcophagus, slept (and may still sleep) a hundred feet beneath, reached by passages not yet revealed.

(1) Now in Sir John Soanes, museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

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## XIX

The colossi. — The Memnonium. — Temple-palace of Remeses III. — Supposed Archerusian lake. — An alarm. — Adieu to our guides. — Luxor again. — Reptiles. — Theban dynasty. — Departure from Thebes. — Dendera and its Zodiac. — Medallion Cleopatra. — Chapel of Venus. — Farshoot. — The Howaree. — Belliani again. — Abydos. — The famous tablet. — Girgeh. — Copt church.

We made two morning visits to the Colossi of the plain, but were always too late to hear the voice of the 'vocal Memnon'. On the second occasion, after copying the hieroglyphics on the base of the latter, we proceeded to Medeenet Haboo and the Remeseum. The latter is supposed to be the *Tomb of Osymandyas* (1), described by Diodorus (2), and "for

(1) Mr. Letronne and others suppose that no such temple existed as no remains of it are found, and thinks that Diodorus wrote from mere hear-say. Mr. Wilkinson however compares Diodorus' account with the Remeseum or Memnonium and finds that there is a resemblance.

(2) Diod., i, 47, 48.

symetry of architecture and elegance of sculpture may vie with any other monument of Egyptian art", says my guide-book. It certainly is, after Karnak, the finest temple I have yet seen. It is situated on the western border of the Libyan suburbs and was called by the Greek historians *Memnonium*, from the word *Miamun* (beloved of Ammon), attached to the name of Remeses II.

One very *weighty* argument in favor of this being the tomb of Osymandyas, is the enormous granite statue here, now overthrown and broken, which corresponds with that mentioned by the historian as being "the largest in all Egypt." The statue of *Remeses* in the *Memnonium*, from an approximate calculation made by Wilkinson, "exceeded when entire, nearly three times the solid contents of the great obelisk of Karnak, and weighed about 887 1/4 tons." Diodorus mentions another statue, of which, however, I saw no remains. It was that of the mother of Osymandyas, made of a single block of stone like the other, having three diadems upon her head, to indicate that she had been daughter, wife and mother of kings.

The object, the most engaging, perhaps, of all that claims the attention mid this world of column-curtained areas, aisles and apartments, is the chamber whose ceiling contains an astronomical subject, and in which the books of Thoth, or the laws, were deposited. It was over the door of this room that

famous and appropriate inscriptions, before referred to, was placed—"The Balsam of the Soul." Here are also again inscribed the twelve Egyptian months and reference "to the five days of the epact, and the rising of the dog-star, under the figure of Isis-Sothis." These, with other signs already noted, show that, upward of 3 000 years ago, there was considerable knowledge of astronomy, the most abstruse of all sciences.

The next, vast and imposing ruin, is the temple-palace of Remeses III at Medenet Haboo. It lies about south of the Memnonium, on the same side of the plain, and owing to its countless sculptures, the number of great and important additions which have been made to it by different sovereigns, requires a good outlay of time and labor to look over it. I will mention only a few of the objects which more particularly attracted my attention.

The dimensions of one of the courts is 123 feet by 133. It is surrounded by an interior peristyle supported by Osiride and other pillars, some of which have a circumference of nearly 23 feet. Beneath the windows of the pavilion of the king, are ornamented balustrades, composed each of four figures of different nations, that remind one of the decorations of the palaces of Italy. The walls of the private apartments of this portion of the edifice, show in what manner they were sometimes adorned. The king is seated in an elegant *fauteuil* surrounded

by the dames of his harem. Some of the gentle creatures are fanning him and presenting him with flowers, while one appears to be invited to a game of draughts. In the representation of a *coronation*, four carrier-doves are let loose to carry the news to the four quarters of the globe. The *battle scenes*, both on the outer and inner walls, are exceedingly spirited and of great historic interest.

In this vicinity as at Memphis, there are evidences that an extensive lake once existed; and it is suggested that the tombs on its southern shore may be of those who had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting", and consequently excluded from the happy privilege of being wafted over the waters which conducted to the fields of bliss; or, in other words, to those consecrated sepulchres in the Libyan chain, which we have been lately examining.

We did not leave this interesting region to return to our boat, till the sun had quite gone down. When repassing the two great Theban statues, they loomed up to a fearful height; and, though we had not materially changed our opinions in regard to their being unable either to talk or walk, we felt awed by the presence of such majesty. Like the Sphinx, there was an impressive imperiousness in their repose, a mighty mystery and solemnity in their silence. One is, indeed, disposed to take off his hat and say, 'By your leave, Sires', ere one puts spurs to his horse

and turns his back on these venerable relics, these time-defying sovereigns.

The stars were twinkling brightly, the river glistened in the distance ; the low lowing of neighboring herds come over the plain ; we were moving thoughtfully along toward our boat, when our guide, leaping his horse down the steep bank of a broad deep canal or basin, awoke one of those wild screams, which break upon the ear like a sudden clap of thunder and almost paralise the heart. Was it a jackal startling the still air with a cry of anger, because he was driven from his evening meal, off of a camels carcass at the water's side? or was it the despairing shriek *d'une Arabe infidèle*, who, at the hands of one whose jealousy had got the better of his love, was atoning for her perfidy? We stopped, but not a sound more was heard. I had occasionally followed the track in the sand of wild animals, but it was now too dark to seek for any ; and as no Bedouin was seen making his escape on a swift dromedary, we concluded to make no detours in search of adventures, lest we might remind our friends of the hero of Salamanka.

The owners of our horses—our guides here—had all been particularly courteous and amiable during our sojourn on this side of the stream, and it was with regret that we took leave of them. Our very little hero, the owner of my mare and the pet of the party, came in for a large share of the backsheesh that was

distributed on this occasion ; and he repaid us by warmly pressing his lips to our hands and wetting them with tears.

That night our boat recrossed the stream, and on the following morning we were on the summit of the propylon towers at the entrance to the temple of Luxor, looking off over the river and the fields we had been lately exploring, the colossi now dimly seen in the distance, and those high, honey-combed hills, that, from the use to which they were put, and from being those behind which the sun daily descended, must have always served the Thebans as a memento of the close of life. To the eastward, a wide strip of cultivated country was bounded by barren highlands ; to the northward, lay Karnak ; beside us, rose that 'lone obelisk', whose sister, as before mentioned, is the pride of the Place de la Concorde of Paris.

When this great time-hallowed picture was well daguereotyped upon our minds, we descended to examine again the monuments beneath us.

The name *Lukso* signifies "the palaces." The temple occupies part of that site which the Greeks named "the city of the gods," The antiquity and the grandeur of this structure, the extent and beauty of its colonnades, the height and massiveness of that row of pillars which greet the gaze from almost every moderate elevation in the whole of the twenty-five miles of that circuit, which embraces the ruins of



Thebes, dovetailed it so completely into the richer records of the memory, that one returns to it with all that tender and luxurious enthusiasm with which he rereads the epistles of his best-beloved.

This, like all the rest of the Theban monuments within the reach of an invading army, suffered when Cambyses poured his hungry hordes through her pearl-paved streets ; but the sanctuary then destroyed was rebuilt by Alexander, the son of Alexander (Ptolemy being governor), who caused the following 'dedicatory formula' to be inscribed thereon : "Restoration of the edifice made by the king (beloved of Phré, approved by Amon), son of the sun, seigneur of diadems, Alexander, in honor of his father Amunre, guardian of the regions of Oph ; he erected to him the sanctuary, a grand mansion, with repairs of sandstone, hewn, good, and hard stone, in lieu of that which had been made under the king Sun, lord of justice, son of the sun Amunophis, moderator of this sacred region (1)." This comparatively modern affair is a curiosity : it is like a box within a box. In an adjoining hall are some sculptures, reminding one of those at Erment, as they represent the *accouchement* of Queen Maut-m-shoi, the mother of Amunoph.

A French writer says, 'that there are a great many reptiles among the ruins of Thebes, particu-

(1) *Égypte ancienne*, par M. Champollion-Figeac, p. 314.

larly scorpions and centipedes, which are of an extraordinary size.' Tarantulas also are said to be abundant, and travelers are cautioned against them; but I never myself saw any of these animals in Egypt, and only one of them—a large scorpion—anywhere in the East; and that was on a slope of the mountains bordering the Dead Sea.

The Theban, or Diospolitan dynasties are supposed to have commenced with Amasis, or Ames, "the new king who knew not Joseph" (1), and to have swayed the sceptre of Egypt for upward of seven hundred years.

As Amasis did not begin his reign till sixty years after the death of Joseph (though he lived an hundred and ten years); and as the latter was attached to a dynasty of "Lower Egypt", and the former was of the "Upper Country", there were two very good reasons for his not having any particular acquaintance with, or knowledge of, the Jewish Prime Minister.

Immediately after the accession of the Theban dynasty, severe and rigid task masters were set over the Jews to weaken and crush them. In reference to this, Wilkinson remarks: "About the epoch of the Jewish captivity, Egypt must have been engaged in a war with some powerful enemies, since the reason of the oppression exercised against the unresisting Hebrews is stated to have been the fear of their unit-

(1) Exodus, i, 8.

ing with them ; and indeed it appears from the sculptures of Beni Hassen that as early as Osirtasen they had warred in Asia." This is used as an argument against the opinion of Josephus 'that the Jews were the *Shepherds*' (1); while the Egyptian's "abomination of shepherds, existing in the time of Joseph, proves their hostile invasion to have happened before that period." The same learned writer goes on farther to say, that the pretended power of his (Josephus') countrymen, at so early an epoch, is inconsistent with reason and probability, and adds : "The Jews, in the most flourishing state, when in firm possession of the promised land, and united under one king, never did arrive at that degree of power which he has ascribed to them in Egypt; and the whole is at variance with Scripture history" (2).

The argument quoted above, 'that at the time when the king of the new Theban dynasty commenced his rigorous measures against the Hebrews, the Egyptians *must have been engaged in a war with some powerful enemies*', seems not well sustained; for the sacred historian's words are : "Lest it come to pass, that *when* there falleth out any war", etc.; but, that in Joseph's time his nation was held in abhorrence by the Egyptians, is established by the author of that simple and thrilling tale of "Joseph and his bretheren",

(1) The Shepherd Kings were probably Assyrians.

(2) Wilkinson's Ancient Egypt, vol. I, 21.

where he says, in reference to the invitation given to the latter to dine at the palace, "Because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians" (1).

Moses was born soon after Amasis ascended the throne. Eighty years subsequently, during the reign of Thotmes III, the *Exodus* occurred. To this last ruler, Thebes was indebted for many fine additions to her already existing temples; but the Jews had no hand in their construction; for, as their departure took place, it is supposed, in the fourth year of Thotmes' reign, and as "the monuments he erected must date subsequently to that event" (2), it is clear, they could not have even seen them. These facts once substantiated would overthrow the popular belief that the king of Egypt lost his life in his pursuit of the Israelites. — "Indeed, there is no authority", says Wilkinson (2), "in the writings of Moses for supposing that Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea." His account is that the waters returning "covered the chariots and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh *that came into the sea* after them" (3); but no mention is made of the *king's* having gone into the sea, or of his having perished on that memorable occasion.

(1) Gen., XLIII, 32.

(2) Wilkinson's Ancient Egypt, I, 64.

(3) Exod., XIV, 28.

The departure of the Israelites does not appear to have been at all detrimental to the splendor of Thebes, or the prosperity of Egypt. Within about a century and a half, appeared the renowned conqueror Osirei and Remeses the Great, whose works are still the wonder of the world. Wars were carried on successfully with nations south and east, and the country was enriched by the spoils thus taken. Thebes became the pride and glory of the land. She must have appeared in the eyes of all, as the highly favored, "the beloved of Amun", "the fair City by the waters".

Not till about 812 B. C. did the Theban dynasty end.

In the last tinge of twilight, our little bark swung round into the stream: the hawser was loosed — cast off, — and Karnak and Luxor faded into the dim distance.—Three days afterward, we were at Abydus and Girgeh.

On our way down, we halted at Dendera to see that famed zodiac which has stirred the learning of Europe to its foundations. Visconti, Larcher, De la Nauze, Dupuy, Saint-Martin, Letronne, the abbé Halma, the philosopher Fourier, have written learned treatises upon it; aye, even pondrous volumes, some of them. In this planisphere, the place of the solstice is drawn in Cancer. If this is the *winter* solstice, the vernal equinox was necessarily in Libra. At present, it is in Pisces, 7 signs, or 210° farther back.

Estimating 2130 years for the recession of each sign, this zodiac would carry us into the past about 15 000 years. If it is the *summer* solstice, it would indicate only 3 228 years.

Modern research has been successful in proving to the entire satisfaction of some learned men, that this beautiful structure is of Ptolemæic or of Roman date, though no one can prove that this planisphere was not copied from one, in some other temple, long since destroyed — some temple, *then*, 3 000 years old.

The *berbe*, or ruins, we reached after an hour's walk; for they stand on the borders of the desert upon the last table-land of the Libyan mountains. Our way lay through fields of grass and grain, where the villagers had pitched their temporary tents as on the plains of Diospolis; and we saw something more of the pastoral, patriarchal simplicity, of *fellah* life.

The temple, as regards its preservation and the beauty of its architecture, far exceeded our expectations. Writers who accompanied the memorable expedition of the French in Egypt, say 'that all that you see here appears to have come from fairy-land; — that the meanest soldiers of the army were so pleased with it, they declared this sight alone compensated for the fatigues of the campaign'. The ceiling of the *first* grand hall, is fortunately entire, and on this is found 'the zodiac' and a profusion

of other richly colored sculptures. The zodiac carried to France by M. Lelorrain, and which was purchased by the French government for 150 000 francs, was taken from the ceiling of an upper chamber. Dupuy's essay upon it was suppressed by the police of Paris, as it tended, they said by order of Louis XVIII, to promote infidelity. I recently sought for the work in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, but the librarian refused to deliver it.

M. Champollion-Figeac has given in his work on ancient Egypt an accurate drawing of the Denderan zodiac, and the following is nearly his description of it.—“At first sight, one perceives a melange of figures surrounding an inscription in sacred characters : on slight attention, he will remark an exterior circle occupied by an inscription traced in characters of that order, and cut at equal distances by figures of women, standing, or with hawk-heads, knelling, and who, with their arms equally elevated, sustain a medallion (the planisphere), adorned with all sorts of signs. If one studies this medallion, where the heavens are supposed to be figured, he soon perceives, a little below the centre of the disk, toward the left, a lion followed by a woman and treading on a serpent: it is really the sign of the Lion in this zodiac. Behind the group of the lion marches a woman bearing in her left hand a stalk of wheat : it is the Virgin (the sign Virgo). After her one finds successively in going from right to left, the Balance, the Scorpion,

Sagittarius under the form of a winged centaur (1); the Capricorne, half-goat and half-fish; a man pouring out water contained in two vases which he holds in his hands: it is Aquarius; the Fishes united by a triangle and the figurative sign *water*, a ram, a bull, two human figures walking together — the Twins, finally the Cancer which immediately follows them. Here we have the twelve signs of the zodiac; and to know the order in which they are arranged, or the first in the order of the movement, it is sufficient to observe that the Cancer is placed immediately above the head of the lion; — the twelve signs not forming a circle without beginning or end, but a *spirale*, lessening the circle as it advances round the centre and leaving the lion clearly at the head of the procession, — the first sign in the system of this zodiac. Within and without this *spirale*, is found a certain number of figures which represent the principal constellations *extrazodiacales*. The animal, walking upright, who occupies nearly the centre of the disk, is generally recognised as an ancient personification of the great Bear; so that near him may be found the North Pole. Outside of the “signs”, are thirty-six other principal figures — the *décans dependants*, by groups of three

(1) It has been supposed that this fancied monster originated among the Lapithæ, a tribe in Tessaly, who first invented the art of breaking horses (?). — *Webster*. According to common opinion, the centaur is a child of Ixion and a cloud which was substituted by Jupiter for Juno with whom Ixion was in love. — *Bouillet*.



for each of the twelve signs; and the groups of hieroglyphical signs which accompany them (groups all equally terminated by a star which is the determinative grammatical sign of the character of these groups), are only the names of these *décans*,— *Chnoumis*, *Chachnoumis*, *Ouaré*, etc.” (1).

The Zodiac at Esné, though in its general style and geometrical form resembles the above, differs very essentially in its details. The Lion marches at the head of the procession in that at Dendera, but in the one at Esné it is Virgo : the relative order, however, of the other signs remains the same. Between these then, there is a difference of one sign, or 2130 years (2), allowing that the Esnian Zodiac makes the solstices at the degree in Virgo that the Denderian does in the Lion.

I have made these few explanations, because I think every one is more or less curious to know something of the character of an object which has caused so much learned discussion.

After passing some hours in the interior of the temple, we hunted up with no little interest the portrait of the celebrated Cleopatra, who, with her son Neo-Cæsar, figures on the exterior of the back wall in a medallion; but, if it is the one we saw, it has

(1) See *L'Univers Pittoresque*. — Champollion's *Egypt*.

(2) M. C.-Figeac says 2,160, reckoning 72 years to a degree. Another writer makes it 2,152,

been much defaced, and afforded us no great degree of satisfaction. As a contemporary representation, however, of one we must of course admire, the fame of whose beauty spans all time as the milky way spans the heavens, it was studied with due attention; and rather than permit her fancied perfections to be tarnished by such defects as we here found, we chose to adopt the amiable plan of one of our guide-books; and after allowing for the Egyptian mode of drawing, and want of skill on the part of the artist, concluded that he had never had the honor or pleasure of seeing the Queen, and only copied her likeness from some other imperfect picture.

“Behind the temple of Venus,” says Strabo (this temple being dedicated to Athor), “is the chapel of Isis.” This is a very small building, but interesting as containing the figure of a cow, before which, it is said, the Sepoys (native Indian soldiers) prostrated themselves, when England’s Indian army landed in Egypt; and though this has been considered by some eminent writers as being no proof of any direct connection between the religion of the two countries, it is nevertheless an act worthy of the highest consideration with any one who feels interested in Oriental mythology.

The second day, we stopped at a town called by our dragoman Farshoot; but our guide-book states that Farshoot is in the interior. Here, formerly lived a very noted *sheik*, who ruled this region with abso-

lute authority. The present inhabitants of the district are descendants of the Howara tribe of Arabs. They were a fierce and warlike people, and so much feared by the northern rulers, that they were for a long time undisturbed in their quiet possession of this rich country; but finally Mohammed Bey advanced upon them and defeated their chief Hamam, who had collected, it is said, an army of nearly forty thousand horsemen. —And this was no ordinary cavalry; for the Howara were always distinguished for their equestrianism; so much so that one who rides well at the present day, or is skillful in breaking horses, is called a *Howaree*.

The same evening, we paid a visit to our old friend the pot-maker of Belliani. We found him at his simple trade, singing as he turned with his foot the wheel that gave motion to the clay he was fashioning; probably happy that he had never been obliged to go so far from home as Wadee Halfa; for, when we informed him that we had ascended to that village, he looked at us with an expression which, interpreted into English very plainly, said: “How stupid you must be to take so much trouble for nothing!”

Early on the following morning, we mounted donkeys for a two or three hours ride into the interior of the country, to visit the ruins of Abydus, and sent our boat down-stream to await us at Girgeh.

Passing through fields of halfa-grass and lofty

blossoming bean which filled the cool air with a delicious perfume, we came, in about an hour, to a range of highlands that serve as a barrier to the Nile in the season of its flood. Several camels, with long and stately strides, passed us on the way, and one of them was burthened (I beg the fair creatures pardon for the use of such a paradoxical word) with a sort of fanciful bundle of flitting muslin, which two round arms were trying to keep from disorder, and two bright eyes were wholly indifferent about. Numbers of turtle-doves and other birds fed undisturbed at the path-side or sang in the spreading sycomores. Our donkey-boys were merry little fellows (I believe all donkey-boys are); and altogether our trip was one full of agreeable souvenirs.

When we could proceed no farther in a westerly direction on account of the Libyan chain, over which from hence goes the road to the Great Oasis, we turned northward, and after passing a pretty large village, came to a ridge of rock or sand, the border of the desert, on which are the almost-buried remains of an extensive temple known among the Arabs as the *Arabat el Matfoon*. The sanctuary of this once splendid edifice, was lined throughout with Oriental alabaster: and here was found that famous *tablet*, now a conspicuous object in the British Museum, containing a series of kings names, predecessors of Remeses the Great, by whose orders it was sculptured; but the first part, the most important of the list,

has been broken away, and no subsequent researches have been, and it is probable ever will be successful in restoring the lost and invaluable portion.

The style of the *roof* of this ancient structure is singular among Egyptian monuments. The stones forming it being set up on their edges and thus lain across from wall to wall, gave so much depth or thickness to the roof that a vault could be cut into it, and yet leave enough of this superstructure, to make it safe. This is a sufficient proof that the graces of the arch were early appreciated : and that it was in imitation of the great vault above, is evinced in the fact that it is colored blue and dotted over with stars.

By another charming inland route, we reached Girgeh, — passing, on our way, fields of millet, lupines and sweet pea — winding sometimes through the country on the top of those long embankments or causeways heretofore described. In one plat of grain, large flocks of small birds were constantly descending; but to prevent the havock they would naturally make if left to themselves, boys and girls were stationed in different places to scatter among them dry pieces of earth by means of slings, which they used with a great deal of dexterity. A band of these persevering little depredators would no sooner reach a resting place, before the short, quick, crack of the sling would be heard, and the mass of dry mud that had been placed in it, fell in showers

upon their defenceless heads. Round a tent in a distant meadow some fine horses were picketed. Had they borne some gay cavaliers, who had come to see the rich man's daughter now passing a few months in the country to gain fresh vigour and brilliancy, for new, city campaigns? or did they belong to the government's stern officers, who with whip in hand were prepared to flagellate the proprietor of the profitable land about them, if he did not readily yield to the demands of the extortionate avaricious pacha? As we felt no particular interest in the affair, we rode on to a crude brick fountain in which a woman bathed her baby, gave it water to drink from the hollow of her hand, then begged for baksheesh for the purpose, of adorning her *wulled*; her husband, she said, having taken from her all her treasures to bestow them on another, a more favored bride.

When we reached Girgeh, we were much surprised to learn that our boat had not arrived. This journey to Abydus had been made without our dragoman, as he wished to accompany the vessel; and as our guides and donkey-boys had now fulfilled their instructions, they desired their pay so as to start for home: but what could we do? We were in a place where the people were evidently hostile to strangers (for several stones had been thrown at us as we rode through the narrow streets); we were unable to make any explanations, or ask such questions as would either conduct us to a solution of our difficulties or to any

hospitable mansion; we did not think it proper to pay our men, since we neither knew the price agreed upon for their services and animals, nor whether they had not already been fully, or in part remunerated. It finally occurred to one of our boys to conduct us to a convent where there were a few Christians like ourselves — looked upon, of course, as infidel outcasts — the *giaour*. Turning back then, into the town (1), we again threaded the sombre lanes, and soon arrived at the door of a court leading to a small mosque-like looking building in which services were being performed.

Could it be possible, that in the midst of so much bigotry and barbarism, an altar had been erected to Jesus! The light, however, of his sublime precepts, never penetrates the darkness that surrounds it, as has been heretofore remarked. The lamp of his truth is but badly trimmed here, I ween, and its gleam is like that of a diamond in the mud.

Services were being performed, I have said, and our Arabs would not enter. A priest was reading from a large manuscript volume. Upon the mats on the floor, sat seven men and twenty-three children, all of whom, I believe, were Copts, save two connected with the convent. In a small latticed gallery, was one female, — perhaps more, but they could not be seen, — and she was only distinguished by a hand

(1) In Pocockes time (1742) the capital of Upper Egypt.

laid at a defective portion of the inclosure. There seemed to be sincerity on the part of the worshipers and some solemnity in the ceremonies. The priest soon finished his work and came to welcome us to Girgeh.





## XX

**Girgeh. — Christianity in Egypt. — Coptic Church. — St. Anthony. — The priest and his home. — Maraga and its people. — Osioot. — A Nile-boat home. — Bithynian Antinous. — Antinoë. — Beni-Hassen. — Devotion of our men. — Interesting grottoes. — A consultation. — Speed homeward. — Adieu to my companions. — Commence a new journey.**

Girgeh derives its name from Saint George, the patron saint of the Egyptian Christians who had established here a monastery which became one of the most opulent and influential in all Egypt.

Christianity early obtained a firm footing in Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia. Mark, the Evangelist, raised in Alexandria the standard of the Cross, and from him the African Church claims its descent. When the banner of Jesus had been once unfurled in the land, it only required a few such bold, humble, devoted soldiers as Athanasius, to bring under its folds a countless host. They had, however, to wade through many troubles; they were scattered by persecutors

among their own faith; a portion were united under one Jacobus, a Syrian; fell under the ban of the Greek emperors and the Constantinopolitan see; were glad, finally, to submit themselves to Amru and receive the protection of the Saracen, who, with those feelings which germinate in the bosom of all bigots, Christian as well as Islamic, soon began to curtail their privileges, restrain them in the exercise of their religion, till finally their numbers, power, influence was merely nominal, their degradation nearly complete, their national character at an end.

There are said to be now in Egypt, 150 000 Jacobite Copts, but their language, which they claim to be an original tongue, ceased to be spoken, particularly in Lower Egypt, as early as the tenth century. This people are easily distinguishable from the other inhabitants. They affect dark colors in their dress which suits well their sedate carriage, their sombre and taciturn dispositions. They are well formed; their features are regular and full of character; their expression, pensive, comprehensive, intelligent. As they are good scholars and able accountants, the financial affairs of the country, imposing collecting taxes, etc., have generally been placed under their supervision by the Egyptian government.

The head of the Coptic Church is called the Patriarch of Alexandria. He is elected from the monks of Saint-Anthony, who reside in a monastery near the Red Sea. The priests are allowed to marry once (a

virgin), but not a second time. Confession is encouraged, though the neglect is not deemed sinful. Their services are read in the obsolete Coptic. The sacrament is administered in both elements. Circumcision before baptism and the doctrine of the single nature of Christ are common to them. They eat no pork and no animal not killed with a knife, but in many respects conform to the discipline and liturgy of the orthodox Greek Church.

The monastic order is supposed to have been founded in Egypt by Anthony, commonly called the Great, about the year 300 of our era. Saint Anthony was born A. D. 251, in a town in the Saeëd; and as he was a person of fervid piety, his influence was soon widely felt. He finally died almost alone in the desert, though he had sought, it is said, the crown of a martyr at Alexandria, at the period when the Christians were there most sorely persecuted.

As to who, at present, are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, there are different opinions. Some suppose them to be the *fellahs*, others the Copts. Volney has very cleverly shown that the latter are entitled to the distinction; as their name very naturally comes from the manner which the Arabs write the Greek *Aiguptios* (an Egyptian); they having no *g* before the *a o u*, nor letter *p*, the place of which is supplied by a *b*.

When the dingy volume was closed in the chapel of Girgeh, when the people resumed their

shoes — which in Mahommedan fashion they had taken off on entering — and departed, when the white hand was withdrawn from the aperture in the latticed gallery, the priest, observing that we were strangers, came, and with a respectful salutation, invited us to accompany him. Ascending a stairway leading up from the court, we passed over the flat roof of a building and reached the façade of a suite of rooms — the home of our host. Opening the door with a curious wooden key which he carried at his belt, he introduced us to an apartment that certainly had never known the luxury of a broom; but, a pleasant, cheerful apartment, where with good books and a devoted friend, one might pass, I fancied, a happy life; but when we were seated and had taken a cup of coffee that had been ordered on our arrival, our *padre* began his complaints. He was evidently weary of his existence; weary of his struggles with the ignorance around him; weary of the eternal attrition of his own brain revolving upon itself,—wearing out for want of sympathy which, like oil upon a wheel, makes life roll smoothly along. He had hardly finished his lament, when a gentle, muffled figure, passed over the terrace and descended the stairs. — A slight flush stole into the palid cheek of our host... Soon after, an Arab came to announce that our boat was in sight, so we all returned to the river-side. It was indeed in sight, but distant, and the glow of that gorgeous Sabbath evening was to fade away before

our rowmen's merry song, with its chorus, "*Haleela! haleela!*" O night! O night! reached our ears.

Bidding adieu to Girgeh, we soon floated down to Ekhnim. This town stands a little distance inland on the eastern shore on the site of the ancient Chemmis or Panopolis (city of Pan), which was one of Egypt's most fashionable and flourishing places. Strabo says its inhabitants were famous as linen manufacturers, and Herodotus gives an interesting sketch of what he learned there concerning Perseus, the illegitimate son of Danaë and Jupiter. We found little to detain us, and passed on to Maraga, — leaving Athribis and the 'Red' and the 'White' Monasteries unvisited.

It was 'market-day' at Maraga, and I wrote in my journal: 'There is nothing *novel* here, nothing now to note, unless it is that the women, squatted on the ground round their trays of vegetables, are more squallid than usual in their appearance, have a greater *abandon* in their attire; that babies are plentier and dirtier and that the men are more fierce or earnest. But how do any of them increase their wealth? In all their trading, *money* rarely passes between them: 'maketing' being a matter of exchange rather than sale. And are there no young girls here, — say, from twelve to sixteen years of age, — and no young men? Do females leap so suddenly from childhood to womanhood? It is said that girlhood is a transient affair in this country: that with early

marriage, hard labor and offspring, its plumpness and freshness suddenly sinks away into the yellow leaf of matronal maturity; that those beautiful petted children we have seen with their light drapery of leather thongs, are at eighteen the haggard mothers of large families, and in the domestic economy, mere drudges.' I fancy, however, that between these ages, they are kept much more within-doors than at a later period, while the *young* men whom we also look for in vain, have been drafted for the army. But, as we saunter through the narrow streets, we wonder that no childish song, no gush of girlish glee, breaks over these low walls. We have seen the inmates, and there is a dreamy brightness in their eyes, but no merriment seems to live in their *hearts*. To these retreats, music and poetry are not strangers, but they are in the feathery leaves of the palm that wave above these sun-children.

We next find ourselves gazing at a new, and handsome two story palace on the western bank of the river at the El Hamra or Osioot port; and presently a great dust is seen in the distance from which emerge numerous donkey-boys, who, in hot haste, having seen our boat approach, come out from the town ostensibly to salute the *howadgy*. The *howadgy* is soon mounted — finds his animal good — has got accustomed to balancing himself on a rail, and proceeds quietly along a broad road on the top of an embankment that is bordered by the thorny flowering

acacia and the sycamore, and after half an hour's ride reaches the capital of Upper Egypt, the residence of its governor and the resort of the caravans from Dar-Foor by the Great Oasis.

Just on the borders of the town, one passes, in a picturesque spot, a handsome stone bridge of three arches that spans the Toora, or Moié-t-Soo hag — a grand, ancient canal, which irrigates during the inundation of the Nile the broad fertile plain around us, and derives its name from Soohag, a village some miles to the south, whence it takes its departure.

The population of Osioot is said to be 22 000, but for a stranger to make any estimate of the number of human beings crowded into such narrow streets would be quite useless. If the rooms are in keeping with the size of the windows and shops, and the space of each house in proportion to the exercise taken by its male and female occupants, an acre of ground would hold about as many people as potatoes.

There are many well built two story dwellings in Osioot, and the gardens and palace of Ibrahim Pacha are particularly attractive. The bazars are well filled with the various commodities of Egypt, Arabia, and Turkey, and enjoy an extensive reputation. A very superior kind of pipe-bowl is manufactured here, and its commerce in that article alone is said to amount to a million of piastres. The females of this town, too, are celebrated both for their beauty and

coquetry, and it is the *boast* of the gentler sex, that Ibrahim Pacha, when governor, and residing here, had the handsomest *hareem* to be found in the East.

The hills which rise directly behind Osioot are full of interesting tombs, which have been, at different times, the abode of Christians flying from persecution, or of those recluses who had resigned all worldly communion; but as the *howadgy's* imagination has already become too sepulchral, he does not ascend to them, — preferring to ramble awhile where wild blood is rollicking round well-lined ribs; where he can have daguerreotyped upon his heart some flexible forms, rather than upon his brain those stiff conventional figures, whose pulsations ceased some centuries ago, and who are bandaged tighter than even our modern belles; yet, it is thought probable, that from one of these mountain excavations the celebrated pious ascetic, John of Lycopolis, gave his oracular responses to the ambassador of Theodosius, which Gibbon has described in his usual felicitous manner.

Leaving Osioot in the afternoon, we reach early the following morning Tel-el-Armarna, where are an alabaster quarry, ruins, and some excavated caverns of great interest; for the royal names sculptured here have been invariably defaced, which indicates that they were of a hated as well as a foreign race; while the peculiar mode of worshiping



and representing the sun, argues that the religion of this people, whoever they were, differed from the Egyptian : Atinre (the sun whose rays terminate in human hands) being substituted for Amun. Some suppose that they were of the dynasty of Shepherds, whose memory was so abhorred, but they are pretty clearly proved to have reigned some centuries subsequently.

We pass by Mellawee, Hermopolis magna, Medeneh with its catacombs and other remains covered with the "picture writing" of an unknown people, and descend to Antinoë, where we arrive two days after quitting Osioot. We stopped awhile at Raramoun, but, instead of writing about its modern sugar manufacturies, etc., belonging to the government, I found myself sketching a more Oriental scene.

It seems that some of the wealthy nabobs of this country fit up their *dahabias* in a costly style, the cabins in the same manner as the private apartments of their palaces, take the female portion of their household along with them and embark to spend several of the pleasantest months on the Nile : and for a Turk, so fond of repose, the pipe and tranquility, I can conceive of no life so full of charms. The after cabin is encircled by a low broad plentifully cushioned divan, which, with the aid of a fur cloak, is in a moment converted into a bed for the night. Its windows are numerous and richly draped, but let the golden morning and evening

light fall cheerfully among the languor-loving inmates. A boudoir, redolent with the perfumes of the Oriental damsels toilette, a dining-room, and the *lods solitaire*, adjoin it and open on the smooth deck, above which an awning is drawn when the heat becomes oppressive. And so the Moslem with his harem, floats away,

“To isles of fragrance, lily-silvered vales,  
Diffusing languor in the parting gales.”

As we approach, I fancy that the sweet laughter of the odalisques and the fragrance of flowers comes stealing over the placid waters ; but I am *sure* we hear the gruff voice of the master, who sits on a rug in his doorway, and who is either commanding silence within, or ordering out his buffoon : silence at any rate ensues ; the men drop their oars and take the *darabooka* and *zumarah*, and a little deformed fellow in the gaudy costume of a clown, bows himself with burlesque grace into position, in the centre of the clear space between the musicians and the cabin : but the old Turk retains his gravity and smokes as usual.

The shrill pipe breaks upon the ear of the dwarf and he bends his head backward ; the sailors clap their hands and he puts his arms in motion ; the drum comes in and undermines his feet and he commences a *succession*, it would seem of involuntary

somersets. He then goes through the favorite female dance described as performed at Asouan by 'trousers No. 1'; and though he detracts in no degree from its vulgarity, adds a thousand fold to every ridiculous attitude in it, till no human being but an imperturbable Turk can look on unconvulsed with laughter.

The master, as if to avoid a smile, smokes more rapidly for a moment, then removes the amber from his mouth and calls some one by name. Instantly a small hand, about which falls a long silken sleeve, is laid on his shoulder; then, suddenly disappears; but is soon again seen bringing to him a crimson, gold-embroidered bag — probably full of his favorite *latakia*; as, however, he does not immediately find use for it, it is evident he has some other object in calling to his side one of his fair companions, while this peculiar dance is going on.

Finally, the little dwarf is mounted on a rope that is stretched from side to side of the vessel and he is whirling round it like a wheel on an axle, but ere he starts, some one sets fire to a long tail that dangles from his cap and the scene becomes pyrotechnical...

But the blue "Asfoor" can not thus loiter though its wings are as snugly folded as those of the more imperial bird beside us; so our men give again their loud shout of joy, ripple the glassy water with their long strong oars, waft us away out of sight and

sound of the Moslem and his mirthful crew, and take us to Antinoë.

In the Vatican and in the Capitoline museum are to be seen statues of one Antinous. Concerning these, Winckelmann says : "In all the figures of A., his countenance has something melancholy ; his eyes are always large, with good outlines ; his profile gently descending ; and in his mouth and chin there is something expressed, which is truly beautiful."

This Antinous was a young Bithynian who went with Adrian into Egypt, where he was drowned. It is thought that he lost his life in attempting to save that of the emperor, since the latter mourned him in a manner which has rendered him immortal. He had a newly discovered star called by his name, erected temples to him and caused him to be adored as a god.

We pass over the spot where he perished and we land at the city built by Adrian in his honor, and in which games and sacrifices were instituted to commemorate his death.

Adrian himself was undoubtedly indebted to his personal appearance, his amiable disposition and his winning manners, for his seat on the imperial throne ; for Plotina, the wife of Trajan, concealed her husband's death till she had time to forge a document that would make this "young Greek," as he was called, Trajan's successor.

These same admirable traits most probably attached to him the young and handsome Antinous, who was ready to sacrifice his life for his beloved sovereign; and it is not without feelings of sadness we find ourselves mid the ruins of vast but perishable monuments, consecrated to a name imperishable in the annals of friendship.

From the remains of the theatre, hippodrome, walls and streets which can still be traced, and from drawings we have of it before its columns and sculptured stones were burnt for lime, we know this to have been one the most picturesque and attractive places in all Egypt.

About two leagues hence, we anchored under the lofty lime-stone cliffs of Beni-Hassan, which, as it is night, frown gloomily above us and rise till cliffs and clouds and darkness seem one.

When Ibrahim Pacha was governor of this district, finding that it was utterly impossible to restrain the thievish propensities, and the immoral, wreckless lives of the people of Beni-Hassan, he ordered their towns to be burnt to the ground. This order was obeyed, but the inhabitants with their incorrigible habits remained, or scattered themselves through the villages from hence to Manfaloot. Travelers are, consequently, still warned to be on their guard while visiting any ruins along these shores.

That the bad reputation of the Beni-Hassians has continued among the boatmen of Nile to the present

day was well attested by the following circumstance. Owing to the shallowness of the water, we are obliged to land about half a mile below the place we wish to visit. We leave our boat in charge of the old pilot and crew and proceed to the grottoes; but, while there, finding our torches are not sufficiently supplied with resinous wood, our dragoman is sent back to procure more. He retraces his steps for some distance along the edge of the cliff, whence he thinks his voice will be heard, and halloos with all his might. The men hear him — indistinctly — and respond; but have a very erroneous notion of his demand. As our torches finally go out, we all conclude to return on board, and come up again in the morning; but, when we are half way down, what is our astonishment to meet the crew advancing in haste, armed with spears, bludgeons, boat-poles and oars! They thought we had been attacked by robbers; that our Abdalla had been calling for assistance, and they had very generously sallied forth, with all the means at hand, to come to our succor. We, of course, have a good laugh, but are assured by our pilot, who would be called by sailors ‘an old salt’, that, knowing the reputation of the Beni-Hassians, he did not for a moment doubt, when he heard the shout of our dragoman, that we had been set upon by some of these prowling vagabonds; “and by the Prophet,” says he, raising his long boat-pole triumphantly in the air, “had I met one of them, I

would have made him *forget* that he had ever been a thief!"

We return to our vessel with an armed escort, and much gratified by the devotion our men have shown us : indeed, I sometimes think that if they could forget the difference in our religions, they would if opportunity offered, readily risk their lives in our behalf.

You might again see a fierce-looking band wending its way along the beach, then ascending the abrupt sides of the mountain and persueing an elevated path toward the south ; but no torch is lighted outside of the caverns, lest the people in the village, two miles distant, might be thus beaconed to the spot: the guide, in fact, trembles with anxiety and even cautions the party to be silent. Presently, he stops in afright, for there comes from what appears to be the jungle of the low land that stretches away toward Beni-Hassan, a strange noise like the barking or crying of numerous dogs giving an alarm ; but when he has listened an instant, his face changes from an expression of anxiety to one of content, and he says, "I am glad they are not dogs, for then it would be prudent to retire, as it would indicate that some of the villagers were not far distant, but, it is only the *wolves*, who either scent us or hear us, as they are abundant in this region and don't like to have their haunts disturbed."

The grottoes of Beni-Hassan are again reached, and

though they do not at first strike the beholder as being so worthy of his attention as those of Thebes, they soon (perhaps because of their greater antiquity) take a firmer hold upon the mind. The learned Champollion was so fascinated with them, he spent day and night in making exact copies of what he here saw, even to every spot, stripe, and shade on every costume; and the form and color of every figure. He says: "The paintings which decorate this grotto (of Nehôthph) are in veritable water-colors and of a fineness and beauty of design very remarkable; the animals, quadrupeds, birds and fish are painted with a delicacy and truthfulness which resemble those in our best works on natural history. There is one picture here of the greatest interest: it represents fifteen prisoners, men, women and children, taken by the son of Nehôthph (IX cen. B. C.)... These captives are large, with physiognomy altogether peculiar, an aquiline nose, etc. Both the men and women are habited in very rich stuffs, painted (those of the women particularly) as are the tunics of the Greek dames, on the ancient Greek vases, while the coiffure and the sandals of the women are also like those of the females thus represented: and on the robe of one of them, is the ornament *enroulé* known under the name *Greek*, painted with red, blue, and black, and drawn vertically. The men have pointed beards and are armed with the bow and lance; and among them, one has a Greek lyre of the old style also. Are these

.



Greeks? I believe it firmly, but Ioniens or a people of Asia Minor" (1).

In reference to this, Sir Gardner says: "Who were they? Were they Jews? or does this represent the arrival of Joseph's brethren? for Joseph was, as I suppose, a contemporary of Osirtasen, *in whose time these tombs were excavated.*"

Joseph's arrival is set down at 1706 B. C., and Osirtasen I., according to the chronological table of Murray's 'Guide', reigns from 1740 to 1696 (2). If then these catacombs have their origin at so remote a period, how valuable, in an historical point of view, must be every line penciled therein! Indeed, these finely stuccoed walls teeming with unmistakable records, with tales of the home-life, the amusements, the arts, the manufactures of the people of that epoch, have an interest beyond all expression, a worth beyond all computation! Yet such records I have known an *American*, a *Christian* (?) to deface!

In the more northern of these grottoes, the roof is cut into the form of a vault and supported by four columns which "seem to be the prototype of the Doric." They have sixteen sides, all slightly fluted except one, which was doubtless left for the purpose

(1) Champollion subsequently renounced this opinion.

(2) In the last mentioned work, page xxxv of "Corrections and additions", is: "P. 147, for Osirtasen who reigned 'from the year 1740 to 1696, before our era,'" read: "from about the year 2080 to 2030 before our era."

of introducing when required, a line of painted or sculptured hieroglyphics, illustrative of the life and character of the personage buried beneath them. In one chamber are six beautiful pillars, each representing a collection of lotus stalks, or other water-plant, bound together—their buds forming the capitals.

You have already been made acquainted with some of the scenes represented here : I will only add a few more. In one compartment, a woman kneels, or rather is seated on her heels, before her harp. The instrument is large and has seven strings over which the performer's arms are thrown naturally and gracefully. Here, we see that a delinquent is being bastinadoed ; there, women and men are dancing, apparently naked, and going through difficult gymnastic feats (1). Spinning thread as in modern times with a spindle, playing at ball, leap-frog and nursing children are also represented as feminine occupations and amusements, while some of the male sex are attending to a bull-fight, or taming wild animals, wrestling, fishing, dressing flax and blowing glass. The doctor, the statuary, the painter, the barber, are also faithfully limned.

In the group, called of Joseph and his brethren, are first : two men leading a gazelle and another wild animal, preceding four armed men. Then an ass, on which, in panniers, are two children, followed by

(1) See page 372.

other two children and four women on foot; then another ass laden, and two men, one of whom is playing a lyre.

It is admitted, however, by several learned writers, that there are important objections to the interpretation which makes this a portion of that picture in the Bible in which Joseph figures so pathetically and prominently. Over this company is the number thirty-seven and the expression "captives," while the name of the person to whom they are being presented is "Zaphnath Paaneah". Thus says our guide-book; while the number of persons presented by Joseph to the Pharaoh was only five.

If you had been sitting up very late that night on the banks of the Nile, you might have seen a weary, heated, smoked, band of Arabs, Frenchmen and Americans, returning to their boat, and not one of them killed or wounded or devoured by wild beasts.

As we approach what we call *home*, many things that would have deeply interested us when 'setting forth' on this voyage, are passed by with a heedless indifference quite astonishing to ourselves.

"Shall we stop at Minieh?" asks our dragoman as we push off from Beni-Hassan.

"Is there any thing to be seen there older than the Deluge?" says Monsieur Le V., throwing himself back on the divan with the air of one utterly hopeless of ever encountering another object worthy of a moment's consideration.

“It is a good market-town, if you happen to be there on a Sunday—.”

“Bah! we have enough to eat till we reach our hotel.”

“It is a place which had some beautiful gardens in the time of the Memlooks and Abdee Kashef—.”

“Yes, but the Memlooks and Kashef are *finished*,” as our Arab donkey-boy said of Ibrahim Pacha when he wished to inform us that he was dead.

“But there is a tradition that it was once the residence of a Greek king named Kasim,” resumed Abdallah.

“If the beautiful Hellen herself, the civilizer of the Pelasgi, had dwelt there and you could show me her *boudoir*, aye, even the very stockings she wore, and nothing more ancient, I would not stop at Minich!”

“Leo Africanus says that ‘Minieh is a very neat town, built in the time of the Moslems by Khaseeb, who was appointed governor under the caliphate of Bagdad, — abounds in fruits, — has handsome buildings,—.’”

“Leo Africanus probably never saw Paris!”

Our dragoman is, of course, much pleased that no one expresses a wish to stop; for each day saved, is some ten or twenty dollars in his *gayb*.

Early on the second morning after leaving Beni-Hassan, we arrive at Beni-Souef, whence excursions are usually made to Lake Mœris. A consultation is held, and guide-books and dragoman are called into

it. We find that the lake lies in a N.-W. direction, 35 or 40 miles distant, through a rich, fertile country, a portion of which is known as the Fyoom. The first place of note on the route is Medéneh, formerly Crocodilopolis. It was built, says the writer quoted above, "by one of the Pharaohs, on an elevated spot near a small canal from the Nile, at the time of the Exodus of the Jews, after he afflicted them with the drudgery of hewing stones, and other laborious employment. Here too, it was pretended, the body of Joseph, the son of Israel, was buried." But Joseph's tomb is not now to be seen, nor any of the ruins of the ancient city: so *that* place, and the *lake* a few miles beyond (the one *perhaps* mentioned by Herodotus) is set down as not worthy of our attention. As Beni-sooef seems not to have changed since we stopped at it on our way up, and still retains its thriving aspect, we continue our route.

On the same day of the week, a little more than two months from the time we first embarked on the Nile and which we had followed into the interior of this mysterious land a thousand miles, we greeted again the pyramid, *Haram el Kedab*, the mounds of Memphis and the Alabaster-mosque-crowned city — 'Cairo the Victorious'. It is three P.M. when these somewhat-familiar objects begin to unfold themselves to our view: we are then sweeping past a beautiful grove of palms, in whose deep shadows are flitting several graceful, richly-draped figures, looked after

by two grave, old, red-turbaned Turks, who stand on the shore by their boat and seem to wonder why their fair slaves or 'better halves' have chosen such a sombre place for a promenade. Thence cultivated planes, islands, desert reaches, groups of the gum-producing acanthus, gray monuments, emerald banks where native vessels are furling or unfurling their white sails, follow each other in quick succession, flood our souls with welcome thoughts, steal the bright hours away and wing our bark with fresher life as it floats onward — homeward. At *nine* o'clock in the evening, we come to that narrow branch in the river which separates the Isle of Rhoda from Fostat; and as its sides are walled and crowned with dwellings and hanging gardens, we almost fancy that we have entered Venice. Arabesque balconies, colonnades, cypresses, minarets, gleaming in the bright moonlight with transcendent loveliness, entrance and captivate our unrestrained admiration, while arch and marble parapet and portico and latticed window so bathe and mirror themselves in the placid water of the lake-like stream, we seem to have passed from a real world to one of dreams, and to be now gliding through elfish scenes into an enchanted sphere. At *ten*, we are at Boulac, and my second trip on the Nile is ended.

. . . . .

A few days subsequently to my return to Cairo, my French Nile-companions, Count Le B. and the

*avocate* Le V., came to take leave of me; and till that moment, I little knew how much I was attached to them. They embraced me with feeling, and with many wishes that I would visit them in their own homes, bade me an adieu that, I felt sure, was to be eternal; and if my own expressions were not as warm as theirs they were no less sincere. Indeed, my heart was too full of respect, esteem, gratitude, affection, for these good men, for any utterance; for seldom is it, when, for months, one is thrown into such close relationship with his fellow beings as he necessarily is in boating as we were together on the Nile, that he does not find in them, manners that are unrefined, habits that are offensive, dispositions that are disagreeable: these gentlemen, however, never for a moment forgot the respect due to others, and by their constant courteous bearing, gentleness and affability, aided materially in rendering the whole voyage, one of unalloyed pleasure.

But in this 'farewell' to friends, there is ever, to me, something solemn. When the last warm pressure of the hand is loosened, my thoughts instinctively turn to the Great Future. — "Shall I not meet them 'neath the wings of Isis in the Land of Light?" I ask myself; and ere the words have died away within my heart, there comes an echo from the far-off-shores that gives me hope. And if to pass the Archerusian Lake and gain the Elysian Fields and join the gentle shades of loved ones there, one must

be a lowly trusting child, an infant Horus, winged at the portal for a higher flight, a brighter day, over God's earth — *all* of which is holy ground — in spirit I will humbly walk, and with unsaddled feet, go forth to meet the Shadowy Messenger.

It is, in fact, in Cairo, that I bid farewell to many, kind, agreeable, beloved acquaintances, and join a new, and purely American company, in a journey to Jerusalem, Damascus, Balbec, etc. This party (composed of Mess. B.-F. Robinson, wife, and niece of N. York, Francis B. Dean and Rev. Mr. Brigham of Taunton, Dr. Lee of Worcester, and the Rev. Mr. Low of N. Bedford Mass. — this purely American party, as I have said, with twenty-two camels laden with cooking-utensils, hencoops, mattresses, baggage, tents, tent-poles, etc., is seen one fine afternoon issuing from the great eastern gate of the city and wending its way toward the desert.

FINIS.





## APPENDIX.

### A

“In Egypt, the Sphinx had a lion’s body and a woman’s head; the latter, symbol of Neith, goddess of wisdom.” — Bouillet. See, note, page 229. “Neith, the female principle... occupying the superior part of the heavens, but inseparable from the first principle (Ammon),.. She was symbolised by a vulture, the usual image of maternity.” — Enc. “Python, an enormous serpent (of the Greeks) that appeared on the earth after the waters of the flood (of Deucalion) had retired... Apollo killed him... The Sphinx was one of his children... The serpent represents, without doubt, the humidity of the earth after the deluge and the poisonous miasms that ensued. Apollo, vanquisher of Python, is the Sun, whose rays dry the earth.” — Bouillet. “Horus, in Egyptian *Or, Haroéri*, son of Osiris and Isis, symbol of the spring-time sun, was raised secretly in the lakes of Bouto. Becoming great, he kills Typhon, the god of darkness... and carries civilization everywhere with him. There is the greatest resemblance between him and the Greek Apollon-Phœbus.” — Bouillet.

“Le corrupteur des productions du Ciel ou d’Osiris, plein d’yeux (d’étoiles), Typhon le *roux* (dit Plut.), l’ignivome de l’Océan Austral, ou mer *Erythrée* (rouge); le pestifère Typhon voilait de va-

peurs rouges le ciel de l'Égypte, embrasé des feux du Chien roux (la Canicule, à laquelle les Romains sacrifiaient un chien roux). Les Éthiopiens représentaient ce génie de destruction sous l'image du feu." (Plin.)

"C'est ainsi que périssait la *force* active de la nature : Hercule consumé par le feu ; ou que ce prince de l'Éther (selon l'acception phénicienne), Heracleos, recevait de *Dëianire*, l'astre brûlant (de la canicule), une robe teinte de sang ; *peplus nesus*, de couleur pourprée ; que, par les maléfices d'un air impur, Apollon tuait de son disque (solaire) Hyacinthe à la teinte bleuâtre, et changeait en pourprée l'*hyacinthinus color*, bleu de ciel (dit saint Jérôme). Au lever de l'étoile rouge de Sirius *insanus* (Azael-Seirios, qui dessèche), les eaux du Nil se teignaient en un *rouge de sang*, dans le signe du lion... L'Apocalypse appelle encore ce génie de destruction : *La bête de couleur écarlate* (*Pyrros, Coccinos*)...

"Par suite de la précession des équinoxes et des solstices ou de la rétrogradation du soleil, d'un signe, le lion *Igné* fut remplacé par le *Cancer*, ou l'*Écrevisse* rétrograde, *Icarium sidus* (*Escharion*, le Brûleur), qui fait fondre et tomber Dédalion, *épervier* solaire, le père de Cyoné (chienne d'Icare, la canicule). Le lion de Judas fut remplacé par Judas *Is-Carioh* (*au Cancer*)...

"Conformément au système égyptien, le chef du ciel des astres, Jacob-Israël, ôte la prééminence au signe du Verseau, Ruben, et il donne le rang suprême à Judah, le Lion (Gen., 49)...

"L'un des quatre animaux (des points fixes de la sphère), est le *lion de Juda* (Apocal., V, 5)," etc.— *De l'Idolâtrie*, etc., par F.-V. Vincent.

## B

"Taurus, the Bull ; one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the second in order, or that next to Aries."— N. Webster. "It is supposed that it is Osiris, god of agriculture, that the Egyptians adored under the form of a bull."— Bouillet.

*El pha*, le feu-lumière, fut synonyme de Taureau, qui est aussi *Alpha*, la tête, le premier, *Aleph*, le commencement, *Fathea* (des Musulm.) ; *Phaö* est, chez les Grecs, le radical des synonymes de *Verbe*, parole, lumière, manifestation ; *Phae*, de la lumière, *Phac-*

*ton*, le brillant; son conducteur, *Phæbus*... *Pha-menoth* (mois de Lumière, Mars-Avril égypt.); *Phaestea*, *Vesta*; *Jephté*, *P'theos*, le feu Éther; *E-Phaestos*, *Ph'tha*, le feu divin, la lumière; *Ptha*, le père de la philosophie, de la sagesse des Égyptiens... Il est *Zoro* ou *Tzor*, le *Moscho* (*vitulus*) des Sidoniens; l'astre, source de vie, consacré dans *Tyr* (*Zor*, *Turos*)... *Moshé* des Arabes, *Mosch* aux cornes lumineuses du législateur *Osiris*, qui grava ses lois sur deux stèles, au *Nysa* (ou *Sinaï*) d'Arabie, suivant *Diodorus*," etc. — L'Idolâtre.

## C

"*Vesta*, in *mythology* the virgin goddess of the hearth or fire. *Juno*, the Latin divinity who presided over marriages, and was supposed to protect married women. In *astronomy*, one of the small planets or *asteriads*."— N. Webster. "*Sate* (*Hera*, *Juno*), emanation of *Neith*, is called the mistress of the region *inférieure*... image often seen in funeral scenes: kneeling; and appears to take charge of the (symbol) soul of the defunct." "*Knef*, 1st of the three *Khaméfis*, or supreme gods; the first emanation of the Incomprehensible Being, the fecundating principle, creator, etc.; from his mouth came the egg which gave birth to all beings."— Bouillet. *Khaméfis* (guardians) formed a trinity like that of the Hindoos, of *Brahma*, *Vichnou* and *Siva*. *Siva* was sometimes changed into an elephant. By his worshipers, he was called *Maheça* and *Mahadeva*. By his wife, he had children, *Ganeça* and *Shanda*. "*Neith*, wife of *Knef* and of *Ptha*... represented sometimes with a human head, as also a lion's and a ram's, often with wings; and trampling under her feet the great serpent *Apof*." — Bouillet. "*Agnus*, agneau (Lat.), the lamb; *Agnos*, pure, chaste (Gr.); *Agni* (Ind.), *Pyr*, *Ignis*; the genius of fire, represented by a ram. *Anouch*, *Henoch*, *e noos*, of divine essence; *Henoch*, fire-lumière (4th b. of *Esd.*); *Enoch*, who announces the coming of the Seigneur (Ep. of St. Jude); *Anouche* (*Vesta*, *Estia*, *Phaestea*), first nourisher of the god-day, *Horus*, according to *Champollion*. *Taurus*, *générateur*, was united with the *génie*, principle of being, the *serpent* of time, *producteur* of all things inclosed in the egg (of the world) that the bull caused to hatch... The star serpent" (the constellation repre-

ented as a serpent held by Ophiucus or Serpentarius. — Web. Dic.), “*Ouraée*, of celestial life (*Hava*, Zoé) communicated to the earth, was considered as the father of light, Lycurgue... It would seem that *Adam* and *Heva*” (Eve; the Hebrew name is *Havah* or *Chavah*, coincident with the verb, to show, to discover. — Web. Dic.), “the names given to the parents of the human family, are those of the star *dominatrice* (Adam) Taurus and the Serpent (Heva)... Placé au point supérieur du ciel toujours visible, tête de Belus et d’Omorcha, le serpent du pôle de Saturne, et attelé au char de ce père du temps, enlace les ourses, mères nourricières des dieux et des hommes, Themisto *subtimius*, *creta nympa hesperidis filia* (Plin.) et Callisto, de Vénus-Uranie, la belle Méduse, dont il formait la chevelure... Prince de l’air, il est encore *Hiera*, *Jama* (Jaomai), le purificateur des âmes et le surveillant de l’atmosphère... l’Esculape phénicien, qui (suiv. Pausan.) présidait à la température des saisons, etc... D’après la fiction (persane) du Paradis terrestre, où le serpent d’Ève initie l’homme aux connaissances supérieures à sa nature, les Pères du christianisme ne virent plus dans ce symbole que le génie du mal. *Heva*, le serpent invoqué par les païens (dit Clém. Alex.), Ophis, fut *Satan enchaîné dans l’air*,” etc. — *De l’Idolâtrie*, par F.-V. Vincent.



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